











KURT SINGER

*Spies and Traitors*

A SHORT HISTORY  
OF ESPIONAGE

IAGO: I am not what I am. *Othello*



W. H. ALLEN  
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To  
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM  
*who has given us the best spy story of all*

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## FOREWORD

### *Tools of Destiny*

THE HISTORY of warfare is the history of espionage. There has never been a war without spies, and there has never been a peace in which spies have not engaged in making preparations for a future war. A king can well be known by the spies he kept.

Long before the secrets of the atom bomb were spied out—a good five thousand years ago, in fact—the Egyptians had a well-organized state apparatus and secret service, and espionage was considered to be one of the many secret sciences. The annals tell us that one of the guides of King Thutmosis III, a Captain Thute, aided by his “underground” connections, succeeded in smuggling 200 heavily-armed soldiers into the besieged city of Jaffa. The soldiers were sewn into flour sacks and, thus camouflaged, were loaded on ships bound for the besieged city. Much later Homer composed the classic story of espionage, the tale of the Trojan Horse, and the Civil War in Spain gave us a modern version of this ancient treachery in the story of the Fifth Column. For three thousand years, whether they have concealed their men in flour sacks, or in wooden horses, or dropped them in parachutes and gliders from the sky, generals have sought to place men behind the enemy’s lines.

In the Egyptian national epic, *Pentaur*, we learn that King Rameses was betrayed by the guide Paker whom he fully trusted. Paker had personal reasons for hating and betraying the king. During Rameses’ campaign against the Syrians, battle was joined at Kadesh on the Orontes. Paker brought two enemy soldiers to Rameses, pretending they were Syrian deserters. They confided to the Egyptian king the positions occupied by the Syrian army, but the information was false. The Egyptians framed their strategy on this information; as a result their battle-wagons were ambushed by the Syrians and destroyed.

Nowadays secret messages are transmitted by shortwave radio and in diplomatic pouches. The ancient Greeks managed very well with light signals—heliographs—and were usually very well informed about everything that went on in their opponents' camps. When they were betrayed at Thermopylae by the spy Ephialtes, Leonidas learned of the act from a deserter in time to send the major part of his army away.

The famous Alcibiades, who repeatedly shifted sides between Sparta and Athens, and made good use of his military experience and information, is a familiar phenomenon nowadays—the spy who works for both sides and always ends up on the winning one.

Relatively little is known about the espionage methods of the greatest general of classical antiquity, Alexander the Great. The annals do record, however, that he was the inventor of postal espionage, as recounted in this book.

Alexander's armies overpowered his opponents so easily that it was perhaps unnecessary for him to develop any extensive espionage organization. But Alexander did make use of a device related to espionage—that of economic warfare. We know from the experience of two world wars that the juggling of foreign exchange and gold played a great part in bringing about inflation and economic breakdown in enemy countries. Alexander the Great found such financial manipulation a powerful weapon more than two thousand years ago. He destroyed enemy currencies, successfully breaking down the Persian double standard and converting gold and silver simply into commodities.

Espionage was originally taboo among the Romans. Julius Caesar repeatedly refused to establish a secret service, but nothing could prevent spies from warning him that the German chief Ariovistus, with the help of some Romans, intended making an attempt on his life. Had Caesar possessed a secret service, the "honourable" Brutus might never have succeeded in killing him.

Before the consolidation of the national states, espionage was not highly developed, but it played its part in the background in Italy and the Byzantine Empire. The kind of espionage that exercised a decisive influence upon history first appeared upon the scene during the final struggle of the Hundred Years' War between France and England. The English, unable to defeat the French troops inspired by Joan of Arc, sought to bring about her downfall



by treason. They conspired with her enemies among the French clergy, and found a willing tool in Bishop Cauchon of Beauvais. The weak king, fearing her popularity, would not help her, and the conspiracy succeeded. Her end is too well known to need retelling.

The succession of Turkish wars was marked by treason and espionage on both sides. The famous Austrian general, Prince Eugene, sent many spies into the Turkish camp, and it was through the help of his espionage agents that he was ultimately able to defeat the Turks decisively before Vienna.

One of the songs of this period, written about 1717, refers to Prince Eugene's spies:

*On the Fourteenth of August, I ween,  
Came a spy 'mid storm and rain,  
Told the Prince, our Prince Eugene,  
That the Turks were here again,  
And he swore that he had seen  
Near three hundred thousand men.*

In Japan, too, espionage was well known at the end of the Middle Ages. The Shogun Yeyasu (1600-1605) established an extensive espionage network in order to keep a close check on the Daimio or provincial governors. He provided his personal followers, who were well distributed over the country, with a large number of spies who reported directly to him.

One of the first advances in the technical equipment of spies was invented during the Restoration under Charles II by Sir Samuel Morland. This was a device that could open and rescal letters without the recipient's knowledge. The apparatus was destroyed in the great Fire of London in 1666.

It was Richelieu who had the dubious honour of setting up the first spy organization in France—an organization later perfected by Fouché. His right hand man was "*l'Éminence Grise*," the cleverest intriguer of his time, Father Joseph de Tremblay. Père Joseph uncovered a conspiracy against the king which ended in the execution of the Marquis de Cinq Mars and his friend, De Thou. Père Joseph played an active part in the involved religious and international relationships of the Thirty Years' War, when Protestant Sweden and Catholic France united against Catholic General Wallenstein, who was ultimately assassinated by traitors.

Richelieu's successor, Cardinal Mazarin, appointed his chief spy, Ondedei, Bishop of the Diocese of Fréjus.

In the archives of the French Ministry of War, there is a document dated October 20, 1652, which refers to another spy employed by Cardinal Mazarin, a Franciscan monk named Father Francis Berthod. This spy was permitted to employ any disguise he pleased without fear of violating the rules of his order.

The memoirs of the Duke of Saint-Simon deal with this epoch. Saint-Simon recalls that one day he received a letter from a spy which read: "I am sending you eye-water. Rub your eyes with it and you will see better." The Duke and his advisers could make nothing of this until it occurred to the Duke to moisten the letter with water. Thereupon secret writing appeared: a request from Father Francis Berthod, who had been arrested, to have a fisherman carry sailor's clothing to him. In this disguise Berthod succeeded in escaping.

During the French Revolution, members of the clergy were frequently employed as spies, just as priests and ministers sacrificially served the underground movement in its fight against Hitler during the Second World War.

The master spy under Louis XV was the Paris police officer, Gabriel de Sartines, who later became Secretary of the Navy. But he was outdone by one who was perhaps the most colourful spy of all times, Eon de Beaumont, the mysterious "Chevalier Charles" who, disguised as a woman, ingratiated himself at the court of the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna of Russia. As a female reader to the Empress, he carried on his espionage for France. It was afterwards much debated whether Eon de Beaumont was a man or a woman.

Frederick the Great organized the first typically Prussian espionage service, one which bears comparison with modern organizations. The Nazis, who had a great admiration for Frederick, called him the "father of espionage." Frederick is said to have declared that it was easier to train a peasant as a spy than to train generals and marshals to disguise themselves as peasants in order to be spies. Frederick classified his spies in four groups:

(1) Persons of the poorer classes who wish to earn a little money by spying.

(2) Spies who work for both sides. These must be used in order to convey false reports to the enemy.

(3) Officers, officials, intriguers, and other spies of high rank who demand a great deal of money.

(4) Spies who are impressed into the espionage service against their will.

During the Napoleonic Wars, espionage reached its zenith. We will not repeat here the story of Napoleon's espionage, and of his master spy, Charles Schulmeister, which is described elsewhere in this book. It may be said that espionage helped Napoleon to win many a battle. But spies are never honoured, never loved. Although Napoleon offered Schulmeister anything he desired for his great services—a million francs if he so wished—the Emperor would not hear of granting him a medal of honour, which was what the spy really desired.

Espionage also played a great part in the Russo-Japanese War. It was claimed at the time that every Chinese in the Russian zone was working for Japan. The Japanese espionage system of the period was far superior to that of the Russians; it was efficiently organized down to the smallest detail.

During the Boxer rebellion in China, when it was necessary to communicate with the besieged foreign embassy quarter of Peking, every imaginable disguise was used by Chinese and Europeans to make their way through the ranks of the Boxers. Reminiscent of Paul Revere was the twelve-hour ride of the young Englishman, James Watt, through country swarming with Boxers. Watt rode from Tientsin to Takum, and his courageous feat saved the lives of many Europeans.

Espionage during the Franco-Prussian War and the two World Wars brings us to our own times, where it has been and is still practiced by all sides, with the use of every imaginable scientific device and unlimited funds.

Microfilms have replaced secret inks. Messages are no longer hidden in suitcases with false bottoms because shortwave radio transmitters are more practical. Women spies no longer have to be beautiful blondes—the homely girl is likely to make a better spy because she will not be suspected. Microphones and X-ray photography expose voices and people; wire tapping has become a science and counterespionage has developed so far that a man has to be very clever to play the rather ill-paid game of espionage.

Three thousand years of espionage—three thousand years of

war. Now, with the twenty-first century approaching, men still dream of peace as they dreamed in 1815. Then, at the Congress of Vienna, a great deal of espionage went on, just as today the delegates of the United Nations are spied upon.

KURT SINGER

## CHAPTER ONE

### *The Twelve Spies of Moses*

*One of the most stirring of spy stories in history is drawn from the Old Testament which contains at least nine spy cases. We refer to the story of Moses and the twelve spies he dispatched into the Promised Land of Canaan around 1480 B.C.*

*Moses selected one man from every tribe of the Children of Israel, which made a band of twelve who were ordered to do reconnaissance work in Canaan. They were led by Osee ben Nui, who is also known by the name of Joshua. Their mission occupied forty days. When they returned they reported what they had seen in the "land of milk and honey."*

. . . And the Lord **spake** unto Moses saying,  
Send thou men, that they may search the land of Canaan . . .

And Moses **sent** them to spy out the land of Canaan, and said unto them, . . . go up into the mountain:

And see the land, what it is; and the people that dwelleth therein, whether they be strong or weak, few or many;

And what the land is that they dwell in, whether it be good or bad; and what cities they be that they dwell in, whether in tents or in strongholds;

And what the land is, whether it be fat or lean, whether there be wood therein, or not. And be ye of good courage, and bring of the fruit of the land. Now the time was the time of the first ripe grapes.

So they went up, and searched the land from the wilderness of Zin unto Rehob, as men come to Hamath.

And they ascended by the south and came unto Hebron; . . .

And they came unto the brook of Eshcol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff; and they brought of the pomegranates, and of the figs. . . .

And they returned from searching of the land after forty days.

And they went and came to Moses, and to Aaron, and to all the congregation of the children of Israel, unto the wilderness of Paran, to Kadesh; and brought back word unto them, and unto all the congregation, and shewed them the fruit of the land.

And they told him, and said, We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it.

Nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled, and very great: and moreover we saw the children of Anak there . . .

And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants: and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight.



## CHAPTER TWO

### *Rahab the Harlot, Betrayer of Jericho<sup>1</sup>*

*The beauteous Rahab has been canonized by the Catholic Church and September 1 appointed as her Saint's Day. She is considered the ancestress of no less than eight prophets. The Biblical narrative states that she was the wife of Joshua, and that they founded the extraordinary line starting with Boaz. Other historians dispute this interpretation and contend that Rahab became the wife of Salmon, one of the original spies, and that these two were the parents of Boaz and thus the ancestors of King David and Jesus of Nazareth.*

*In any case, various ambiguities surround the history of Rahab of Jericho, but she may be considered as the first of female fifth columnists, active in the year 1451 B.C.*

AND Joshua the son of Nun sent out of Shittim two men to spy secretly, saying, Go view the land, even Jericho. And they went, and came into a harlot's house, named Rahab, and lodged there.

And it was told the king of Jericho, saying, Behold, there came men in hither tonight of the Children of Israel to search out the country.

And the King of Jericho sent unto Rahab, saying, Bring forth the men that are come to thee, which are entered into thine house: for they be come to search out all the country.

And the woman took the two men and hid them, and said thus, There came men unto me, but I wist not whence they were;

And it came to pass about the time of shutting of the gate, when it was dark, that the men went out; whither the men went, I wot not. Pursue after them quickly; for ye shall overtake them.

But she had brought them up to the roof of the house, and hid them with the stalks of flax, which she had laid in order upon the roof.

\* *Joshua*, II and VI.

And the men pursued after them the way to Jordan unto the fords: and as soon as they which pursued after them were gone out, they shut the gate.

And before they were laid down, she came up unto them upon the roof; and she said unto the men, I know that the Lord hath given you the land, . . . now therefore I pray you, swear unto me by the Lord, since I have shewed you kindness, that ye will also shew kindness unto my father's house, and give me a true token:

And that ye will save alive my father and my mother, and my brethren, and my sisters, and all that they have, and deliver our lives from death.

And the men answered her, Our life for yours, if ye utter not this our business. And it shall be, when the Lord hath given us the land, that we will deal kindly and truly with thee.

Then she let them down by a cord through the window: for her house was upon the town wall, and she dwelt upon the wall. And she said unto them, Get you to the mountain, lest the pursuers meet you, and hide yourself there three days, until the pursuers be returned. And afterward may you go your way.

And the men said unto her, We shall be blameless of this thine oath, which thou hast made us swear.

Behold, when we come into the land, thou shalt bind this line of scarlet thread in the window which thou didst let us down by: and thou shalt bring thy father, and thy mother, and thy brethren, and all thy father's household, home unto thee.

And it shall be, that whosoever shall go out of the doors of thy house into the street, his blood shall be upon his head, and we will be guiltless; and whosoever shall be with thee in the house, his blood shall be on our head, if any hand be upon him.

And if thou utter this our business, then we will be quit of thine oath which thou hast made us to swear.

And she said, according unto your word, so be it. And she sent them away, and they departed; and she bound the scarlet line in the window.

And they went, and came unto the mountain, and abode there three days, until the pursuers were returned; and the pursuers sought them throughout all the way, but found them not.

So the two men returned, and descended from the mountain, and passed over, and came to Joshua the son of Nun, and told him all things that befell them.



And they said unto Joshua, Truly the Lord hath delivered into our hands all the land; for even all the inhabitants of the country do faint because of us. . . .

And it came to pass at the seventh time, when the priests blew with the trumpets, Joshua said unto the people, Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city.

And the city shall be accursed, even it and all that are therein, to the Lord: only Rahab, the harlot, shall live, she and all that are with her in the house, because she hid the messengers that we sent . . . and they took the city.

And they utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old, and ox, and sheep, and ass, with the edge of the sword.

But Joshua had said unto the two men that had spied out the country, Go into the harlot's house, and bring out thence the woman and all that she hath, as ye sware unto her.

And the young men that were spies went in and brought out Rahab, and her father, and her mother, and her brethren, and all that she had; and they brought out all her kindred, and they left them without the camp of Israel.

And they burnt the city with fire and all that was therein . . .

## CHAPTER THREE

### *The Tattooed Spy*

*Herodotus who has been called the greatest journalist of his time describes in Book V of his Persian Wars one of the most astute spy tricks known to history. About 500 B.C. it happened that Histiaeus the despotic tyrant of Miletus under the rule of Darius of Persia decided to rebel against the king, and sent the news of his intentions to his brother-in-law and cousin, Aristagoras, who acted as a regent while Histiaeus was at King Darius' court. The following is Herodotus' own story of the amazing ruse which he used to send his message through the enemy lines.*

FOR Histiaeus, when he was anxious to give Aristagoras orders to revolt, could find but one safe way, as the rooms were guarded, of making his wishes known; which was by taking the trustiest of his slaves, shaving all the hair from off his head, and then pricking letters upon the skin, and waiting till the hair grew again. This he accordingly did; and as soon as the hair was grown, he sent the man to Miletus, giving him no other message than saying, "When you come to Miletus, bid Aristagoras shave your head, and look at it." Now the marks on the head, as I have already mentioned, were a command to revolt.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### *Alexander the Great, Inventor of Postal Espionage*

THE sun was setting after a scorching day and the shadows spread out over the market place. The broadest shadow was cast by the Parthenon, where the shield of Palas Athena still proclaimed the glory of the once-proud city.

They were still proud, even in defeat, these Athenians. And they still did not understand how they could have permitted themselves to be ruled by a ruthless, ambitious twenty-five-year-old Macedonian named Alexander.

Among the great columns a number of men walked at leisure—As Athenians they liked nothing better than to argue philosophy, but there were many among them too disturbed by the onset of personal tragedy and political disaster. Over slaves and satirists, philosophers and bankrupt business-men, hung a shadow like the shadow that now darkened the city.

"How Socrates must have suffered in his humiliation," one remarked.

"But he was never really humiliated," replied Phidias, who had once proudly borne arms for Athens.

These men knew that the end had come upon them. They knew, too, that it was better to fight the dictator and tyrant, Alexander of Macedon, than to become the tool of his ambitions.

In all the streets could be heard the voices and clinking coins of his recruiting officers. Revelling drunks proclaimed throughout the city that from now on they would fight for the great Alexander who was going to conquer the world.

Phidias, a bold, young, strapping fellow, looked with a contemptuous smile at these countrymen of his who were selling themselves to Alexander for a few pieces of silver. He himself was Alexander's own age, and he too intended to join the tyrant's army. But he would do so in order to learn the new conqueror's

weaknesses so that the day might come when the democratic republic of Athens would be free and strong again.

It was a strange spring, that year 334 B.C. Few Athenians could endure the shame of being ruled again by a dictator and a man probably of low origin. For it was rumoured in the promenades of the Acropolis that Alexander's mother was a woman of half-barbarian blood. From her Alexander had inherited his fervent and visionary mind, it was said.

By now fifty thousand men had been assembled for the march into Asia. Alexander, with his Macedonians, Illyrians, Thracians, and other groups from the various Greek states, was preparing to conquer Asia Minor. Phidias bade his friends farewell, for he was now an officer in the army of Alexander. The invincible boy king's new army was concentrated at Arisbe on the Hellespont. Alexander, after piously visiting the site of Troy and bringing offerings to the Homeric heroes, opened his campaign. His first goal was Sardis, the ancient capital of Lydia. The Persian fleet tried unsuccessfully to stop him.

Seeing the skill and vigour with which the great general directed his forces, Phidias could not help feeling a certain admiration for him. But Phidias had his own political ambitions. While Alexander was winning battles, Phidias hoped to spread disunity among his allies and discontent among his officers and his men.

Alexander got wind of this work. So long as he was winning battle after battle, it did not much matter to him what a few agitators were saying. But when he encountered stubborn resistance from the Persians at Halicarnassus, he decided that it was time to nip any rebellion in the bud. In the winter of 334 B.C. the Persians were stubbornly defying Alexander's siege. The war was at a standstill temporarily, and the king had time to look around in his own camp. He intended, after conquering the Persians, to have himself proclaimed king of Persia. The men of his own army would form his army of occupation, therefore he had to know in advance who was and who was not trustworthy.

The plan Alexander devised for discovering the sentiments of his men was simple but ingenious. One morning he called his high-ranking officers together and, so the historians report, declared: "I, Alexander, am as lonely and homesick as all of you must be. It may be years before I shall again see my dear ones at home.

Therefore I have decided to send couriers, mounted upon the fastest horses, to Macedon, Thrace, and Athens. Any of you who wish to send a message home may do so by these same couriers."

The officers cheered their king loudly for this unprecedented favour. And two days later the couriers left Helicarnassus laden with messages for the heroes' wives and children, fathers, and mothers, messages describing their own heroic lives and the great war they were fighting for the glory of Alexander.

The couriers did not travel far. They turned aside, as they had been ordered, and delivered their letters to Alexander, who had set up a secret private headquarters for his purpose. There the king read and evaluated each letter. It was in this way that the great strategist originated the art of postal censorship, a common practice of war that has outlived the Macedonian phalanx by two thousand years.

Among the letters Alexander found several from Phidias, all filled with invective against the king. Phidias died for his treason without ever learning how Alexander the Great had discovered his contemplated conspiracy. When the unfortunate agitator protested his innocence, the king listened with cold indifference. His reply was simply to repeat the order for Phidias' execution.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### *Spies of Scipio and Hannibal*

**S**CIPIO Africanus (237-183 B.C.), the great opponent of Hannibal, annihilator of Carthaginian and Numidian forces who routed Carthage from her outposts on the Ebro in Spain and drove her deep into the African valleys, has been called by modern military strategists, such as Captain Liddell Hart, a greater general than Napoleon. In the course of his career he perpetrated some ingenious military tricks which deserve mention in the history of espionage. His surprise tactics have been a model for military scientists.

Old Sextus Julius Frontinus, author of one of the earliest books on military strategy, *The Stratagems*, makes the following analysis of Scipio's campaign against Syphax, King of the Numidians.

Scipio Africanus, seizing the opportunity of sending an embassy to Syphax, commanded specially chosen tribunes and centurions to go with Laelius, disguised as slaves and entrusted with the task of spying out the strength of the king. These men, in order to examine more freely the situation of the camp, purposely let loose a horse and chased it around the greatest part of the fortifications, pretending it was running away. After they had reported the results of their observations, the destruction of the camp by fire brought the war to a close.

Polybius, another historian whose information evidently derives from Laelius, treats the destruction of the camp in this wise.

The whole place was filled with wailing and confused cries, panic, fear, strange noises, and above all raging fires and flames that overbore all resistance, things any one of which would be sufficient to strike terror into a human heart, and how much more this extraordinary combination of them all. It is not possible to find any

other disaster which, however magnified, could be compared with this, so much did it exceed in horror all previous events. Therefore of all brilliant exploits performed by Scipio this seems to me the most brilliant and most adventurous.

Before the incident of the great fire, a small slip almost betrayed Scipio's spies completely. One of King Syphax's officers thought he recognized a certain man among the slaves of Laclius, Scipio's emissary. He challenged the man with the words, "You are not a slave but a general." Laclius trembled inwardly, fearing complete unmasking. He resorted to a bold gesture. Turning sharply, he slapped the face of the disguised slave and, as Frontinus reports it, spat at the man and between blows abused him thus: "*You dog, you dirty slave, low creature, how dare you presume even to resemble a Roman general!*"

King Syphax's men were convinced that no genuine Roman general could submit to such treatment and that the man must therefore be a slave and nothing else. The ruse was successful.

Polybius records another anecdote about Scipio Africanus which illustrates his way of dealing with captured spies. Hannibal repeatedly smuggled scouts into the Roman camp, and it once happened that three of these spies were captured and brought before Scipio. The great general spared their lives, but administered a lesson which they would never forget. This is the anecdote, taken from Polybius.

Scipio was so far from punishing them, as is the usual practice, that on the contrary he ordered a tribune to attend them and point out clearly to them the exact arrangement of the camp. After this had been done he asked them if the officer had explained everything to their satisfaction. When they answered that he had done so, Scipio furnished them with provisions and an escort, and told them to report carefully to Hannibal what had happened to them.

This attitude of self-confidence bordering on arrogance on the part of the Romans made a deep impression, of course, on Hannibal. The latter must have learned of the treatment of his spies with the deepest chagrin.

Livy, in a celebrated passage, pictures Hannibal's feelings:

On their return, Hannibal was so much struck with *admiration of Scipio's magnanimity and daring that he conceived . . . a strong desire to meet him and converse with him.* Having decided on this he sent a herald saying that he desired to discuss the whole situation with him, and Scipio, on receiving the message, accepted and said he would send to Hannibal, fixing a place and hour for the meeting.

Upon one occasion the two generals, Scipio and Hannibal, encountered each other "within a javelin's throw." Livy is our authority for this, and he marvels that these generals, fighting more bitterly against one another than any in previous history, should have had an encounter because they both happened to be going for water at the same time and place. We must assume that both were busy finding out what they could about each other's forces.

Polybius writes more of Hannibal's intrigues and master strokes of espionage:

For years before he undertook his campaign against Rome, he had his agents in Italy and they were observing everyone and everything. He charged them with transmitting to him exact and positive information regarding the fertility of the trans-Alpine plains<sup>3</sup> and the valleys of the Po, their populations, their military spirit and preparations and, above all, their disposition to the government at Rome. There was nothing too large in promises that the Carthaginian was not ready to make in return for their support against the hated city.

Hannibal brilliantly exploited the use of fire in warfare. At one time his battalions were stationed in Sicily, where they laid siege to one of the harbour cities whose buildings perched on high hills, overlooking the Carthaginian troops. The siege went on for many months. The besiegers were making no headway and the counter attacks of the city were becoming fiercer and more dangerous. Hannibal decided that cunning must bring him victory where force had failed. But the city's defenders permitted no vessel to enter the harbour, and no person to enter the gates. Couriers that Hannibal had sent out had been caught.

Finally Hannibal dispatched his most trusted spy. This spy was to try to enter the city disguised as a veteran of past Sicilian



wars. He was to remain in the city and make no attempt to return. His instructions were of the simplest: stay in the city and let fire be your weapon.

The first part of the spy's task was successful. He took a house on one of the hills and lived a retired life. There he cooked his own meals over an outdoor fire, kept odd hours and often found it necessary to roast a bite to eat while other folk were sleeping.

The smoke and the fires had, of course, purposes beyond the preparation of meals. They were cyphered messages dealing with the city's defences. Hannibal was able to see them quite clearly. Long after the city had fallen its inhabitants learned how the smoke and fire from one man's house had defeated them for all their impregnable fortifications.

## CHAPTER SIX

### *Alfred the Great, Pioneer of the British Secret Service*

**B**ORN into a brawling world, Alfred was the youngest son of Ethelwulf, son of Egbert, king of the West Saxons. When he began his reign in 800, Egbert found England, like Gaul, divided into three parts. But this doughty man-of-arms had learned his profession in the court of Charlemagne and he lost no time in getting down to business.

Egbert defeated the Mercians and Northumbrians, joined them to Wessex, took over Kent, East Anglia, Essex, and Sussex, and established a heptarchy with himself at the head. Then he declared himself to be the first "King of England." Thirty-six years later, Ethelwulf succeeded his father.

Under both Egbert and Ethelwulf, England consisted of seven petty states held together by the dominance of what was practically a dictator. Of the two, Egbert was by far the better fighting man. Ethelwulf mismanaged his family affairs no end, and while a king's castle may be his home, if he rules it lackadaisically it bodes ill for his ability to deal with affairs of state.

Ethelbald, Ethelwulf's first born, conspiring to seize the throne, had the country on the verge of civil war. Compromise was the only solution. The upstart was given Wessex, while the king contented himself with the eastern provinces of Kent and its dependencies. Ethelwulf died in 857 and for a brief thirty months, Ethelbald reigned. Six short years of his successor, Ethelbert, saw little accomplished. The Danes settled in the Isle of Thanet without opposition and plundered Winchester besides, so that no end of accumulated trouble awaited Ethelred when he took up the gage in 866.

Alfred was a stripling of seventeen when his brother, Ethelred, came to the throne. The fraternal bond between these younger sons of Ethelwulf was a close one and Alfred rode at his brother's right hand, ready to do battle and retrieve the mistakes of their

predecessors. And there was plenty to do. Danish invaders rode roughshod throughout the land. Taking advantage of the turmoil, Mercia and Northumbria broke away, each going its own way.

Before this, the Danes had been only border ruffians, making no permanent residence and retreating once they had pillaged the countryside and secured their booty. But their arrival in 866 was far different. This time they came as pioneers, a great army sailing along the eastern coast, their women and children with them, prepared to make a home in this pleasant rural island so different from their own bleak coastline. They settled down for the winter among the East Angles and in the spring they crossed the Humber and captured the City of York.

Conquest was the easier since Mercia and Northumbria went into battle each on its own account instead of joining forces against the enemy. The Danes did not preach "divide and conquer" but they found it made to order when they came. As their victories mounted, opposition died, and their victims fled before them as their leaders were slain or led into captivity.

In a single year Ethelred and Alfred engaged in nine battles; and in the last of these, Ethelred sustained wounds that proved fatal. And so, at the age of twenty-two, Alfred became king of England. Followed seven years of give and take; brief spells of peace with the Danes, piratical coast raids, rebellions and insurrections, victories and defeats; and then, in 875, the advent of King Guthrum.

Guthrum and his army of Danes, sailing along the south coast, fell upon Wareham and Exeter and overpowered the disaffected Celtic population. Three years later in bleak midwinter, without warning, the invaders poured into Wessex from the north and occupied Chippenden. Discouraged, weakened by intermittent warring, his army having disintegrated, his provinces at sixes-and-sevens, Alfred picked discretion as the wisest course and quietly betook himself from the scene.

Well down in the southwest corner of Britain, in a low level tract between the junction of the Rivers Tone and Parret, lies the Isle of Athelney, a gentle lift of tree-crested land. Today it is but a sleepy way station on a trunk line but in that dire midwinter it was an inaccessible place, surrounded by flooded swamps and

marshes and treacherous mud bottoms. There Alfred hid away, masking his identity, except for a few trusted associates, in the guise of one of the churls who called the place home.

There the simple peasantry raised wheat and rye, barley and oats, following their patient ox teams across the expanses of hedgeless fields. Or they shouldered their axes to clear spaces in the forest and furnish fuel for their deep-throated fireplaces. Pork was the staple food and droves of hogs grunted lazily along, devouring acorns and beech mast under the watch of their swineherds.

But Alfred was not alone. Though apparently he was what he seemed—a churl low enough to be excoriated by a shrewish bel-dame for burning her cakes—thanes and retainers and personal followers were always near at hand, ready to spring to his defence. Ethelnoth, alderman of Somerset, was one of them. Denewulf, the swineherd, may have been the husband of the irascible housewife who bedevilled her king for his slovenly baking. But they were a trap-mouthed crew and only the little band who watched him knew the truth.

There were two acres of good hard ground at Athelney, surrounded by brakes of alderbrush, where deer and game abounded. There Alfred built a fort as a rallying place for his fighting men when the time came to strike again; and it was from there that he set out to visit the camp of the Danes and spy upon King Guthrum himself in his very council halls while he wintered his army below the range of Wiltshire hills not far from Westbury.

Three hundred years before, harpers and gleemen had made their first appearance in England. Musician-singers with their instrument as their badge of introduction, they were all things to all men. They wandered from village to village, from castle to castle, from court to court, and always were welcome. Their small harps, similar to the Irish harps of today, were sufficient to gain them entrance anywhere. Their ballads were unwritten recitals of heroic deeds and mighty heroes taught one to the other by word and instrument.

But the harpist's art was not confined to them. Every man worthy of his place above the salt had to prove his musical skill to keep his seat. In the banquet hall, when the feasting was over and mead and ale cups overflowed, each must take his turn at a ballad, accompanying himself upon the harp.

1 Harpers and minstrels who came and went were more than simple musicians. They played and sang as entertainers, but when the carousing drowned out their music, some took to juggling and tricks of magic. Court jesters, too, were acrobats of a kind, proficient in the simpler feats of tumbling.

With all this motley crew young Alfred had been free to mingle as he pleased. Not only had he filled his young throat with song and ballad and learned to play the harp; he had copied the acrobats until he could tumble as well as they. Proud to be sponsors to a prince of royal blood, these entertainers had spent much time tutoring him in their feats and disclosing their carefully guarded secrets of magic. The cups-and-balls, old in Roman times, had degenerated now to a three-shell game, and there were other feats of hocus-pocus to mystify the gaping spectator.

So it was as a minstrel that Alfred fared from Athelney. One man went with him, for a harp bearer always accompanied a minstrel as both valet and bodyguard. This may have been Denewulf, the swincherd, a lusty fellow with a tough head and a strong right arm. Minstrels and harpers were not fighting men and this exemption gave them many privileges. Unchallenged they could enter armed camps. While it seems impossible, viewed from this day and age, they were never questioned, nor does it appear that anyone ever raised the possibility of their being spies.

In the little garrison at Athelney Alfred's followers were slowly gathering. Provender and supplies were hard to find but Ethelnoth, the alderman, and Alfred's young son, the Etheling of England, were holding the fort and shaping things against his return.

Driving cold of midwinter froze the air when Alfred, the minstrel, and his attendant set out across the frozen marshes and through the snow-clad woods. A faithful few followed at a distance until the two came within sight of the Danish encampment.

Guthrum and his men were comfortably settled in a vale to the north of Westbury at the little village of Chippenham. The winter quarters was a sprawling assemblage of scattered tents with the houses taken over by the headmen. Guthrum himself had requisitioned the village hall as residence and council chamber.

The entire place was poorly guarded and badly protected. Success in conquest and the disappearance of Alfred had created a false sense of security and the Danes felt no necessity for vigilance.

Women strayed about and children ran underfoot, while the men settled down to a continuous round of feasting and drinking, preying upon the countryside and replenishing their larders from the bins of the thoroughly intimidated peasantry.

Alfred entered the village with scarce a challenge. A few loitering soldiers questioned him briefly and that was that. His harp was his passport; his tricks an open sesame; and the snowbound army welcomed this new diversion from its monotony. News of his arrival spread and when the feasting started in the banquet hall, he was there to entertain Guthrum and his counsellors. Meantime his harpman fraternized with the soldiers and their women; and between the drunken boastings in the hall and the idle gossip of the camp followers, Alfred returned to Athelney a week later with a plan for action.

Spring followed winter and on May 11, 878, Alfred was ready for battle. Men of Somerset, and Wilts, and Hants, rallied to his banner. The Danes sallied out from their camp and the armies clashed at Edington. Guthrum's forces far outnumbered the Saxons but the idleness, high living, and drunkenness of the winter had softened them. Just as Alfred surmised, they were unfit for sustained battle. Skirmish followed skirmish day after day as they slowly retreated to Chippenham.

All of this was in keeping with Alfred's strategy. The Danes were forced against the heights of Wiltshire, Saxons at the front, rising hills at the back. They had their women and children care for. They had laid in no supplies since they had depended upon continuous raiding and it was necessary only to keep them in a state of siege. It took a month to accomplish it but at the end of that time, Guthrum acknowledged defeat and surrendered.

And so Alfred, playing the minstrel to spy upon his enemy, had become the successful pioneer of the British secret service.

Moses sendeth spies to search Canaan. Num: 13.



And he sent them to spy out the land of Canaan etc. v. 17. And they came to the brook of Eshcol, & cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff, etc. v. 23, and they returned etc. v. 25.

PLATE II



UGEI  
Son of Ghenghis Khan who spied in Korea



## CHAPTER SEVEN

### *Spy Techniques of Genghis Khan*

AN order issued by a Mongol ruler on the borders of China lowered the price of fish in the markets of England in the year 1238, until forty or fifty herring could be bought for a shilling. This was, in part at least, an authentic stroke of secret service. The Mongol conquerors made use not only of spies in a brilliantly effective intelligence system but also of propagandists and were pioneers in that "attack on the rear," that barrage of frightfulness aimed at civilian morale. The inhabitants of Gothia—Sweden—and Fries, according to Matthew Paris, were prevented in 1238 by their growing fear of the oncoming Tartars from sending their ships as usual to the herring-fishery on the coast of England; and as there was no exports, the English market was glutted. Since we now know something more of the Mongol methods of preparation for attack and conquest than was understood in Western Europe for six hundred years, it is clear that agents of the Asiatic army commanders were far out in front of the actual invasion, laying down a "smoke screen" of intimidating propaganda. The agents themselves are said to have been chiefly Russians. Not until 1241 was the Mongol general, Subutai, ready to launch his attack upon Hungary, whose people were the only branch of the Turko-Mongol race still remaining outside the authority of the successors of Genghis Khan. And after being frightened for three years, the inhabitants of Gothia and Fries had probably grown tired of their own intimidation and gone to buy fish again.

In the Spring of 1221, Subutai and his equally successful companion-general, Chepe Noyon, had advanced into South Russia as far as the Donetz basin. Everywhere they established a stable military and civil administration. Further, they organized an elaborate

\* *The Story of Secret Service* by Richard Wilmer Royan, by permission of Doubleday & Co.

system of information to discover the weak points and rivalries of Europe. In this they found the Venetians quite willing to sacrifice the interests of Christian Europe in order to gain an advantage over their great trading rivals, the Genoese. In return for Mongol help in ousting the Genoese trade centres in the Crimea, *the Venetians acted as part of the intelligence service of the Mongols. But two years later Genghis Khan was moved to recall both Subutai and Chepe. They returned to Asia by way of the northern end of the Caspian; and when Genghis died in 1227, the programme of European conquest was indefinitely suspended . . .*

The chronicler, Carpini, tells of the speed, silence, and invincible perfection of the Mongols' squadron evolutions, directed and controlled by black-and-white signal flags. We know of their peculiarly "modern" innovations of espionage and propaganda, reconnaissance and pony post. If, then, the unbeatable Subutai and his colleague, Kaidu, synchronized their annihilating strokes to fall upon successive days—April 9 and 10—we may safely assume that those Asiatic commanders of the thirteenth century were served by some unique system of intercommunication, undetected even by the more alert European observers and so lost to surviving annals of the Mongol triumphs in the field. As a kind of peace delegate and spiritual envoy, Fra Carpini was sent to the Court of the Mongol khan, soon after the terrifying invasion of 1239-42, to urge that the Asiatic conquerors stop slaughtering Christians. Carpini, a brave and zealous man, seems instinctively to have exercised the talents of a first-rate spy. He returned to the West with comprehensive reports upon the "Tartars" and their armed strength, and exhorted all the rulers of Europe to borrow the new and more effective military methods of the Mongols . . .

A demand for speed of communication, for accuracy and timeliness of information, led directly to the institution of secret service, to which the Mongols contributed with much instinctive cunning. We even find Subutai characteristically making his debut in the annals of Mongol conquest with a spy's ruse. He rode to an encampment of Tartars, explaining that he had deserted the Mongol khan and hoped to join their clan. He was so convincing that he made the tartars believe their Mongol foes were not in the neighbourhood, and so they were quite unprepared when the main body of Subutai's companions fell upon them. This dodge seems

to have worked again and again, Mongol agents being sent on ahead to pose as deserters and complain of ill-treatment while laying down a smoke screen of false intelligence.

The Golden Emperor of Cathay unwisely asked Genghis for Mongol aid in his continual war upon the ancient house of Sung in South China. Chepe Noyon—"with his weakness for wearing sable boots"—was sent with a force of cavalry to fight beside the Cathavans while closely observing the riches of their land. Soon after the return of this spying expedition Genghis began preparing to invade Cathay, his first attempt upon a civilized power of superior defensive strength, and even now he launched his campaign by dispatching beyond the great wall a contingent of spies and scouts, who were "to capture and bring back informers." Espionage and artifice had a vital part in the Mongols' conquest of China. Chepe on one occasion pretended to abandon his baggage train but turned and rode back swiftly to overwhelm the Cathayan garrison that had swarmed out of an impregnable fortified city to plunder the carts, supplies, and other lawful prizes of war.

In that year of 1214 Subutai was on detached service and ordered to study the situation in Northern China. For several months the talented young commander virtually disappeared, forwarding nothing but an occasional routine report as to the condition of his horses. Yet when he returned he brought with him the submission of Korea. Having met with no serious obstruction he had simply pressed on—as he was later to do in Europe—until he found and subdued a new country. Wherever the Mongol army advanced, it carried along interpreters, mandarins to take over the administration of captured districts, and merchants who could becalled upon to act as spies. These traders seem to have been a nondescript lot, chosen from many nationalities. As the mounted horde of Genghis swept toward Cathay or Islam, a screen of skirmishers and scouts was thrown out in front of each column; while ahead of them travelled the merchant-spies, two or three together, diligently hunting information of every kind.

In addition to the merchants who acted as spies—or the spies who passed as merchants—there was in the Mongol armies a great variety of mercenaries, drawn from every corner of Europe and Asia. The fame of the Mongol conquests steadily increased the

number of adventurers eager to find fortune in the ranks of the ever victorious; and an intelligence system on a war footing was bound to acquire intimate facts about all lands and peoples from this polyglot stream of recruits. Foreigners of military distinction took service with the generals of Genghis or his successors. After their occupation of Hungary, Prince Batu and Subutai sent an expedition to ravage Austria, which was done with Mongol thoroughness. That expedition was under the command of an English Knight Templar who attained high rank in the army of the Asiatic emperor.

Genghis, as one habitually making use of military secret service, understood the value but also the menace of espionage and dealt harshly with those caught spying upon his forces. The Yassa was his code of Mongol laws, blending his own will with the more expedient of tribal customs; and the twenty-first of the twenty-two Yassa commandments which Pétis de la Croix derived from Persian and other chroniclers was: "Spies, false witnesses, all men given to infamous vices, and black sorcerers are condemned to death." Even so, in that fixed plan of invasion which Mongol generals followed with unbroken success until 1270, when the Mamelukes halted their advance upon Egypt, the second prescribed duty was the sending out of spies and the bringing in of captured informers, who must be questioned and made to give information that could be checked off against the report of the spies.

The Mongols are reputed to have first demonstrated to Europeans the deadly uses of gunpowder and to have popularized the Chinese invention of paper, which has ever since then made peace treaties so much easier to tear up. Their further introduction of efficient military secret service, intelligence, and staff communication was an example not soon hammered into the thick, war-like skulls of Western captains and kings.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### *Comedy of Disguises* *Papal Spies in Sweden*

WHENEVER the interests of Rome required that the populace should be stirred up against the king, or a situation arose, either dangerous or inconvenient to the Church, which had to be countered by intrigue, propaganda, and, if the occasion called for it, open rebellion, the Papal See knew full well that, for carrying out such work, there were none more reliable, more resourceful, and more courageous than the fathers of the Society of Jesus. Furthermore, when the aims of the pope had to be furthered by discreet and tactful discussions with vacillating sovereigns, and force of eloquence was needed to prevail upon a Catholic ruler to suppress heresy, the Jesuits again proved themselves the cleverest and most successful workers for the cause of Rome. Notwithstanding the fact that the Papal See had at its disposal an army of learned legates and cardinals, there were none among them so competent as the Jesuits to convince a Catholic people of its rights with regard to an heretical ruler, or, conversely, a Catholic ruler of his rights over an heretical people.

The kingdom of Sweden seemed, up to the middle of the sixteenth century, to be lost to Catholicism, the people having almost unanimously adopted Lutheranism. It was then that a faithful daughter of the Roman Church set herself to accomplish what all the papal legates had hitherto failed to achieve. The Polish Princess Catherine Jagiellonika had wed the Swedish king, John III, and soon contrived to shake the faith of her husband in Protestantism, so that he lent a ready ear when Catherine told him of the mysteries of the one and only true Church.

In the year 1574 King John, under the influence of his wife, declared his readiness to enter into negotiations with the Papal

\* Printed by permission from the source: *The Power and Secrets of the Jesuits* by René Fülöp Miller.

See with a view to the re-entry of Sweden into the Catholic Church. As, however, the people were strongly inclined to Protestantism, and at that time would have resisted with the utmost energy every open attempt to introduce Catholicism, King John suggested that the Pope should send agents who should in no circumstances disclose the fact that they were Catholics.

Thereupon, the clever Polish Jesuit, Stanislaus Warszewicz, set out for Stockholm in the guise of an elegant courtier. So well did he give the appearance of being just an ordinary man of the world that no one suspected him of being an emissary of the Pope, with the result that he was able to initiate his discussions with the king without exciting the slightest suspicion. Two months later, John III had been so far won over that he declared his readiness to introduce the Catholic liturgy into the Swedish Church.

Then, one day, there suddenly appeared in Stockholm a Protestant professor of theology of the name of Lorenz Nicolai, who began to deliver himself of the most striking sermons and lectures on the teachings of Luther. The king appointed the learned theologian to the newly founded seminary in Stockholm, and strongly urged all Protestant priests and prospective priests to attend his course of lectures. He himself, together with his whole household, was present, and followed his remarks with the closest attention.

After Nicolai had dealt, one after another, with all the principles of the Luthéran doctrine in such a way as to excite general admiration for his skill, he suddenly adopted a critical tone, and began to state the objections which might be levelled against this or that Protestant conception. As lecture succeeded lecture, more and more attention was devoted to these criticisms, which became increasingly convincing, so that many among the audience no longer knew what to think; eventually it almost seemed as if Protestantism was a thoroughly misguided faith, whilst the true faith was only to be found in the teachings of the Catholic Church.

Finally, this remarkable professor of theology quoted a number of extracts from Luther's works which he used as the basis of a powerful attack on the whole structure of the faith he professed to believe in. Thereupon, King John himself jumped up from his seat in annoyance and began an argument with Nicolai, during the

course of which he fervently defended Protestantism and attacked the Pope violently. The counter-arguments of the professor, however, sounded much more authoritative, unimpeachable and convincing, so that the king was at last forced to admit himself beaten.

The public acclaimed Nicolai, and entirely failed to appreciate the fact that the doctrines which the king had endeavoured to defend were those of the Protestant faith of Sweden, whilst the professor had propounded none other than the principles of "Popery."

This Stockholm argument was throughout a masterpiece of Jesuit stage management, for the ostensible Protestant Nicolai was in reality a Jesuit, and his argument with the king a carefully pre-arranged deception. John III and Nicolai had previously discussed with one another every point and every turn of the discussion, and they had in common accord taken care to ensure that the arguments to be used by the king in support of the Protestant cause should be ineffective and crude, whilst Nicolai's attack on Protestantism was to be of such a nature as to convince every hearer. By means of his theatrical staging of a theological discussion, the belief of the congregation that Protestantism was the only true faith was to be shaken, and the way prepared for the reintroduction of the Catholic religion.

It did, in fact, happen that the students of theology flocked to the celebrated Professor Nicolai who had defeated their king in open debate, and it was not long before he was able to send a number of newly converted students to the German College of the Society of Jesus at Rome. This completed the task of Nicolai, for the conversion of Sweden had entered on a new stage, and required to be carried on by another worker.

The man selected for this purpose by the Papal See was the Jesuit Father Antonio Possevino, the greatest diplomatist of the order, and, in fact, one of the cleverest negotiators of the seventeenth century. Clad as a nobleman, with his dagger at his waist and his two-cornered hat under his arm, Possevino made his appearance in Stockholm. At the court and to all the authorities, he gave himself out to be an ambassador of the German emperor, and no one but the king knew that he was a member of the Society of Jesus.

His task was, with all due tact, to remove the last obstacles that

stood in the way of securing Sweden's conversion to the Roman Church. King John had already advised the pope of his readiness, in principle, to adopt the Catholic faith, but had laid down certain conditions of a liturgical nature; unless the rule regarding celibacy were relaxed, unless the administration of the sacrament in both forms were sanctioned, and unless divine worship were allowed to be celebrated in the national tongue, Sweden could not, in the view of the king, be won over to Catholicism. The task now delegated by the pope to Possevino was so to arrange it that King John should be won over to the Catholic Church without the Papal See's being compelled to comply with his conditions, for in no circumstances would Rome have been prepared to grant such wide concessions.

The Jesuit diplomat did not fail to utilize every available means of influencing John. On one occasion, he handed to him a letter from Philip II of Spain, in which the latter congratulated the Swedish king in the most fulsome terms on his adoption of the Catholic faith, and, to assist him in the financial expenses arising out of the country's change of faith, offered him a sum of 200,000 sequins from the national exchequer; on another occasion, Possevino delivered himself of a flaming discourse on the tortures of eternal damnation which awaited every heretic.

Notwithstanding, John was slow in deciding in favour of the official introduction into Sweden of the Roman Church, as he was afraid that such a step would cost him his crown. Possevino did his utmost to convince the king that, by divine right, he was entitled to exercise a free determination of the religion of his subjects; under the promptings of the Jesuit, King John had a Catholic chapel constructed in his palace, in which he regularly heard mass, confessed, and took communion; furthermore, John frequently declared to the Jesuit emissary that he regarded himself as a faithful servant of the Catholic Church.

Possevino would certainly have succeeded eventually in overcoming the last scruples of the king, and so have deprived Protestantism in Europe of its strongest pillar, if this mighty undertaking, originally initiated by a woman, had not been wrecked by another woman.

Catherine Jagiellonika, the worthy spouse of King John III, had brought her husband into the Roman Church, had paved the



way for the conversion of Sweden to Catholicism, and finally had given birth to an heir, who had straightway been placed under the charge of Jesuit tutors; having accomplished all this, she faced the call to heaven with an easy conscience. After her death, however, the Protestant Gunnila Bilke became the wife of the widowed king, and, as a good follower of Luther, did not even wait until the honeymoon was over before proceeding to discharge her religious duties. For at that time, in view of the fact that zealous Catholic princesses secured for their religion great political successes, the Protestant princesses were likewise organized and called upon to take an active part in furthering the interest of their faith.

King John III, like many other sovereigns of both earlier and later times, was easily influenced when in the intimacy of the royal bedchamber, and so it happened that within a short while Gunnila Bilke had undone all that Catherine Jagiellonika had done for the cause of Rome. The clever, world-wise Father Warsewicz found himself compelled to retire hastily from Sweden closely pressed by the agents of the new queen, and even the great Professor Nicolai was forced to seek another country in which to continue his Lutheran exegesis, for true and staunch Protestants had by now resumed their teachings at the theological seminary at Stockholm. The "imperial ambassador," Father Possevino, however, whom further important tasks awaited at other courts, adjusted his dagger, placed his two-cornered hat under his arm, and disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared.

Only in one respect did the former Catholic queen, Catherine, appear to prevail from beyond the grave over her successor: she had given an heir to the country, and had ensured that he, the heir to both the Swedish and Polish thrones, later brought up by the Jesuits and in time married to an Austrian princess, should never forsake the Roman Church.

But the Protestants could afford to be equally satisfied with the work of Gunnila Bilke, for, even if the present queen could do nothing to alter the succession, she took care to ensure that the Lutheran spirit should predominate in Sweden and that, as the result, her stepson should come up against insuperable difficulties if ever he attempted to convert the country to Catholicism.

Immediately after the death of King John, a meeting of the Riksdag was convoked, at which the nobles, the knights, the

clergy, the provincial governors and the burgomasters drew up an anti-Papist declaration which the new king Sigismund was to be called upon to sign before his coronation.

Sigismund, who had in the meantime become King of Poland, refused to comply with this demand, and, at the head of a Polish army and accompanied by numerous Jesuits and a papal legate, arrived in Sweden with the intention of introducing the Catholic religion into the country by force of arms. The Swedes, however, offered resistance, defeated Sigismund's army, and crowned Duke Charles of Södermanland king. The federal states, at an assembly at Upsala, upheld the Augsburg Confession as the only national faith, abolished all "Papist" ritual which had been introduced into the Church during the time of Possevina, and removed from their office a number of clergy who were suspected of leanings towards Catholicism.

In this way, all the Catholic hopes centred on Sweden were destroyed for a long period; indeed, this country was destined some few decades later to become, under Gustavus Adolphus, the strongest bulwark of Protestantism in its struggle with Rome. It was not until Gustavus Adolphus's daughter Christina came to the throne that the Jesuits once again found the opportunity of returning to Stockholm and successfully carrying on their activities.

## CHAPTER NINE

### *Elizabethan Secret Service*

JUDGING from the secret-intelligence reports and correspondence of foreign ambassadors to the English court during the latter half of the sixteenth century, the Virgin Queen had everyone guessing. Elizabeth, provokingly virginal, coquetted and vacillated diplomatically with Ivan the Terrible and other far less monstrous potentates who sought her hand in marriage. But whatever the expectations of her distant suitors may have been, and however keen the prying of alien eyes, the reputation of England's enigmatic ruler remained chastely unimpaired.

Frederick Chamberlain has proved in a scholarly work that envoys or agents who were genuinely neutral—such as those representing the king of Sweden and the Venetian Council of Ten—wrote as men convinced of the virtue and modesty of the English sovereign and respectful of her greatness and diplomatic skill. Even the spies of Philip of Spain, who were trained to believe the worst of any heretic, yet geographically far enough removed from Philip's blighting phobias to feed him a little truth, could invent nothing more damaging to Elizabeth than were the repeated Catholic plots which sought to take her life. The armour of her protection, like her private character, developed no serious flaw; a great queen and difficult lady well served by incomparably loyal and vigilant men.

Before Walsingham there had been a Cecil, and after him there was another Cecil, competent and persevering. The intelligence and counterespionage service lost none of the vigour of Walsingham's day, though possibly its problems were diminishing, since the Jesuits' "invasion" was less aggressive, Philip of Spain was a dying man, and Mary Stuart was dead. One agent of Elizabethan

\* *The Story of Secret Service* by Richard Wilmer Rowan, by permission of Doubleday and Co. Inc., New York.

secret service still commands the attention of scholars and the admiration of the discriminating, not for his political achievements or the dark conspiracies he fathomed, but because in a crowded life of twenty-nine years he found time to prove himself an inspired pioneer of English poetry and drama. And young Christopher Marlowe was not the only Cambridge student who accepted employment as a government spy.

Marlowe, it is believed, was most active as a secret agent between February and July, 1587, as he was absent from college at that time. He was accused of going abroad to Rheims, which came desperately close to a charge of having turned—or of intending to turn—Roman Catholic. In France the Duc de Guise, leader of orthodox Catholicism, ally of Philip II, bitter foe of England and striving to the last to rescue his niece, Mary Queen of Scots, made it a point to offer hospitality to English students and seminarists, intending if possible to use them in his plots against Elizabeth. Those plots broke down for a variety of reasons; and one was the number of students entertained by de Guise or his lieutenants who had been sent to France by English spy-masters. If Marlowe went to Rheims with the permission of the authorities he can only have gone to spy upon the Catholic conspirators by professing to join them.

The flow of students from Cambridge to Rheims had grown very brisk after 1580 and was at its height in 1587. Father Parsons, the celebrated Jesuit campaigner, escaping to Rouen after Father Campion's arrest, had submitted an account of his work to the Jesuit general headquarters in Rome on September 26, 1581. Included in Parson's report we find: "at Cambridge I have at length insinuated a certain priest into the very university under the guise of a scholar or a gentleman commoner and have procured him help from a place not far from the town. Within a few months he has sent over to Rheims seven very fit youths." Marlowe, if he followed the procedure of the other English agents sent to France, must have let it become known that he had a fondness for the Roman Catholic ritual. Thus commended to the attention of a Jesuit agent in Cambridge, he was presently smuggled over to Rheims as a promising sympathizer and potential convert. His secret-service mission was "Machiavellian," and he allowed himself the right to "cloake bad accions with Commonwealthe

pretences," a prevailing trait of all the "Machiavellians."

James Welsh of Magdalene College, Cambridge, on leaving Cambridge was unable to find employment as a schoolmaster, and so became a spy upon the Catholics for Bishop Aylmer of London. The Scotch poet, William Fowler, was one of Walsingham's agents in Scotland; while Anthony Munday, player and playwright, went to Rome in 1578—79 to spy upon the English seminary there, as his *English Romayne Life* admits. Later he was an associate of that jolly chap, the rackmaster, Topcliffe, and helped to interrogate recusants; and success in the torture chamber seems to have won him employment with Archbishop Whitgift. Another literary man who found it possible to earn a living in secret service—which belles-lettres did not provide—was Marlowe's friend, Matthew Roydon, who had some mysterious link to the interests of James VI while that peculiar Scots monarch was awaiting the end of Elizabeth's reign. Even Ben Jonson, his biographers have thought, was a secret agent of the English government. Marlowe had talented rivals in espionage.

The circumstances of Marlowe's death were exceedingly suspicious. Evidence introduced has seemed to be fraudulent, and Frizer was granted a free pardon for killing the poet within a month of his death. Robert Poley, who was present at the time of Marlowe's death, was a plausible, efficient spy—"well educated, gentlemanly in demeanor"—once a member of the Sidney Household and steward to Lady Sidney, Walsingham's daughter, after Sir Phillip's death, from which position he came into the service of Walsingham himself. What was Poley doing in that upstairs room of the Deptford tavern when Christopher Marlowe was stabbed? Many scholars, profoundly uninterested in Elizabethan secret service, have tried to find the answer to that question. In an age that saw political espionage lead almost invariably to charges of high treason, strange consequences descended upon espionage agents. Poley was a fellow continually emerging from the shadows. He was in the pay of the vice-chamberlain, Sir Thomas Heneage, and known as "Pistol's Man"; he was linked with Walsingham's celebrated decipherer, Thomas Phelippes, who, after Walsingham's death, branched out with a kind of commercial spying agency and capitalized his experiences in the service of the government.

Dr. William Parry, M.P., was a dangerous agent of the time, a fortune hunter and convicted criminal, known to Burghley and others as the double-dealer par excellence. He boasted that his machinations had "shaken the seminary at Rheims to its foundations." Finally Burghley saw his chance and got rid of him. Parry, acting as a provocateur, broached a plot for the assassination of Elizabeth to a well-known Roman Catholic, Edmund Neville. Neville, not to be taken in so antique a trap, spoke at once to Burghley, who affected to believe in the "plot" and had Parry executed. And we know of the tragedy that overtook Elizabeth's own physician, Doctor Lopez—the condemned spy who, some have thought, gave Shakespeare his inspiration for the character of *Shylock*. Prejudice was strong, and the faintest whisper of high treason could be fatal. The singular involvement and catastrophe of poor Lopez is retold so brilliantly by Lytton Strachey in his *Elizabeth and Essex* that it is needless and presumptuous to attempt to retell it here.

## CHAPTER TEN

### *Samuel Pepys on Espionage*

**P**EPYS' diaries have amused us all with their frankness, honesty, and informality. Though Samuel Pepys (1633-1703) reached the position of Secretary of the British Admiralty under Charles II, he admitted that his mother had been no more than a "washmaid of my Lady Veere" that her brother had been a butcher at Whitechapel. Not much is known about his youth, though school records show us that on one occasion he was publicly admonished for having been "scandalously overseen in drink." It is also known that he wrote a sophomoric romance called *Love is a Cheat*, a manuscript which he later destroyed.

In 1660 he secured an appointment to a clerkship in the Naval Office. Utterly incompetent at the beginning he applied himself to his duties with such zeal that he eventually rose to be Secretary of the Admiralty and retained the office even under James II. His journals were written in a shorthand of his own. They comprise six volumes and form a candid account of court manners, secret diplomacy and everyday life.

Pepys merrily confesses to espionage, telling of the theft of a key from the pocket of a sleeping Dutch diplomat. With the key the Dutchman's desk was rifled of much important information. Elsewhere, he deplores the changed times: whereas Cromwell spent 70,000 pounds a year on espionage, the present king allotted only 700 pounds annually to it. Yet Pepys wonders much that, for all the pinched budget much useful information could be obtained.

From Samuel Pepys' Diary:

February 14, 1668,

Secretary Morrice did this day in the House, when they talked of intelligence, say that he was allowed but £700 a year for intel-

ligence, whereas, in Cromwell's time, he did allow £70,000 a year for it; and was confirmed therein by Colonel Birch, who said that thereby Cromwell carried the secrets of all the princes of Europe at his girdle.

*February 17, 1668,*

They did here in the House talk boldly of the King's bad counsellors, and how they must be all turned out, and many of them, and better, brought in: and the proceedings of the Long Parliament in the beginning of the war were called to memory: and the King's bad intelligence was mentioned, wherein they were bitter against my Lord Arlington, saying, among other things, that whatever Morrice's was, who declared he had but £700 a year allowed him for intelligence, the King paid too dear for my Lord Arlington's in giving him £10,000 and a barony for it.

*Dec. 27, 1668,*

Saw the King at chapel but staid not to hear anything, but went to walk in the party with W. Hewer, and there among others met with Sir G. Downing, and walked with him an hour, talking of business, and how the late war was managed, there being nobody to take care of it: and he telling, when he was in Holland, what he offered the King to do, if he might have power, and then, upon the least word, perhaps of a woman, to the King, he was dictated again. And particularly of the loss of all that we  
*He told me that he had so good spies, that he hath had 11 out of De Witt's \* pockets when he was taken, his pocket opened, and papers brought to him, and left in his hands, and carried back and laid in the place again. He says that De Witt always had their most private debates, that have been put between two or three of them brought to him in an hour, and in an hour after that, hath sent word thereof to the King.*

\* John de Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, was later killed by a Dutch mob enraged at the elevation of William of Orange after the French Army overran Holland and the British fleet successfully destroyed the Dutch fleet. K.S.



PLATE III



EUGENE AZEFF

The Russian Spy who for years acted as leader of the Revolutionist Party,  
while taking pay from the Secret Police.

PLATE IV



TREBITSCH IN COIN—German Spy, British M.P. and Tiberian Monk

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### *Quakeress who saved an Army*

WHILE the British occupied Philadelphia during the Revolutionary War, most of their time was given to the pleasures of life. It was this fact that caused Franklin to observe with characteristic shrewdness that Howe had not taken Philadelphia but Philadelphia had taken Howe. There was, however, one serious attempt made to destroy Washington's army during the period and, curiously enough, it was frustrated by the courage and wit of a brave Quakeress.

In taking possession of the city, the British appropriated the most desirable dwellings for their headquarters. Thus General Harris practically confiscated the home of General Cadwalader, on Second Street, four doors below Spruce. Directly opposite this, on the corner of Little Dock Street, was the quaint home of William and Lydia Darrah, members of the Society of Friends, whose members, it need scarcely be said, have a profound repugnance to war.

By one of those little ironies which constantly mock our lives, the Adjutant-General of the British army decided to make his home with the Darrahs. It is certain that the Englishman found a desirable and well-kept colonial home for his temporary habitation, "while the Darrahs soon discovered that whatever else he might be, their war guest was a gentleman.

Lydia Darrah had the reputation of being a Whig, and she gloried in it. She made no secret of her feelings to her lodger, and one day when he reproached her with her want of loyalty to the mother country, she exclaimed with spirit:

"I hope thee is beaten. Thee deserve to be for coming across the ocean to subdue a liberty-loving people."

*\*The World's Greatest Military Spies and Secret Service Agents, by George Barton, Page Co., Boston.*

He laughed at this outburst and remarked:

"I was beginning to flatter myself that you and your husband looked upon me as a friend."

"And so we do. We detest the sin while pitying the sinner. Though we consider thee as a public enemy, we regard thee as a private friend. While we detest the cause thee fights for, we wish well to thy personal interest and safety."

"Oh!" he cried, jovially. "That sounds better. You are really a friend of the King."

"Thee must not feel flattered," she said gravely. "We are for the Colonists. Thee knows that every unnecessary expense has been retrenched in this house. Tea has not been drunk since last Christmas. Nor have I bought a new cap or gown since your defeat at Lexington. Be assured that such is the feeling of American women."

The Adjutant-General could not but admire the spirit of such a woman. Whatever else she might be she was not deceitful. She did not attempt to curry favour with the British. It rather pleased him to permit her to indulge in what might be considered treasonable sentiments. No matter how radical might be her views there could be no danger from this sweet-faced little woman with the poke bonnet and the drab dress. And, moreover, even when most spirited, there was no bitterness or vindictiveness in her tone or manner. As he gazed at her he felt that the serenity of her countenance was truly an outward sign of the tranquillity of her inner life.

Among other things, the Adjutant-General had arranged for a room on the first floor to be used as a sort of conference chamber for the British officers. Here groups of the leading redcoats were wont to assemble, by candlelight, for the purpose of discussing plans of campaigns. Several of these gatherings had been held without attracting any particular attention from Lydia Darrah.

Early in December, 1777, there was a strange halt in the round of pleasure among the British officers in Philadelphia. The men were drilled and organized as if in anticipation of a coming movement. The indifference and indolence of the previous months gave way to activity all along the line. Lydia, who was a true patriot, observed these signs with genuine distress. She could not but feel that it boded ill to her countrymen.

It was on the 2nd of December that the Adjutant-General sent for her. She noticed that he was serious and preoccupied.

"I wish to tell you," he said, "that we will require the use of the sitting-room at seven o'clock this evening. We may remain late and it is important that we should not be disturbed. For this reason I would ask you to have all of the members of your family retire early. When we are through and it is time for us to leave I will call you so that you may let us out. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," she replied, with downcast eyes. "I will see that everything is prepared, and after that shall retire and wait until thee summons me."

On the night in question she carried out all of the orders with literal exactness. But she could not rest. The words of the British officer had filled her with curiosity and uneasiness. What did it mean? What was the object of this mysterious conference? Finally she could remain in her room no longer. She crept silently downstairs in her stockinged feet and took up a position outside of the door where the officers were assembled. By pressing her ear close to the crevices of the panels she could hear the talk from within, and presently began to understand what was being planned.

She was shocked, and with reason. What she had heard was an order for all the British troops to march out on the evening of the fourth to attack the army of General Washington, then encamped at Whitmarsh. She knew what that would mean only too well. Taken unawares by superior numbers, the patriot army would be destroyed. And that destruction meant that the torch of liberty would be extinguished—the hope of freedom would be destroyed.

Lydia Darrah crept silently upstairs again and went to bed, but not to sleep. She was depressed and disheartened. The thought that the lives of Americans might be lost in vain was intolerable. And while the members of her family slept soundly, and the officers in the room below perfected their scheme, she wondered what could be done to avert the threatened calamity.

While her mind was filled with conflicting thoughts there came a rap at her door and the voice of the Adjutant-General saying that they were ready to leave. She remained perfectly quiet and then he knocked a second time and louder than before. Still no answer and this time he pounded with his fists. She arose, and taking her time to dress, appeared at the door, candle in hand, and

pretended to be very drowsy. He apologized for having aroused her from sleep and left the house with his companions.

From that moment she was so agitated that she could neither sleep or eat. The question was how to get the information to General Washington. She dare not confide in anyone—not even her husband. She decided to go to Whitemarsh herself. In order to furnish a plausible excuse she informed the members of her family that it was necessary to get a sack of flour from the mill at Frankford. Her husband protested.

"Send one of the servants," he said. "There is no good reason why thee should make such a long trip."

"No," she replied resolutely. "I shall go myself."

"But at least," he pleaded, "take one of the servant maids with thee."

"I shall go alone," she insisted with a determination that surprised and subdued him.

William Darrah learned on that occasion that a Quakeress, though placid in appearance, can be quite as obstinate as other members of her sex. He gazed wonderingly at the poke-bonneted woman as she left the house and started in the direction of General Howe's headquarters in order to get the requisite pass to get through the British lines.

General Howe received her kindly, if not almost jovially. He knew that the Adjutant-General of his army was quartered at the Darrah home, and he looked on Lydia as an interesting but harmless rebel. He was surrounded by members of his staff and they, like their superior, were disposed to jest with the Quakeress. But finally the coveted pasteboard was handed to her.

"Don't stay long," he smiled. "Your British guests will miss you."

The moment she received the pass she hurried away, and, once out of sight of the general's headquarters, she almost ran until she reached Frankford. She left her bag at the mill, and saying she would return for it in a little while, continued her journey to Whitemarsh.

Washington had camped at this place after resting for a few days at Perkiomen Creek. He was reinforced by 1200 Rhode Island troops from Peekskill, under General Varnum, and nearly 1000 Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania soldiers. He was now

within fourteen miles of Philadelphia. By a resolution of Congress all persons taken within thirty miles of any place occupied by the British troops, in the act of conveying supplies to them, were subjected to martial law. Acting under the resolution, Washington detached large bodies of militia to scour the roads above the city, and between the Schuylkill and Chester, to intercept all supplies going to the enemy.

This served a double purpose. It harassed Howe by preventing him from receiving the supplies, and it gave them to the Continentals. All this time Washington was observing a prudent policy. He was anxious to fight, but he was only willing to do so under circumstances that would be advantageous to himself. He had many critics of this policy, but Washington held steadily to his purpose.

Lydia Darrah plodded along to Whitemarsh, oblivious alike of the inclemency of the weather and her personal discomfort. Her one thought was to get the warning to Washington, for whom she had a respect and reverence that bordered on veneration. After leaving the mill at Frankford she encountered but few persons, and these looked upon the little Quakeress without curiosity.

It was when she had almost reached her destination that she began to feel footsore and weary. She was filled with a great desire to sit by the roadside and rest, but she resisted the natural inclination and kept on to the end. Within that frail body, dressed so demurely, there was a grim determination that was Spartan-like in its persistence and its indifference to pain and suffering.

Just before she reached her goal she saw a mounted Continental officer. His back was turned to her and she debated the advisability of speaking to him. Before she reached a conclusion he had twisted about in his saddle and looked in her direction. The recognition was mutual. He was a young American officer of her acquaintance, Lieutenant-Colonel Craig of the light horse. Evidently amazed at seeing her in such a place, and, riding over, he touched his hat.

"Have you lost your way?" he asked, and before she could answer he added, "And how did you get through the British lines?"

She smiled sweetly in spite of her fatigue.

"I came to get flour at the mill in Frankford, General Howe was good enough to give me a pass."

"But you are beyond Frankford," he protested.

"Perhaps," she said hesitatingly, "I may be in search of my son who is an officer in the American army."

"Perhaps," retorted Lieutenant-Colonel Craig, doubtfully.

By this time several soldiers on foot came in the direction of the speakers. Lydia became nervous and ill at ease. She plucked at his coat.

"Dismount and walk aside with me," she whispered. "I have something to tell you."

He complied with her request, wonderingly. The Lieutenant-Colonel and his companions constituted a squad that had been sent out by Washington to watch the roads and to gather information concerning the enemy. Little did he suspect that such important news was at hand. They walked some yards from the soldiers.

"Now," he commanded, "tell me what in the world you are doing so far from home."

"Colonel," she cried in a voice that trembled in spite of herself, "I came to warn General Washington that General Howe intends to attack the Continental army. He hopes to find General Washington unprepared."

"How do you know this?"

"I overheard it last night. The Adjutant-General and other officers met at my house to make their plans. I felt that General Washington must be warned and I walked here for that purpose."

The eyes of the young officer almost started out of their sockets. He gazed down at the frail woman in amazement and admiration.

"Shall I take you to the General?"

"No, it is sufficient for you to know. It shall be your duty to tell him. And you must agree not to reveal your source of information. If it was known that I came here it would go hard with me—it might mean my death."

"I promise!" he said, solemnly.

Then and there the Quakeress told him all that had taken place in her house at the conference among the British officers. She had an excellent memory and was able to give him all the details of the proposed attack. As she concluded she said:

"You must not reveal my identity—even to your men."

"It shall be as you wish, and now you must be cared for."



She protested feebly, but he was not to be gainsaid and insisted upon escorting her to a nearby farmhouse where she might obtain food and also rest for a while before taking the long walk back to the city. She urged him to go to Washington at once, saying the message he had to convey was more important than her personal comfort. But he was a gentleman as well as a patriot and he did not leave her until she had been safely housed and her wants attended to. On leaving he stooped and kissed her hand.

"You have saved the army," he said, "and you will not be forgotten as long as liberty endures."

She did not stay long, and, after a light meal, started back for Philadelphia. She paused at Frankford to get the sack of flour, which she carried with her as a proof of the statement that she had gone to the mill. Fortunately she reached her home safely, and apparently the incident after that was forgotten by the other members of the household.

But she was in a state of high nervous tension until she could be assured of the safety of the Continental army. She waited eagerly for the departure of the British. It was about forty-eight hours after her return from Whitemarsh that the beating of drums and the marching of many feet announced the departure of the troops for the purpose of surprising Washington. Lydia Darrah stood on the sidewalk as the glittering cavalcades passed by, apparently an unimportant unit in the mass of spectators, but actually the heroine, if not the most important figure, of the drama that was to be enacted. After the last of the soldiers had departed she retired to her room in a fever of apprehension that was not to be allayed until she had received definite news of the encounter between the two armies.

General Howe was in high good spirits. He felt that he was going to catch the "old fox" sleeping, and the thought made him chuckle with delight. The town was full of Tories, too, and many of them would not have been displeased if the "rebels" received a crushing blow. But Lydia Darrah, in her darkened chamber, hoped and prayed that all might go well with Washington and his men.

In the meantime, at Whitemarsh, preparations for meeting the enemy were going on in the Continental army. Washington was impressed with the information brought to him by Lieutenant-

Colonel Craig. On the day of the 4th the Commander-in-Chief received word from Captain Allen McLane, a vigilant officer, which confirmed the warning carried to the camp by Lydia Darrah. He made his dispositions to deal with the impending attack, and in the meantime sent McLane, with 100 men, to reconnoitre. This gallant officer met the van of the enemy at eleven o'clock at night on the Germantown road, attacked it, and forced it to change its line of march.

But it was three o'clock in the morning before the alarm gun announced the approach of the main body of the British army. They appeared at daybreak and took their position at Chestnut Hill within three miles of Washington's right wing. Here the invaders met with a second surprise. Far from being unprepared, a detachment of the Pennsylvania State Militia sallied forth and gave battle to the redcoats. It was a draw, with a few dead and wounded on each side, and the British general in charge exclaimed:

"They don't seem to be a bit surprised!"

General Howe passed the day in reconnoitering and at night changed his ground and moved to a hill on the left within a mile of the American line. He wanted to fight an action, but Washington, with great military shrewdness, declined to accommodate him. There were several sharp skirmishes at Edge Hill, and other points, thereabouts, in which Morgan's Riflemen and the Maryland Militia were concerned, but no general engagement.

On the morning of the seventh there was every evidence that Howe was planning an attack on the left wing. This was what Washington most desired and his hopes ran high as he prepared for a decisive battle. In the course of the day he rode through every brigade, explaining how the attack was to be met and exhorting the men to remember that they were fighting in the cause of liberty. He urged them to depend mainly upon the bayonet and to be on the aggressive always. Both his words and his manner impressed them, but especially his manner, for Washington had a demeanour at once grave and determined, which filled his followers with confidence.

The day wore on to its close with nothing but minor skirmishes. The reports show that Morgan's Riflemen and the Maryland Militia under Colonel Gist did brave work in this regard. An

attack was expected during the night, but it never materialised. The spirit displayed by the Americans, and especially their preparedness, had a discouraging effect upon the invaders.

When the first grey tints of dawn appeared, it was seen that the British army was in motion again. But they did not advance toward the Americans. On the contrary they filed off to the right where long strings of fires were lit; behind these fires the redcoats silently departed in the direction of Philadelphia.

They had come on a fool's errand—like the king's soldiers in the couplet, they had marched up the hill and then marched down again.

Washington immediately detached light firing parties to fall upon the rear of the departing army, but they had secured too good a start to be effectively halted. The Continentals did, however, succeed in worrying the redcoats and in making them regret they had ever left Philadelphia.

Washington was sorry that there had not been a battle, and writing to the President of Congress at the time said:

"I sincerely wish they had made an attack; as the issue in all probability, from the disposition of our troops and the strong situation of our camp, must have been fortunate and happy. At the same time I must add, that reason, prudence and every principle of policy forbade us quitting our post to attack them. Nothing but success would have justified the measure; and this could not have been expected from their position."

It was a sorry procession of Englishmen that filed through the streets of Philadelphia after this historic retreat—because it can only be called a retreat. They had gone out with high hopes; they had returned—figuratively speaking—with their tails between their legs. They had expected to throw themselves upon a camp of sleeping and unprepared men; they had encountered a spirited and fully prepared foe. The Tory ladies who lined the sidewalks of the city felt sorry for the non-conquering heroes. But one woman watched that mournful march with pleasure, the woman who was chiefly responsible for it—Lydia Darrah.

On the night after the return of the British troops the Adjutant-General of the army sent for Lydia Darrah. He requested her to come to his room as he wished to put to her some important questions. She followed, quaking in her shoes. She felt that some one had betrayed her, and she prepared to suffer the consequences.

"What I wish to know," he said, after she had been seated, "is whether any of your family was up after eight o'clock on the night that I conferred with the other officers in your sitting-room?"

She shook her poke-bonneted head.

"Thee knows that we all went to bed at eight o'clock," she answered.

"I know that you were asleep," he said with emphasis, "because I had to knock at your chamber door three times before you were aroused. But I wondered if any one else was about."

"Why?"

"Because some one must have given Washington information concerning our march. I know you were in bed; you say the others were also. I can't imagine who gave us away unless the walls had ears. When we reached Whitmarsh we found all their cannon mounted and the soldiers ready to receive us. Consequently, after wasting days in marching, we were compelled to come back here like a pack of fools."

"I sympathize with thee," she said, but if one could have peeped beneath the folds of that poke bonnet, one would have sworn there was a twinkle in those demure eyes and a smile of satisfaction upon that placid face.

And who will have the heart to find fault with the brave Quakeress for the twinkle, the smile, and the white lie?

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### *Benedict Arnold—America's Quisling*

**W**HEN a son was born to the famous Arnold family of Connecticut in 1741, the father expressed the wish that young Benedict should become the greatest soldier the Colonies had yet produced. The family was old and honoured: one of Benedict Arnold's great-grandfathers had been governor of Rhode Island for three successive terms. Therefore there was nothing extravagant about the father's ambitions for his son.

Young Benedict Arnold did not have the patience to complete his education. At fifteen he ran away from home to seek adventure and enlisted in an expedition against the French, but tiring of the campaign managed to find his way back home. He settled in New Haven later and, though only twenty-one, carried on trade with the West Indies and made quite a success of it.

During the rapid turns of fortune of the Revolutionary War Benedict Arnold participated first as a captain, then as a colonel and finally as a brigadier-general. His military exploits in New England and Canada made him famous overnight. He was made a major-general and fought with George Washington in New Jersey. In 1778 he received the command of Philadelphia.

There his private conduct was much criticized. He offended against the society of the Philadelphia Quakers by his gambling, drinking, flirting, and wild extravagance.

In 1778 four charges were brought against him and, while he insisted on a quick court-martial and was virtually cleared two trivial cases were brought to George Washington's attention.

Affronted, no doubt, by these accusations, and probably feeling that the war had lasted too long and was becoming tedious, as had the classroom of his boyhood and his adolescent adventures, Arnold turned towards the British. Although Washington had praised his military achievements Arnold, once he had determined

on taking the traitor's path showed no compunction in betraying his Commander-in-Chief. And he was in a position to do so, for he was in sole command of the garrison at West Point, key to the Hudson Valley in New York State, and sometimes called the American Gibraltar. Arnold was prepared to surrender it for £20,000, and his opening gambit was to send a certain Joseph Stansbury to put the proposition to Sir Henry Clinton chief of the British forces. Clinton delegated Major John Andre to act as intermediary in the plot and, while negotiations went on, Arnold impatiently awaited the outcome at West Point. It was some months before he learned that the British had agreed to his terms, and shortly afterwards Arnold and Major Andre met near Stony Point, New York, to perfect the plans for the sell-out. The meeting took place on the night of September 21st 1780. Fate took a hand in the game, however, for, two days later, Andre was taken prisoner by the Americans while trying to make his way back to the British lines. He was loaded with incriminating maps and documents, but luckily for Arnold, the officer in charge failed to understand the implications of the plot and simply communicated warning of the proposed attack to him as commander of the garrison. Thus warned, Arnold had ample time to escape aboard the British battleship, *Vulture*.

Arnold's career of duplicity seems to have been guided by plain self-interest, rather than any glamorous idealism or heroism. If causes interested Arnold at all they were of secondary importance to his immense pride. He had not the slightest difficulty in swinging over to the British cause when it seemed to further his personal advancement. Although the West Point plot was muffed and he forfeited his £20,000, he was commissioned a brigadier-general in the British Army and was awarded 6,315 pounds for his property losses in the American "zone." As a British officer he led an expedition to Virginia where he ordered the burning of Richmond. In 1781 he led an attack against American troops in New London.

Finally he returned to London with the rest of the defeated British. There he was consulted by the King and the Government on American affairs. Though treason may seem profitable, traitors are despised and mistrusted everywhere and Arnold could not settle down in his adopted country. He spent the next

*ten years of his life, until 1791, in St. John, N.B., where he again carried on trade with the West Indies. He returned to London in 1791 after the outbreak of war between Britain and France and made a large fortune outfitting privateers.*

*He nursed a hope of returning to the America he had betrayed. This, of course, could never be realized. On June 14, 1801, he died in London, quite alone and without honour.*

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### *Henry, The British Spy*

*It was in 1812 that the United States Congress and the State Department were informed of one of the most sensational spy cases in American history involving highest British and American sources through the newspaper, The Boston Patriot which published the original documents.*

*Since their publication in 1812, revealing a widespread network of British espionage in this country, the classic documents of Henry the Spy have been forgotten. In fact they have not been reprinted anywhere to this day. We present certain portions of them to the present generation not only as historic material but as a fascinating drama in which a disgruntled British spy under the sting of official indifference and ingratitude turns about face in time to help the United States in the approaching War of 1812. K.S.*

*Mr. Ryland, Secretary to Sir James Craig, Late Governor-General of the British Provinces in North America,  
to Mr. Henry.*

*Application to Undertake the Mission to the United States*

*(Most secret and confidential).*

Quebec, 26th January, 1809

My dear Sir,

*THE* extraordinary situation of things at this time in the neighbouring states has suggested to the Governor in Chief the idea of employing you on a secret and confidential mission to Boston, provided an arrangement can be made to meet the important end in view, without throwing an absolute obstacle in the way of your



professional pursuits. *The information and political observations heretofore received from you were transmitted by His Excellency to the Secretary of State, who has expressed his particular approbation of them, and there is no doubt that your able execution of such a mission as I have above suggested would give you a claim not only on the governor-general but on his Majesty's ministers, which might eventually contribute to your advantage. You will have the goodness therefore to acquaint me for his Excellency's information, whether you could make it convenient to engage in a mission of this nature, and what pecuniary assistance would be requisite to enable you to undertake it without injury to yourself.*

At present it is only necessary for me to add that the Governor would furnish you with a cypher for carrying on your correspondence, and that in case the leading party in any of the states wished to open a communication with this government, their views might be communicated through you.

I am, with great truth and regard, my dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

(Signed) *Herman W. Ryland*

John Henry, Esq.

*Mr. Henry's letters to Sir James Craig, written while employed on a mission to Boston.*

Answer to the letter of Mr. Secretary Ryland proposing the mission, etc.

Montreal, Jan. 31, 1809.

I have to acknowledge the favour of your letter of the 26th inst. written by the desire of his excellency the governor in chief; and hasten to express, through you, to his excellency my readiness to comply with his wishes.

I need not add how very flattering it is to receive from his excellency the assurance of the approbation of his majesty's secretary of state for the very humble services that I may have rendered.

If the nature of the service in which I am engaged will require no other disbursements than for my individual expenses, I do not apprehend that these can exceed my private resources.

I shall be ready to take my departure before any instructions can be made out.

I have the honour to be, etc. J. H'g.

H. W. Ryland, Esq. Secretary, etc., etc.

*General Instructions from Sir J. H. Craig to Mr. Henry respecting his secret Mission.*

*His Excellency the Governor in Chief's instructions to Mr. Henry, Feb. 1809.*

*(Most secret and confidential).*

Quebec, 6th Feb. 1809.

Sir—As you have so readily undertaken the service which I have suggested to you, as being likely to be attended with much benefit to the public interests, I am to request that with your earliest conveniency you will proceed to Boston.

The principal object that I recommend to your attention is the endeavour to obtain the most accurate information of the true state of affairs in that part of the Union, which, from its wealth, the number of its inhabitants, and the known intelligence and ability of several of its leading men, must naturally possess a very considerable influence over, and will indeed probably lead the other Eastern States of America in the part that they may take at this important crisis.

I shall not pretend to point out to you the mode by which you will be most likely to obtain this important information; your own judgment and the connexions which you may have in the town must be your guide.

I think it however necessary to put you on your guard against the sanguineness of an aspiring party; the federalists as I understand have at all times discovered a leaning to this disposition, and their being under its particular influence at this moment is the more to be expected from their having no ill founded ground for their hopes of being *nearer the attainment of their object* than they have been for some years past.

In the general terms which I have made use of in describing the object which I recommend to your attention, it is scarcely necessary that I should observe, I include the state of the public opinion both with regard to their internal politics and to the probability of a war with England; the comparative strength of

the two great parties into which the country is divided, and the views and designs of that which may ultimately prevail.

It has been supposed that if the Federalists of the Eastern States should be successful in obtaining that decided influence which may enable them to direct the public opinion, it is not improbable that rather than submit to a continuance of the difficulties and distress to which they are now subject, they will exert that influence to bring about a separation from the general Union. The earliest information on this subject may be of great consequence to our government, as it may also be, that it should be informed *how far in such an event they should look up to England for assistance or be disposed to enter into a connexion with us.*

Although it would be highly inexpedient that you should in any manner appear as an avowed agent, yet if you could contrive to obtain an intimacy with any of the leading party, it may not be improper that you should insinuate, though with great caution, that *if they should wish to enter into any communication with our government through me you are authorized to receive any such, and will safely transmit it to me,* and as it may not be impossible that they should require some document by which they may be assured, that you are really in the situation in which you represent yourself, I enclose a credential to be produced in that view; but I most particularly enjoin and direct, that you do not make any use of this paper, unless a desire to that purpose should be expressed, and *unless you see good ground for expecting that the doing so may lead to a more confidential communication than you can otherwise look for.*

In passing through the state of Vermont, you will of course exert your endeavours to procure all the information that the short stay you will probably make there will admit of. You will use your own discretion as to delaying your journey, with this view, more or less, in proportion to your prospects of obtaining any information of consequence.

I request to hear from you as frequently as possible, and as letters directed to me might excite suspicion it may be well that you put them under cover to Mr. ———— and as even addressing letters always to the same person might attract notice, I recommend your sometimes addressing your packet to the Chief Justice here, or occasionally, though seldom to Mr. Ryland, but

never with the addition of his official description.

I am sir, your most obedient humble servant.

(Signed) J. H. Craig.

John Henry Esq.

*Credentials from Sir James Craig to Mr. Henry, 6th Feb. 1809*  
(Copy). (SEAL)

The bearer Mr. John Henry is employed by me, and full confidence may be placed in him for any communication which any person may wish to make to me *in the business committed to him*. In faith of which I have given him this under my hand and seal at Quebec, the 6th day of Feb. 1809.

(Signed) J. H. Craig.

*To his excellency the Governor-general, etc., in answer to his letter of instructions.*

Montreal, Feb. 10, 1809.

Sir—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your excellency's letter of instructions, the letter of credence, and the cypher for carrying on my correspondence. I have bestowed much pains upon the cypher, and am, notwithstanding this, deficient in some point which might enable me to understand it clearly. I have compared the example with my own exemplification of the cypher, and find a difference in the results; and as the present moment seems favourable to the interference of his majesty's government in the measures pursued by the Federal Party in the northern states. . . . [illegible]. . . . The Assembly of Massachusetts is now in session, I think it better to set. . . . [illegible] immediately than wait for any further explanation of the means of carrying on a secret correspondence, which the frequency of safe private conveyances to Canada, will render almost wholly unnecessary. Should it however be necessary at any time, I take leave to suggest that the index alone furnishes a very safe and simple mode. In it there is a number for every letter in the alphabet, and particular numbers for particular phrases; so that when I do not find in the index the particular word I want, I can spell it with the figures which stand opposite the letters. For example, if I want to say that "troops are at Albany," I find under the letter "T" that

number 16 stands for "troops" and a number 125 for "Albany." The intervening words "*are at*" I supply by figures corresponding with the letters in these words.

It will be necessary to provide against accident by addressing the letters to Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, of Montreal, with a small mark on the corner of the envelope which he will understand. When he receives it, he will then address the inclosure to your excellency and send it from Montreal by mail. I will be careful not to address your excellency in the body of the letter nor sign my name to any of them. They will be merely designated by the initials A.B.

If this mode should in any respect appear exceptionable, your excellency will have the goodness to order a more particular explanation on the card. It would reach me in safety enclosed to \_\_\_\_\_, Boston.

I have the honour to be, etc. *J. H'g.*

Boston, March 9, 1809.

Sir—In my letter No. 4 I took the liberty to express my opinion of the probable effect of the non-intercourse law intended to be enacted; and of the mode by which G. Britain may defeat the real intention of the American government in passing it. But as the sort of impunity recommended might, in its application to every species of commerce that would be carried on, be deemed by G.B. a greater evil than war itself, a middle course might easily be adopted, which would deprive France of the benefit resulting from an intercourse with America, without, in any great degree, irritating the maritime states.

The high price of all American produce in France furnishes a temptation which mercantile avarice will be unable to resist. The consequence is obvious. But if, instead of condemning the vessels and cargoes which may be arrested in pursuing this prohibited commerce, they should be compelled to go into a British port, and there permitted to sell them, I think the friends of England in these states would not utter a complaint. Indeed, I have no doubt that if, in the prosecution of a lawful voyage, the British cruisers should treat American ships in this manner, their owners would in the present state of the European markets, think themselves very fortunate, as it would save the trouble and expense of landing them in a neutral port, and from thence reshipping

them to England, now the best market in Europe, for the produce of this country. The government of the U.S. would probably complain, and Bonaparte become peremptory; but even that would only tend to render the opposition in the northern states more resolute and accelerate the dissolution of the confederacy. The generosity and justice of G.B. would be extolled, and the commercial states exult in the success of individuals over a government inimical to commerce, and to whose measures they can no longer submit with patient acquiescence.

The elections are begun; and I presume no vigilance or industry will be remitted to insure the success of the federal party.

I am, &c.

A.B.

P.S. Intelligence has reached Boston, that a non-intercourse law has actually passed, and that Martinique has surrendered to the British Forces.

Boston, March 13, 1809

Sir—You will perceive from the accounts that will reach you in the public papers both from Washington and Massachusetts, that the federalists of the northern states have succeeded in making the Congress believe that with such an opposition as they would make to the general government, a war must be confined to their own territory, and might be even too much for that government to sustain. The consequence is, that after all the parade and menaces with which the session commenced, it has been suffered to end without carrying into effect any of the plans of the Administration, except the interdiction of commercial intercourse with England and France—an event that was anticipated in my former letters.

Under what new circumstances the Congress will meet in May, will depend on the state elections and the changes that may in the meantime take place in Europe. With regard to Great Britain, she can scarce mistake her true policy in relation to America. If peace be the first object, every act which can irritate the maritime states ought to be avoided; because the prevailing disposition of these will generally be sufficient to keep the government from hazarding any hostile measure. If a war between America and France be a grand *desideratum* something more must be done; an indulgent

conciliatory policy must be adopted, which will leave the democrats without a pretext for hostilities; and Bonaparte, whose passions are too hot for delay, will probably compel this government to decide whether of the two great belligerents . . . [illegible in original].

To bring about a separation of the states, under distinct and independent governments is an affair of more uncertainty; and, however desirable, cannot be effected but by a series of acts and long-continued policy, tending to irritate the southern and conciliate the northern people. The former are agricultural, the latter a commercial people. The mode of cherishing and depressing either is too obvious to require illustration. This, I am aware, is an object of much interest in G. Britain, as it would forever secure the integrity of his majesty's possessions on this continent, and make the two governments, or whatever number the present confederacy might form into, as useful and as much subject to the influence of G. Britain as her colonies can be rendered. But it is an object only to be attained by slow and circumspect progression, and requires for its consummation more attention to the affairs which agitate and excite parties in this country, than G. Britain has yet bestowed upon it. An unpopular war—that is a war produced by the hatred and prejudices of one party, but against the consent of the other party, can alone produce a sudden separation of any section of the country from the common head.

At all events it cannot be necessary to the preservation of peace that G. Britain should make any great concession at the present moment; more especially if the more important changes that occur in Europe might render it inconvenient for her to adhere to any stipulations in favour of neutral maritime nations.

Although the non-intercourse law affords but a very partial relief to the people of this country from the evils of that entire suspension of commerce to which they have reluctantly submitted for some time past, I lament the repeal of the embargo; because it was calculated to accelerate the progress of these states towards a revolution that would have put an end to the only republic that remains to prove that a government founded on political equality can exist in a season of trial and difficulty, or is calculated to insure either security or happiness to a people.

I am, &c.

A.B.

*Mr. Henry's memorial, to Lord Liverpool, enclosed in a letter to Mr. Peel of the 13 June with a copy of that letter.*

The undersigned most respectfully submits the following statement and memorial to the Earl of Liverpool.

. . . The undersigned most respectfully takes this occasion to state, that Sir J. Craig promised him an employment in Canada worth upwards of one thousand pounds a year, by his letter (herewith transmitted) under date of 18 Sept. 1809, which he has just learned has, in consequence of his absence, been given to another person. The undersigned abstains from commenting on this transaction; and most respectfully suggests that the appointment of Judge Advocate General of the Province of Lower Canada, with a salary of 500 pounds a year, or a Consulate in the U. States *sine curia*, would be considered by him as a liberal discharge of any obligation that his Majesty's government may entertain in relation to his services.

(Signed)

Robert Peel

*Mr. Henry to Mr. Peel, secretary to Lord Liverpool.*

London 4th September, 1811

Sir—I have just now learned the ultimate decision of my Lord Wellesley relative to the appointment which I was desirous to obtain; and find that the subsisting relations between the two countries, forbid the creating a new office in the United States, such as I was solicitous to obtain. In this state of things I have not a moment to lose in returning to Canada, and have taken my passage in the last and only ship that sails for Quebec this season. As I have not time to enter *de novo* into explanations, with the gentleman who is in your office, and as I have received assurances from you, in addition to the letter of my Lord Liverpool, of the 27th June, "that his Lordship would recommend me to the governor of Canada, for the first vacant situation that I would accept." I beg the favour of you to advise me how I am to get that recommendation without loss of time.

I have the honour to be, &c, &c  
Robert Peel, Esq. &c &c &c

J.H.

*Mr. Henry to Mr. Monroe [Secretary of State]*

Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1812

Sir—Much observation and experience have convinced me, ~~that~~



the injuries and insults with which the United States have been so long and so frequently visited, and which cause their present embarrassment, have been owing to an opinion entertained by foreign States, "*that in any measure tending to wound their pride, or provoke their hostility, the Government of this Country could never induce a great majority of its Citizens to concur*"—And as many of the evils which now from the influence of this opinion on the policy of foreign nations, may be removed by any act that can produce *unanimity among all parties in America*, I voluntarily tender to you, sir, such means, as I possess, towards promoting so desirable and important an object; which if accomplished cannot fail to extinguish perhaps forever, those expectations abroad, which may protect indefinitely an accommodation of existing differences, and check the progress of industry and prosperity in this rising empire.

I have the honour to transmit herewith the Documents and Correspondence relating to an important mission in which I was employed by Sir Jas. Craig, the late Governor General of the British Provinces, in North America, in the Winter of the year 1809.

The publication of these papers will demonstrate a fact not less valuable than the good already proposed; it will prove that, no reliance ought to be placed on the professions of good faith of an administration, which, by a series of disastrous events, has fallen into such hands as a Castlereagh, a Wellesley, or a Liverpool—I should rather say into the hands of the stupid subalterns, to whom the pleasure and the indolence of those Ministers have consigned it.

In contributing to the good of the United States by an exposition which cannot (I think) fail to solve and melt all division and disunion among its citizens, I flatter myself with the fond expectation that when it is made public in England it will add one great motive to the many that already exist, to induce that nation to withdraw its confidence from *men whose political career is a fruitful source of injury and embarrassment in America; of injustice and misery in Ireland; of distress and apprehension in England; and contempt everywhere.* In making this communication to you, sir, I deem it incumbent on me distinctly and unequivocally to state that I adopt no Party views; that I have not changed any of

my political opinions; that I neither seek nor desire the patronage nor countenance of any Government nor of any Party; and that in addition to the motives already expressed *I am influenced by a just resentment of the perfidy and dishonour of those who first violated the conditions upon which I received their confidence; who have injured me and disappointed the expectations of my Friends, and left me no choice but between degrading acquiescence in injustice, and a retaliation which is necessary to secure to me my own respect.*

This wound will be felt where it is merited; and if *SIR JAMES CRAIG* still live, his share of the pain will excite no sympathy among those who are at all in the secret of our connexion.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,  
&c. &c. &c.

(Signed) *J. Henry*

[a message from President Madison]

*To the Senate and House of Representatives of the U. States*

I lay before Congress copies of certain documents which remain in the Department of State. They prove that at a recent period, whilst the United States, notwithstanding the wrongs sustained by them, ceased not to observe the laws of peace and neutrality towards G. Britain, and in the midst of amicable professions and negotiations on the part of the British government through its public minister here, a secret agent of that government was employed in certain states, more especially at the seat of government in Massachusetts, in fomenting disaffection to the constituted authorities of the nation; and in intrigues with the disaffected for the purpose of bringing about resistance to the laws; and eventually, in concert with a British force, of destroying the Union and forming the eastern part thereof into a political connection with Great Britain.

In addition to the effect which the discovery of such a procedure ought to have on the public councils, it will not fail to render more dear to the hearts of all good citizens that happy Union of these states, which, under Divine Providence, is the guaranty of their liberties, their safety, their tranquility and their prosperity.

March 9, 1812

*James Madison*

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### *Schulmeister—Napoleon's Daring Spy*

**I**N a century and a quarter of almost continuous warfare, and of incessant intrigue and international secret service there has never been a more daring spy than Karl Schulmeister, the Alsatian who served Napoleon I. Stieber of Prussia, a half-century later, was at least as unscrupulous, and probably a more gifted organizer of wholesale espionage. The American, Lafayette Baker, was possibly as bold as Schulmeister. Montgaillard was a more devious plotter. But none of these three, and certainly no other spy, combined all the qualities and resources which made the Alsatian the most dangerous man of his day.

Schulmeister, as reckless an adventurer as Bonaparte himself, possessed not only the cruel audacity common to all great espionage agents, but he also had talent as an actor, astounding wit, and extraordinary physical courage and endurance. Born on August 5, 1770, in Neu-Frcistedt, he was the son of an unattached Lutheran minister; but he grew up to have the pleasant conviction that he was of noble Hungarian lineage, and the time came when he helped to forge the documents which "proved" it. An eagerness for elegance suitable to exalted rank led him, when at length he could afford it, to employ the most noted dancing masters of the Continent. He aspired to wear the Legion of Honour, but failing, insisted upon learning to dance like a marquis.

However, the spy began life very modestly. He married an Alsatian girl named Unger and conducted jointly a provision shop and ironmongery. His income was also derived from a very brisk trade as a smuggler. Being an Alsatian, he saw no reason for living so close to the frontier without making that circumstance help to support him. And his immense popularity among all classes of

\* *Spy and Counter-Spy* by Richard Wilmer Rowan. Copyright 1928 by The Viking Press, Inc., New York.

society suggests that the smuggler—or contrabandist, as he would have described himself—was not regarded with disfavour.

It is said that Schulmeister was already an accomplished smuggler at the age of seventeen, and he was never ashamed to admit it, since he maintained that it called for unusual resource and daring in that locality. And though he achieved note and great wealth in Napoleon's service, he never, so long as he lived, ceased entirely to participate in smuggling enterprises. In 1799 he had become acquainted with that Colonel Savary who, as Duc de Rovigo, was one day to be Napoleon's Minister of Police, succeeding the famous Fouché. By 1804 Savary, a general now, and one of Napoleon's favourite officers, had enlisted Schulmeister, the smuggler, as a secret agent. Schulmeister was charged by Savary with the task of luring into France that remarkably harmless Bourbon prince, the young Duc d'Enghien, then living modestly in Baden upon funds supplied by the British and taking no interest whatever in French politics. But Napoleon wished to intimidate Royalist partisans all over Europe, and believed that the execution of an innocent relative of the prescribed Capets was just the terrifying stroke he required.

The Duc d'Enghien was accustomed to visit a young woman of Strasburg to whom he was deeply attached. Schulmeister learned of this and straightway sent his assistants to remove her to Belfort, where she was detained in a country house near to the frontier upon the pretext that local French authorities considered her a suspicious person. Schulmeister now forged a letter in her name and sent it to Enghien, entreating him to effect her release from this unjustifiable internment. Her lover responded immediately, believing that he could bribe her captors to allow him to convey her the short distance from Belfort to the territory of his protector, the Margrave of Baden. Schulmeister was ready, and before the prince himself had actually set foot on French soil, he was seized and hurried to Strasburg, and thence to Vincennes. Six days after his lawless arrest, as a Bourbon forbidden to return to France he was condemned by a preposterous court-martial. One of his last acts was to write a letter to his mistress, explaining why he had failed to assist her. But she, having served Schulmeister's purpose, had already been released, pathetically unaware of her part in the intrigue. That same night Enghien was shot, his executioners

compelling him to hold a lantern so that they might see to take aim.

Savary, it is said, paid Schulmeister a sum equal to £6,000 for arranging this matter. Talleyrand observed that the killing of the young Duc d'Enghien "was worse than a crime—it was a blunder." And largely for this epigram has the savage incident been remembered; not because it exposed Bonaparte's barbarous conception of internecine politics, or because it marked the debut in European secret service of a man who was soon to become one of the most formidable espionage agents of modern times.

Schulmeister was the type for whom conflict on a Napoleonic scale was made to order. He was also that devil of a fellow for whom phrases such as "clever rascal" and "plausible rogue" and "lying imposter" must have been coined. If not so great an organizer as Stieber, as an active spy operating within the enemy's lines during hostilities he attempted and achieved stratagem which the Prussian—if he ever had conceived anything so superb and hazardous—would have divided with a subordinate, reserving the credit for himself and the dangers for his hircling.

Savary, who, with the murder of the young Bourbon, had again moved nearer his goal of a ducal estate, said when presenting Schulmeister to Napoleon in the following year: "Here, Sire, is a man all brains and no heart." The Emperor and his favourite appear to have chuckled over this, as though they had specialized in all heart, but could endure the difference in a smuggler and paid spy. Napoleon was himself fond of saying: "This spy is a natural traitor." He often drew Schulmeister's attention to this belief during the next four years. Yet there is no record of Napoleon ever having been seriously betrayed by a military spy in any of his campaigns; and in contrast he disbursed large sums to corrupt more distinguished gentry, who might be persuaded to sell out to the conqueror and spare French armies from greater efforts.

Descriptions which we have of Stieber are uniformly repellent, portraying him as swarthy and hard in countenance, with eyes almost white in colourlessness, and with manners at once arrogant toward his inferiors and servile, and ingratiating in the presence of any authority greater than his own. But even the enemies of Schulmeister could not deny his personal bravery or charm, or extraordinary physical endurance. The spy is said to have had

a face like a mask, but probably none noticed this before his triumphs in secret service; he was broad of shoulder and imperturbable, not tall but very muscular, with a deep chest, and such manner and assurance that he passed for an officer and gentleman at the Austrian court, and could impress and captivate women and children, and generals and nobles alike.

Napoleon's campaign in 1805 against Austria and Russia was one of the most perfectly timed and manoeuvred military disasters ever contrived in Europe, and that Schulmeister initiated his career in military espionage during this same campaign is significant. Napoleon had always endeavoured to study the character of the commanders his royal foes were sending against him. In 1805 the Austrian hopes rested upon Marshal Mack, a general of no striking ability but great family influence and a special desire to atone for his previous defeats at the hands of the French. Mack, a confirmed monarchist, would not allow himself to perceive that the Corsican usurper was really popular in France, or that the nation generally supported him as its heroic sovereign; and Schulmeister prepared to prey upon this dull, simple-minded, and easily led officer in terms of his own astigmatism. He first appeared in Vienna as a young man of noble Hungarian ancestry, who had lived in France, but had lately been exiled across the frontier because Napoleon believed him to be an Austrian spy. In advance of his journey to Austria, Schulmeister had addressed a letter to Mack, describing his plight, his hatred of the French tyrant, and offering to serve the Austrian army in any capacity that might yield him some measure of vengeance. Meeting the alleged exile and hearing how much he seemed to know about the military and civil condition of France, Mack gladly availed himself of such fortuitous espionage. He introduced the spy as his protégé into the best army clubs of Vienna, obtained him a commission, and in the fateful autumn of 1805 attached him to his personal staff as chief of intelligence.

Schulmeister's operations at this time appear to have been almost fantastically deceptive. He was in constant communication with Napoleon, keeping the French command advised of every Austrian move and receiving for his expenses large sums of money which he seems to have spent lavishly but to good effect. Like most educated Alsations, he spoke German as fluently as French; but

more than merely linguistic gifts were required to make him the favourite he became in the exclusive Viennese society of that day. He found two officers of ability, Wend and Rulski, who let themselves be bribed by him. When he gave Mack false information, it was confirmed by the presumably independent report of one or both of these traitors; so that Mack understood that all his monarchist expectations of French disunion were actually coming to pass. Schulmeister was provided with letters written to him by supposed traitors in the armies of France, depicting civil turbulence, military disaffection, and kindred national ills that would seem to make a vigorous foreign campaign impossible. Mack read these joyfully, and also a newspaper that Napoleon had arranged to be printed especially for Schulmeister and dispatched to him with elaborate furtiveness, in which items supporting his mischievous intelligence were inserted to convince the Austrian marshal.

Mack was not a blunderer, not an elegant old idiot of exalted connections and unfit to command a guard of honour. He was an experienced leader of fifty-three, and determined to succeed, hence over-anxious, and all too ready to believe what he wanted to believe—an easy target for the sharpshooter from Alsace. Schulmeister caused Mack to feel sure that France tottered on the brink of civil war, with Napoleon having to recall his forces to the Rhine frontier; whereupon Mack marched out of the strategically pivotal city of Ulm with thirty thousand men, intending to pursue Marshal Ney and the retiring French vanguard. Instead he found Ney still at the head of an advancing army, ready for battle, which was surprise enough; but then Marmont, Lannes, Soult, and Dupont appeared on his flanks, and the cavalry of Murat closed the ring of steel. Three days later, on October 20, the still bewildered Austrian surrendered.

Schulmeister was not captured, but returned to Vienna and there boldly intruded upon the war councils presided over by those disquieted imperial allies, the Tsar and the Austrian Kaiser. Astonishing though it may seem, the military leaders of Russia and Austria listened to him and pondered his suggestions of strategy that would discount their losses at Ulm. Mack was thought to have been treacherous. He was subsequently deprived of his rank and imprisoned in disgrace until the truth of his betrayal

was established by his friends. But in November, 1805, there was hardly a rumour discreditable to Schulmeister and, again equipped with forged documents which fortified his plotting, he led Napoleon's foes astray while maintaining constant communication with the Emperor. The result—on December 2—was Austerlitz.

But directly after that majestic victory, persons in Vienna who had mistrusted the engaging spy caused his arrest. Undoubtedly he would have been tried and executed had not the French advancing upon Vienna moved so rapidly that they took the city and set him free with dramatic timeliness. Schulmeister's character was unpleasantly regarded after this signal success because of his boasting. He had received a small fortune from Napoleon and, said he, nearly as much for his services to Austria. It would, of course, have been impossible for him in his loyal disguise to refuse payment from Mack or the Emperor Francis for the 'intelligence' with which he imposed upon them; but his pride in these gains reveals the small and criminal mind. Napoleon, with perhaps the feeling of the professional soldier, seems never to have valued Schulmeister as Bismarck valued Stieber, nor ever to have rewarded him in proportion to the titles and estates he showered upon adventurers of no more consequence. Schulmeister was permitted to risk his life, not only in espionage—when he went as an observer into hostile countries, even undertaking a mission to England and Ireland—but also in battle where he proved himself a man of action and of soldierly courage.

At Landshut he captained a troop of hussars, led a charge, and captured enemy positions. Acting for Savary, whose confidence he always retained, he went back to Strasbourg to investigate civil disturbances and in the course of an open revolt again distinguished himself by shooting the principal agitator, thus eliminating the mainspring of trouble with one pistol ball. Upon Napoleon's second occupation of Vienna, Schulmeister was appointed censor of newspapers, the stage, publishing houses, and religious establishments; and with this opportunity he displayed another sort of sagacity, causing to be circulated broadcast among the races of Austria-Hungary the works of Voltaire, Montesquieu, Diderot, Holbach, and Helvetius, which thus far in that land had enjoyed prominent reservations upon the Index, both religious and political. For a time in 1809 he was Commissary General of the imperial



forces in the field. Regardless of what benefits he may have hoped to gain from the lucrative dispersal of army contracts and commercial favours, he was soon returned to secret service duty; but he was already rich, having purchased some years before the splendid Chateau Le Meinau in his native Alsace, and in 1807 another large estate near Paris.

He had frequently directed a corps of spies, though never with Prussian thoroughness, or without being responsible to Savary, and perhaps making some reports directly to the Emperor. In short, though he might style himself M. du Meinau and live as generously as a lord, he was just an adroit and daring secret agent to the imperial military caste. He begged his humorous friend, Lasalle, that crack commander of light cavalry who perished at Wagram, to persuade Napoleon to confer upon him the Legion of Honour. Lasalle came back to say that the Emperor refused, believing that gold was the only suitable reward for a spy. Nothing would seem more clearly to expose Napoleon as an upstart and parvenu himself than his treatment of one whose duplicities he had been guiding and profiting from extensively ever since the tragedy of young d'Enghien. Fouché, disreputable, ruthless and disloyal, as Minister of Police had been created the Duc d'Otrante. Fouché—as Stieber afterwards did—was not above having his own men devise dangers from which he breathlessly "rescued" his beloved Emperor. And even greater scoundrels, like Radet, paraded the ribbon which Schulmeister was loftily denied.

The spy's last chance came at the Congress of Erfurt, where through the representations of Savary he was chosen to direct the French secret service. It would appear that he outdid himself in the substance and variety of intelligence he conveyed to Napoleon each day, for there were many notable persons to be spied upon, and the Emperor had a villager's dread of missing any choice bit of gossip. The Tsar was there, enjoying himself with Russian abandon; and Goethe—whom Bonaparte had always professed to admire—was there also, in a diplomatic mood which caused his fellow genius some concern. Schulmeister wrote Savary that Napoleon asked him every morning: Whom has Goethe been seeing? and, with whom did the Emperor Alexander stay last night? Another job of Schulmeister's to which Napoleon repeatedly alluded was keeping watch over the lovely Queen Louise of Prussia. The

Russian autocrat had shown himself disposed to admire and befriend this greatly humiliated lady; Napoleon wished to continue to humble her by blackening her character to the Tsar if he could, and his chief spy—unimpeded by the Legion of Honour—was expected to supply the smut.

By 1810 Napoleon's domination over Vienna, which Schulmeister had helped to assure, culminated in the marriage that brought an Austrian empress to Paris and such Austrian influence with her that the spy was driven into retirement. Ironically enough his intrigues before Ulm and Austerlitz had never been forgiven, though the one gaining the most from them, who had been raised up to equality with the proud Hapsburgs after Austerlitz, was being accepted as the husband of Maria Louisa. Schulmeister, eschewing vain resentment, retired but not into the camp of Napoleon's enemies as many another of his kind would have done, and as Fouché did do with infinitely less provocation. He appears to have been grateful for his riches and estates. He was still the post-graduate smuggler and backer of smuggling projects, so that he went to live at Le Meinau where his hospitality and charities won him the sincere homage of his fellow Alsations.

The Austrian vindictiveness lasted until 1814. After Leipzig and the defeat of the French, Alsace was invaded and a regiment of Austrian artillery was detached to bombard and demolish Schulmeister's home. During the Hundred Days he rallied to the Emperor; but when Napoleon left Paris for Belgium the former spy was one of the first to be arrested and he only saved himself by paying an enormous ransom. This seriously crippled his finances. He attempted to rehabilitate them with speculation and lost all that he had. For five years he had known a steadily rising fortune; for ten he had enjoyed wealth and considerable authority. He might have kept something of both, for most of the really unscrupulous Bonapartists managed to, but instead chance brought him down even as the meteoric pageant of empire came to an end. Presumably Schulmeister retained besides his good nature the regard of his Alsatian neighbours; perhaps he still danced like a marquis, though the estates to match had slipped into other hands. He was destined to live nearly four decades more, until 1853, a poor but not unhappy man, granted a tobacconist stall to tend in Strasbourg. And it is recorded that another Bonaparte who came

to be Napoleon III, with ever a politician's eye for neglected henchmen of his illustrious uncle, sought out the former secret agent in 1850 when making a tour as President and warmly offered him his hand.

It is possible to write of Schulmeister with a degree of sympathy, not only because of his final failures, but also on account of the quality of the man. His successes seem now so personal, and have not that systematized and Juggernaut certainty that made much of Stieber's spying a road-roller demonstration. Schulmeister was treacherous when treachery was expedient; but whatever his practices, he never preached a debasing philosophy of patriotism which honoured the impostures, bribes, and betrayals as national virtues. Schulmeister had engaging characteristics that were both French and German, in keeping with his geographical origin. Stieber was all Prussian.

It is worth noting that of all those who served Napoleon and described him in letters at the time or afterward, in memoirs, Schulmeister alone took notice of the conqueror's voice. He reports it as being crisp and strident, rather high pitched, and adds that the Emperor's habit of speaking through his teeth gave a hissing effect to nearly everything he said. Perhaps the spy lacked the one deceit of flattery to make him an appreciated courtier. More probably his notorious talents arrived upon the imperial scene too late, when Napoleon, engrossed with dynastic problems, was growing tired of the parvenu aristocracy his victories had elevated. He would call the spy "Karl," but he treated him like a lackey, and, apart from the generous expense allowance, never conceded any merit to Schulmeister's audacious and fearfully effective performances in espionage.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### *Wilhelm Stieber Bismarck's King of Sleuth Hounds*

**S**TIEBER, celebrated spy-master of Prussia, has been called "the father of Prussian spies" and "the father of espionage service." He was really neither of these, for Frederick the Great was the former, while the latter was assuredly Oriental, and very likely prehistoric. But Wilhelm Johann Carl Eduard Stieber was one of the greatest spies and secret-service organizers of modern Europe. Prince Bismarck called him "my king of sleuth-hounds," and honoured him accordingly; and as there seems to have been a lavishness about his christening which suggests royalty, the title the Iron Chancellor conferred may be allowed to stand.

Schopenhauer said somewhere that Germans are "remarkable for the absolute lack of that feeling which Latins call 'verecundia'—sense of shame." This may have grieved the philosopher and inconvenienced a number of his countrymen, but it has accounted for many startling developments in espionage. Stieber from youth was afflicted with that "absolute lack": it proved a continual boon to his king and country, helping to make them respectively emperor and empire, and immensely improved his own standing with influential officers and gentlemen who otherwise might never have heard his name.

Stieber enriched the records of European treachery and intrigue for nearly four decades with the pride of a pioneer and the zest of a fallen archangel. He was one of those fortunate male-factors who are able to serve the State without putting any tiresome curb upon their own criminal inclinations; and, though in time he uncovered for patriotic use all the subterranean talents of a Metternich, Mazarin, or Machiavelli, his singular ability

\* *Spy and Counter-Spy* by Richard Wilmer Rowan. Copyright 1928 by The Viking Press, Inc., New York.

was displayed from the first, in being able to enlist himself among the Prussian police before anything he had done could be charged against him.

Napoleon had been banished to St. Helena, his spies and armies scattered, when Wilhelm Stieber was born on the 3rd of May, 1818, the son of a petty official of Merseburg, a small town in Prussian Saxony. A few years afterwards his father removed to Berlin, and the boy was soon being educated for the Lutheran ministry. Sundry minor geniuses of secret service and espionage have come from the clergy, but Stieber seems to have altered his own course toward the legal profession, and upon becoming a lawyer to have turned at once to criminal cases and the inevitably congenial police work.

In 1845 he was already a spy, for he denounced to the Prussian civil authorities a man named Schloeffel whose offence was alleged to be liberalism and labour agitation, but who also happened to be the uncle of Stieber's own wife. After this demonstration of ethical atrophy, his progress was rapid. The year 1848 found Europe in a very disturbed state, with Continental kingdoms and their autocrats threatened by revolution. France was again republican and the recent advances of industrialism had aroused a new kind of agitator whose leader was Karl Marx and whose doctrine was called Socialism. Stieber needed just this intense political situation to set him apart as a useful man, a loyal monarchist, and an informer fit to whisper into the ear of the King himself.

The evidence he had given against Schloeffel was not strong enough to convict that relative by marriage, but he so managed his own participation in the case as not to endanger his contact, either with the government, or with the suspected radicals. Stieber posed, of course, as an ardent liberal, friend of the working man and champion of Socialists. Whenever radical sympathizers were brought to trial he volunteered his professional aid, and "defended" them floridly and without charge, thus winning his way into the very directorate of Prussian liberalism that his friends of the police were scheming to suppress and imprison.

King Frederick William of Prussia was about as timid a ruler as the ascending House of Hohenzollern had thus far enthroned. He lived in terror of mob violence, and Stieber quickly contrived to turn the royal agitation to his own account. As an *agent provocateur*

it was desirable that he frequently show off his partisan ardour and reassure the radical leaders and the turbulent rank and file. One day he put himself at the head of a particularly riotous throng and in the guise of its spokesman penetrated close to the quaking person of the king. But at once he revealed to Frederick William that he was Stieber the spy and whispered that all would go well, since His Majesty was safely surrounded by him and his assistants. With those few words the young lawyer literally welded himself to the secret service of Prussia's timorous sovereign.

A sublimated stool-pigeon and, simultaneously, a radical plotter and defender of the oppressed, he yet had time to build up a very lucrative law practice. It is a matter of record that in the five years of his young manhood, between 1845 and 1850, Stieber had no less than three thousand clients for whom he appeared in court, and this among a conservative people to whom age and experience meant everything.

The bulk of his many cases had to do with crime, and he directed his amazing energies almost invariably in the criminal's behalf. Since Prussia was never lawless to the extent of a modern American crime wave, Stieber must have been virtually legal adviser to the whole underworld of Berlin. And then, when his success had excited much envy or admiring notice, its basic secret was exposed. Stieber had still one other employment—as editor of the police periodical. This excellent inside connection, a part of his reward from the grateful and dependent King, he was using to acquaint himself with whatever evidence the police had gathered to produce in court against any one of his clients. It was, therefore, hardly remarkable that he could achieve his rapid fame as a criminal lawyer, the magical confounder of prosecutions and one who, concocting impregnable pleas and alibis, was never to be overthrown by surprise testimony in the midst of a trial.

Revelations concerning the documentary source of his brilliance caused a great scandal, but nothing came of it while the faint-hearted Frederick William, who never forgot the riots, governed from Potsdam. Stieber in 1850 was even appointed Commissioner of Police, a job so much to his liking that, being unable to foresee the future with its sweep of imperial conquests, he must have believed himself, at thirty-two, to have achieved the very pinnacle of his aspirations.

The following year he set forth for England, attended the World's Fair, and eagerly spied upon Marx and the radical groups of expatriated Germans then in London. He reported to his superiors that the British authorities would not co-operate with him in a scheme to harass these subversive elements of his own race. He began to feel snubbed and crossed to Paris; but there he contrived to emerge as an exile and was befriended by Socialists and liberals, so that he obtained a list of the radical sympathizers still resident in Germany and at once hurried home to supervise wholesale arrests. Thus he caused hundreds more to flee from Germany and seek refuge overseas; and we may reflect that Stieber directly influenced much of the best immigration to America in the decade before the Civil War, including such desirable types of citizen as Schurz, Jacobi, and Franz Siegel.

Stieber complained bitterly of both the liberals who stayed and the radicals who fled. Germans having moved to North America disgusted him particularly by their unanimous and unceasing outbursts in praise of the freedom which that refuge offered. He could not resist intercepting their letters, but, reading them, fumed over the glad cries of democratic discovery. Any such republican recruiting he considered an affront to his own patriotism.

It was now five years since the social tumult of 1848. Having contradicted by force the assailants of absolutism, Stieber and his kind could proclaim their gift to the German people. He collaborated with a police official of Hanover in preparing a book that depicted their battle with the dragon of Marxian revelation. And it was very characteristic that he should include in his publication a list of dangerous radicals and Socialist agitators then at large, so that conservative authorities everywhere might know whom to be on guard against and join him and his German colleagues in refusing asylum to persons whose liberal ideas were worse than cannon. But another five years and the reward of autocracy's good and faithful servant came in the form of dismissal. Stieber could strengthen King Frederick William's throne but not his wits; and when the Prussian monarch was recognized to be imbecile, he was relieved by an obstinate relative, afterward the Emperor William I, who considered that the feeble-mindedness of his predecessor had never been more abundantly exposed than in con-

ferring upon such a man as Stieber the powers of the police.

No sooner was it understood that the Regent thought Stieber a detestable and needless functionary than the troubles of the tireless *Polizeirat* began in earnest. For all his subtle efforts he had never been popular, not even when he was posing as a public defender and offering his legal services free to the deserving. He had then come up for election to the Landtag—of course, as a liberal—and had been signally defeated. But now the many enemies he had acquired in the thirteen years since he began as a spy gathered together all their charges and grievances and were successful in having him brought to trial.

Stieber, badly cornered, saw no chance of retaining any position in the government or at the bar and that counted terribly with him; yet he had not defended three thousand persons of doubtful innocence without learning all the devious routes to acquittal, and the record shows that he handled his own indictments magnificently. By proving that he had done his plotting and spying and betraying with royal authority, by showing that, however numerous and grave the offences of which he was accused, he had never acted thus except by the King's command, Stieber manoeuvred the court and his foes entirely out of position. To convict him they had to condemn publicly the ethical standards of a royal Hohenzollern and a very pitiful one, now imperfectly resting within the confines of an exclusive sanatorium. It was impossible to prove that Stieber's conduct ever had been disloyal, privately vindictive, or, within narrow monarchical limits, unpatriotic. He was subsequently deprived of his office, but in court he was acquitted.

In view of his place in the history of secret service it is informing to study this notorious spy in the years between 1858 and 1863, when private life was curiously thrust upon him by the Regent of Prussia. He was not idle but busied himself in helping to organize the secret police service of the Tsar. He had once been able officially to arrange the suppression of a scandal involving the wife of a Russian attaché in Berlin; and for his light touch in that instance he was remembered at a time when foreign employment was welcome to him. However, he did not remain in St. Petersburg, but was assigned to concentrate on a noble device that would henceforth enable the Tsar's agents to trace and apprehend



criminals even after they had vanished from Russia.

He had a sweeping commission, as well as generous pay and allowances, being expected to run to earth not only ordinary malefactors, forgers, and counterfeiters, robbers, and the like, but also political offenders and suspects, demagogues, and all manner of dangerous malcontents. So that he really founded that system of external and nearly world-wide surveillance, the foreign branch of the *Okhrana*, which continued in operation until 1917. And in further proof of Stieber's unyielding if perhaps curiously deformed patriotism, it is known that, though disgraced as a police official at home, he never ceased spying for Prussia and gathered valuable information while so employed.

Military items were still an unimportant matter with him until there came that momentous day in 1863 when the course of his whole life was altered and the outcome of two European wars began to be determined years in advance. He was introduced to Bismarck. A newspaper proprietor, Brass, the founder of the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, took it upon himself to present the spy to the statesman, and to recommend him, too, in spite of Stieber's unpopularity with the Regent who had become King. Two born conspirators thus brought together were never again to leave off a congenial dependence upon each other till the one had died and the other had been thrust aside. Bismarck was contemplating his first broad move on the Teutonic checkerboard. He had decided that overthrowing Austria would get him all the other stage effects he required for his imperial production. The new Prussian army was fit and ready, but it seemed a good idea to try to learn exactly everything about the military readiness of Austria. He suggested to Stieber that he undertake this preliminary incursion. The spy eagerly accepted and said he could do it alone.

In his own day a repellent and menacing personage, Stieber seems almost a humorous figure now, not because of any inherent wit or irony, for he was intensely serious, but because of his absolutely cynical realism in appraising human nature. With a horse and wagon he proposed to drive about and investigate the Austrian military establishment while apparently devoting himself to commonplace transactions. He wanted to go everywhere and be welcome, so he loaded his wagon lightly—with cheap religious statuettes and obscene pictures! He could be blandly commercial

and seem to enjoy driving a bargain. Though he trusted nobody; he was a "good mixer." And so he travelled for months, gathering such data that von Moltke is said to have marvelled at its minute accuracy.

The Prussian conquest of Austria in 1866 was one of the shortest and most decisive campaigns of modern history. Thanks to the intelligence supplied by Bismarck's spy, the army staff had been able to draw up practically a timetable of victorious advances. The soldiers of Prussia and its allies were better trained and equipped than their adversaries, and had no difficulty in reaching all objectives according to schedule. The one important battle at Sadowa ended hostilities and also the major influence of Vienna in the politics of Germany. In this glorious spree of invasion Stieber played his first conspicuous part in eight years, having been placed in command of a new squad of political police designed by the Chancellor for field service. But he seems to have pushed himself forward a bit too suddenly around general headquarters. Arrogant staff officers resented it and refused to have him seated at their mess. Whereupon Bismarck rebuked them by inviting Stieber to lunch with him privately, and later urged Moltke to decorate the spy on account of the thoroughness of his work in Bohemia. Moltke yielded up a medal, but also apologized to his aristocratic associates for having honoured one whom they despised. Bismarck countered by having Stieber appointed governor of Brno, provincial capital of Moravia, during the Prussian occupation.

Social friction may have dismayed Stieber, who complicated his sinister attainments by behaving like a parvenu, but his secret service activities smoothed the way for all the uniformed nobility. He was specifically charged with the full protection of the Prussian headquarters. He and his agents had to guard the persons of the King and Bismarck and generals like von Roon and Moltke, and see to it that no enemy spies were allowed to approach near to any precious secrets of the army. Thus Stieber instituted the first German counterespionage, but his innovation had been anticipated by French imperial guardians sixty years before. However, as always, he added those systematizing touches peculiarly his own, and then went on to create the novelty of an exacting military censorship which covered examination of all dispatches, telegrams, and letters from the front.

Since the Austrian forces were on the defensive from the beginning and Stieber's own observations had disclosed their weapons to be obsolete in comparison with the new Prussian rifles, it is probable that he established himself as censor mainly to enlarge his own authority. For what was there now to be written or telegraphed which would have bogged the steam roller of Prussia or even disturbed its engineers' schedule by so much as one day? While reviewing this condition of enemy helplessness and despair, Stieber came to his next invention—military propaganda.

It occurred to him that the spirit of the German army, and of the civil population as well, would mount upon wings of his own manufacture if he spread from day to day the choicest news of Austrian losses and panic, sickness, shortage of supplies, divided counsel, depression, and disaster. He really discovered a tonic cure without having had the disease, for both civilian and military morale on the side of the Prussian alliance must have been all that could be desired in a victorious conflict lasting a little more than forty-five days. But Stieber suggested to Bismarck that there be organized a Central Information Bureau with himself in charge, and using what he called this "unobtrusive title" he began pouring forth the first unadulterated samples of one-way war correspondence.

Subsequently he shut out the powerful Reuters telegraphic news agency, and detected the subterfuge when a subsidiary of Reuters began to flourish in Berlin. He excluded this and invited Dr. B. W. Wolff to start the semi-official Wolff bureau as a rival organization. In the public celebration following upon the triumph over Austria, Stieber's merits were not neglected. He was appointed a privy councillor; and the King, who had formerly joined with the foremost in disliking him and mistrusting all his works, now pronounced him a misunderstood and invaluable fellow, and as a spy deserving not only the customary cash rewards but honour also and the public distinctions of the soldier.

Between 1866 and 1868 Bismarck and Stieber pondered the coming war with France. Napoleon III had been badly informed, as he usually was in external affairs, and believed that Austria would defeat the new army of Moltke and Roon. As soon as Prussia had finished dictating terms of peace, the French Emperor

wanted either to attack the victor or else extort an unearned share of the spoils. Bismarck, remembering Sadowa, presented a bold front. Napoleon's army chiefs advised patience, reminding the great politician and unwary diplomatist that his soldiers were in need of more modern weapons.

Union infantry in the last year of the American Civil War had taken the field with Enfield repeating rifles, which the wondering Confederates described as magazine implements loaded on Sunday and fired all the rest of the week. Military attachés must have reported upon these highly educated muskets; but in Europe the Prussian breech-loading needle-guns were still the best available arms for riflemen, and France had nothing so good. Correcting this omission produced the chassepot and the mitrailleuse, at once believed to surpass every other type of rifle and machine-gun then in use. Stieber, in 1868, visited the French to ascertain the deadly virtues of their new equipment.

But before his most destructive tour of secret service began there occurred an incident that, if not illustrating any remarkable piece of espionage, will show how he endeared himself to a conspirator of Bismarck's gauge. Through one of his formerly numerous Russian connections he had obtained information concerning an attempt to be made upon the life of Tsar Alexander II while that autocrat visited Paris. As the guest and potential ally of Napoleon III, the Tsar was to attend a grand review in his honour at Longchamps and here the Polish assassin would try his hand.

Stieber, after consulting his astute master, withheld a warning of this revolutionary plot until just before the afternoon of the review. Had French police officials been informed far enough in advance they could have so completely exploded the affair that it would have attracted almost no attention. Stieber's intentional delay—which was made to seem like a last-minute discovery and sprint to aid the French and save their reigning guest—forced the Parisian officers to alarm the Tsar and his suite and then seize the plotters with sensational quickness. But no crime had been committed; Stieber's warning was no evidence; and according to the French law a severe penalty was impossible. Suspicion of intent to kill Russia's ruler was not a charge grave enough to get the alleged assassin and his accomplices transported or sentenced to prison for long terms.

The Tsar, as Stieber had anticipated, declined to see the judicial nicety in this, his host's dilemma. The Napoleonic upstart, he maintained ever after, had cared so little about a real emperor's life that he did not trouble to punish a murderer who had all but succeeded. The result was estrangement between the Tsar and Napoleon III, and this was precisely what Chancellor Bismarck needed, if the French ruler and his marshals were presently to be led to the slaughter. Having done so much for the next war, Stieber proceeded to do ten times more in making certain of German victory. He and his two assistants, Zernicki and Kaltenbach, now spent some eighteen months in France, spying, recording, measuring, and also boldly placing whole battalions of resident spies to await the expected invaders. During this fruitful trip the three sent any number of secret and coded reports to Berlin announcing their patriotic progress; yet when at last they returned home they brought with them additional data filling three trunks, which they checked through like ordinary luggage in an express car attached to their train.

Stieber afterwards boasted that he had nearly forty thousand spies in the invasion zones of France when, on August 6, 1870, the defeat of MacMahon at Worth predicted the shattering of one empire and the fabrication of another. Dr. Leopold Auerbach has conveyed the impression, that, if challenged, he would supply names and even addresses. But there is no good reason for believing that the spy-master had to exaggerate his strength or his thoroughness. The imperial secret police of France—who might have opposed him with counterespionage—were instead devoting themselves to the same internal quakes and recoils which had nagged Louis Napoleon and his ministers, until declaration of war seemed the only dynastic refuge in a country overfond of its tradition of foreign adventures. And if this last diversion proved tragically domestic, Stieber's prodigal secret service must be counted first, since it came first, in the array of German arms, organization, strategy, and preparedness that guaranteed French surrender.

It seems strange that in all that has been written about the Franco-Prussian War, so little of it—outside of a few special treatises, should relate to espionage and Wilhelm Stieber. France was still the most warlike nation of Europe. It was the customary

thing for French troops to be brave and well led, and, on the Continent, generally victorious. The giant strides of Moltke and Bismarck, the incapacities of Napoleon and his henchmen, would scarcely account for the whole bewildering reversal. Worth on August 6, Sedan twenty-five days later, and a formidable military power had vanished from the contest! Auerbach quotes Stieber, writing home proudly to his wife at this time, upon the thrilling topic of his intimacy with the Chancellor. He and his two lieutenants were commanding twenty-nine other officers and one hundred and fifty-seven subordinates, a magnified force of field police, who operated just as he and a much smaller squad had done during the campaign against Austria. But Bismarck kept the chief spy within call and chose him as a confidant on successive occasions while the disaster they had plotted together was manifesting itself with spectacular punctuality.

Stieber had known, when he went into France to study the chassepot and mitrailleuse, that should he report them greatly superior to German arms, the Chancellor would wait and try to adjust his carefully trained war provocation to whatever indefinite time it might take to deliver improved weapons to their regiments. In short, Stieber's admiration for the new French guns could have embarrassed Bismarck and obstructed his plans as German politics or foreign diplomacy never had done. But again, if Stieber had underestimated the possible resistance of the empire—blundering as, in fact, German secret agents during the [first] World War repeatedly did when trying to judge morale, resources, and potential fighting power of an impending opponent—the effect upon Germany in the critical year of 1870 would have conferred a kind of suicide on the Prussian leaders.

The spy-master, therefore, declared for war upon his own responsibility. And he anticipated his own faults of military observation or judgment by preparing to encounter much less advantageous odds than his near view of the sagging imperial régime entitled him to estimate. Overconfident and habitually slack, Napoleon's ministry of war would have intoxicated a less methodical spy. One of its spokesmen assured an anxious Chamber that the French Army was ready "with not even so much as the button of a gaiter wanting." Stieber, hearing that, might have justifiably telegraphed the Prussian army to join him in Paris, or at least

urged his superiors to attack before the imperial incompetents could be found out and replaced by able men. But, no doubt possessing encyclopædic knowledge of gaiter buttons, Stieber merely consulted his notes and went diligently on.

He was the first spy ever to work as a census enumerator. Roads and rivers, bridges, battalions, and fortified places were, of course, his foremost consideration. But he added an intensive interest in the population, in commerce and agriculture, in farms, houses, inns, and in local prosperity and patriotism—in anything at all which seemed to him likely to expedite an invasion or provide for the invaders. When the Prussians came, with Stieber's data, foraging and civil requisitions were made easy. The village magnate with a hundred hens could expect to be called upon for so many dozen eggs. If the hens were not laying and had been going to market in person, Stieber's nearest resident spy would probably report the change in accounting for maximum local provisions. While if the villager refused to contribute eggs or fowls or whatever else he was known to have on hand, he would be taken before a provost with a hanging warrant in blank on his table.

More than one good burgher fainted when the cash assessment demanded of him showed a quick understanding of his fortune as exact as a lifetime acquaintance with it. Because of Stieber and the horde of agents he had ready to report to him, privacy in France was the first casualty of the war. But though this omniscient kind of intelligence has seemed admirable to many and the method of it in military preparation supremely crafty and unique, Stieber's manner of gaining his victorious ends was always lawless and often possessed of a cold ferocity.

His own men mercilessly punished anything suggesting French espionage, and disregarded the circumstance of war being waged entirely in the enemy's country with a dense population inevitably hostile and curious. Peasants were strung up and slowly tortured to death when they had done no more than peer out at an ammunition train or cavalry column. Bazaine and his best troops were shut up in Metz; Paris had been invested soon after Sedan saw the surrender of Napoleon himself and another army. There was nowhere in particular for the trained French spy to take his information. But even very doubtful cases of spying were handled by

Stieber with unwavering severity. In a celebrated instance the victim was obviously no spy at all, but a young man, M. De Reynal, who had just returned to Versailles from his honeymoon. With a pardonable indifference to the national calamity, this bridegroom not only ventured back into a city which had become the German headquarters during the siege of Paris, but also he kept a diary recording daily events of the occupation. And with his diary in court Stieber, who said he "needed an example," convicted him of espionage. Prussian officers, detesting Bismarck's police agent and convinced of De Reynal's essential innocence, endeavoured to intercede for him; but when told that the young man had recently been married, Stieber observed, "That only makes my task the more painful." De Reynal was executed.

In Versailles Stieber and his assistants occupied the mansion of the Duc de Persigny. He had conducted himself with intolerable insolence throughout the campaign, but here, in September of 1870, he began treating Germans and French alike. He always acted independently of the military chiefs; though the existence of martial law increased his tyrannical powers, he obeyed only Bismarck and the Prussian King, and none of the generals dared to interfere with him or his agents. It was his favourite boast to them that his army had entered France six months ahead of theirs, and though repeatedly snubbed and insulted, he grew in the arrogance of the rascal who has learned how to make others fear him.

For some trivial disorder he threatened to hang ten members of the municipal committee of Versailles, and wrote to his wife describing the terror he had inspired with much gleeful satisfaction. It is said that he engaged ten thousand of the poorer citizens for a franc a day to gather in crowds and cheer the Prussian ruler and other German princes whenever they appeared in the streets. And when at last the negotiations for the surrender of Paris commenced, he accommodated Bismarck by posing as a valet.

Jules Favre came to Versailles early in 1871 to treat with the besiegers. He was escorted to the house that had been Stieber's secret service headquarters; and all during his stay inside the enemy lines he was there waited upon so expertly that he had occasion to compliment his German hosts upon the service accorded him. Stieber often candidly explained that he depended upon Zernicki for any useful display of courtesy and kindness,



since he himself cared only for action and results and wasted no time upon formalities. In dealing with the Parisian envoy, Stieber elected the role of servant, and discharged his menial duties with a certain relish since Favre was utterly deceived and every letter he received, every telegram, every secret document in his possession was exposed to the ransacking patriotism of the indispensable valet. Favre slept in Zernicki's bed, in a house staffed exclusively with Prussian police agents. Stieber claimed that the terms of capitulation Bismarck dictated were solely in accord with the information derived by him in this final triumph of espionage. But even his contemporary admirers found this exaggerated, since the Chancellor knew what he wanted and intended to get.

The French General de Cilley in 1875 was serving his second term as Minister of War. France was already lifting its head, the German Empire was still very new, and in both Paris and Berlin there was much thought of a war of revenge. General de Cilley had been a prisoner-of-war in Hamburg and had there been intimate with a charming woman, the Baroness de Kaulla. Stieber, ever well informed, now contrived to enlist the services of this not very fastidious lady. He gave her a large sum of money and sent her to Paris to reawaken in the Minister of War those ardours which so often unlocked official secrets.

The Baroness was not obliged to exert herself, for the General seems to have been disengaged at the moment of her arrival and to have eagerly renewed the pleasant relationship that had ameliorated his captivity. Whatever scandal followed was due to the General's verbal indiscretions. Paris, never more than fashionably interested in the mistress of a minister, could be profoundly stirred by anything endangering the new republican military policies. After an all-night secret session of the Chamber, De Cilley would hasten to have breakfast with his Baroness, whose Teutonic connections were more readily discovered than Stieber had expected. In the ensuing public commotion the General went from office, and the Baroness from France, but not before he had prattled to her of many matters never intended to reach Berlin.

The Baroness de Kaulla was a Jewess and her notoriety did much to nourish the anti-Semitic suspicions complicated with fear of Germany and counterespionage that boiled over after the arrest

of Alfred Dreyfus. Stieber had died before the misfortunes of Dreyfus overtook him, but the shadow of the Prussian spy-master lay darkly upon the famous treason trials. The new corps of resident agents that he had begun to distribute throughout France as soon as the Franco-Prussian War came to an end did not include any great number of Germans this time. He understood the antagonisms of the French after their humiliating defeat—chiefly at his hands, and he therefore enlisted French-speaking Swiss, but also other nationalities, so that almost any alien might be mis-trusted as his possible hireling.

French counter-spying was not for more than a decade to become sufficiently organized, or forceful enough, to battle with this veteran on even terms; and Stieber, meanwhile, found a new reservoir in the populations of Alsace and Lorraine, getting either pro-Germans or persons of the sort easily controlled by the police as valuable recruits for his spy service. In 1880 he informed the old Emperor that, so thoroughly had he worked this vein, he could count upon more than one thousand Alsace-Lorrainers whom he had sent into the employ of the French railroads, paying them only twenty-five per cent of their regular wages as a kind of secret retainer. Should another war come, at a word from him these trusted agents would begin destroying locomotives and rolling stock to paralyze French mobilization the very day it began.

Spies of his not in the public service he planted as shopkeepers or as employees in hotels. Stieber rightly discerned that if German capitalists erected luxurious hotels in foreign countries, he could insert many of his own secret service creatures into their staffs, and thus not only spy upon mysterious travellers but also upon the rich and distinguished persons who would come to reside in them. His hotel spies he expected to obtain for him information eventually useful in blackmailing enterprises abroad; nor was he blind to their chances of actually stealing important private documents from the dispatch cases of notable guests.

Stieber had so formidably organized imperial espionage and counterespionage that he could command a huge slice of all German military appropriations. Some of this money he poured into the international hotel industry; so that for years the best hotels everywhere were largely German-owned and predominantly German in personnel; and not all the attentions they rendered were

itemized in the bill. Stieber next tried to extend his influence by way of subsidies to banking and other international businesses, always with the idea of enlarging an already overgrown intelligence system. Undoubtedly in some cases he succeeded, or established concerns that were simply masked bureaux of the secret service.

Having instigated the Wolff telegraphic news bureau and determined the growing power of the press, Stieber maintained a special service section that watched over all foreign publications. He made it a point to learn what motive or grievance lay at the back of any anti-German editorial or article. If a publisher or writer seemed to hate Germany, he sought to know the reason for it; and if any sort of cash transaction would correct this enmity he was ever inclined to buy liberally in the right places. It is understood that he purchased newspapers in nearly every neighbouring country to popularize simultaneously anti-militarism, the ideals of pacifism, and pro-German sentiment. But even without his natural inclination toward every new form of political domination or deception, Stieber would have been forced to institute government propaganda.

Both before and after the proclamation of the Empire, the Prussian yoke had rested heavily upon the smaller German states; and Hanover especially caused much disquiet in certain quarters. Stieber had agents continuously assigned to look out for and counteract dangerous internal resurgences. Bismarck would not permit him to dispose of German hostility with the same harsh measures he had taken against the French noncombatants. Yet he proudly records having received from the Chancellor a bonus of two hundred thalers for having managed to suppress a bitterly anti-Prussian article before it sprang from the Hanoverian press.

Stieber's sharp abilities as a plotter did not rust no matter how peaceful the horizons of Europe became; he was always inventing new jobs for himself, and, if he could not recover the raptures of invasion in '70, he could continue as Minister of Police to delve into sundry dark crimes and conspiracies. After the imperial machine began running smoothly, he habitually saved William I and Bismarck from cunning assassins and divers other perils, many of them now believed to have been instigated by his own agents. On the surface it was a great day of German unity and

patriotism and of stirring acclaim for the war-born Empire and Fatherland. Stieber grafted his espionage schemes upon "*Deutschland über Alles*" and made it seem a good citizen's privilege to undertake some secret mission which to the private individual acting for himself would have meant contemptible deceit and deserved ostracism. He knew how to handle the zealous rank and file with unscrupulous appeals to patriotism and duty. Yet he had learned that the rich and influential, the minor royalty and nobility had always a much more worthwhile access to the impressive secrets than any spy he might train or hire; and this led him to the concluding innovation of his long and artful experience in mingling underworld methods with government.

He opened in Berlin the notorious Green House as a resort for people of consequence, where every form of vicious indulgence and excess was sumptuously encouraged, under the pretence of offering notable libertines an almost providential privacy. But since they came there to forget themselves, Stieber arranged to remember for them; and while there was no limit put upon his clients' behaviour, if they were prominent persons the memory of it would be made to last forever. Every event at this rendezvous was, in short, known to the police because their agent conducted it, and its history was hidden away in a private file which Stieber used to extort co-operation, even from royalty, so that the imperial secret service when operating in the highest places might never move ineffectually.

Social ambitions persuaded Stieber to promote himself and his family through the same kind of blackmail as always had been used by him in behalf of the government. He was wealthy now and the confidential adviser of Bismarck, who really ruled the empire; but whatever pressure he exerted as a police official, it seems not to have carried him far in society. Dread opened some doors to him, but apart from the affairs of state his intimate acquaintance was as parvenu as himself. Yet if he received only inferior invitations, he had been decorated twenty-seven times, and had diplomas and medals to prove it; and so when he lay mortally stricken with arthritis in 1882 there is no doubt but that he deemed himself great, his official life a useful and honourable one. Useful it surely had been. Bearing witness to that and to his long devotion to the Prussian throne, or to the fear that

had died with him, a throng of distinguished men, including personal representatives of the Emperor and of the other rulers of states, attended his funeral.

Wilhelm Stieber made himself a giant in his sinister profession; his career will be studied and imitated so long as there are spies and secret agents as an integral part of any government.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### *Abraham Lincoln's Nurse and Spy*

**I**N the sanguinary struggle between North and South in the American Civil War women, too, wore the badge of courage. Still well remembered to this day are Belle Boyd, pride of the Shenandoah Valley, who killed her man and tricked her way to safety; Elizabeth Van Lew, whose daring took her into the very heart of the Confederacy, where she posed as a lady of the old South; Pauline Cushman, a gay entertainer, who sparkled before the footlights without anybody guessing that her pretty little head was full of military secrets. But brave and resourceful as were many of these women spies, there was none who could hold a candle to Emma Edmonds, a born impersonator, who penetrated the Confederate lines eleven times, and got away with it. She was as adept at playing a coloured roustabout as she was in pretending to be an Irish biddy peddling cakes and comfits from a wicker basket, and these were but a couple of her roles. On one occasion she masqueraded as a country lad and while clerking in a Louisville store picked up plenty of vital information. Once, in an emergency, she donned military uniform and became an aide-de-camp.

All of which is the more astounding since Emma Edmonds had trained to become a nurse with ambitions of serving as a medical missionary. But chance intervened and she found herself a shuttlecock of Fortune tossed across the net of internecine war and bandied back and forth until her health broke under it all, and she was given an honourable discharge with commendation for a task well done.

Emma Edmonds was a Canadian, born and educated in the Province of New Brunswick. From her dour Presbyterian forebears she inherited a hearty strain of religion that found its source in the Bible and its outlet in doing good for her fellow men.

Which is why she dreamed of an assignment to some tropic Borriboolagha, "On the left bank of the Niger."

The family moved to the States and settled in New England. Chance found Emma Edmonds in New York City on April 12, 1861, and chance on that day had it that the aged Edwin Ruffin should fire the first gun of the Civil War, while from Fort Sumter, Abner Doubleday discharged the answering shell. She had no way of knowing that three months after the fall of Richmond, the planter-editor, cursing the damyankees and their seed for generations to come, would shatter his head with a shotgun; or that Abner Doubleday, his war record forgotten, would be remembered as the man who invented baseball.

But Emma did know that war meant wounded fighting men; and wounded fighting men deserved the best of care. She abandoned her homeward journey and dreams of darkest Africa to volunteer as a nurse in the forces of the North.

She had spent five years in the states when Sumter fell. But in that time she had become imbued with the fanatical abolitionism that fired so many of her sturdy New England neighbours. Her religious convictions fired a puritanical intolerance against anything that savoured of slavery. Two days after Sumter, Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 men. Ten days later, Emma was on her way to Washington.

No hospital duties were to be hers or soft appointment at an executive's desk. She was to wait the first battle and hasten to the scene of encounter. Once there, she was to remain as a field nurse.

Two months passed. North and South marked time, and called for more men, and moved about seeking the advantage of position. Still Washington was crammed with invalids. Green troops, unfitted for the rigours of the field, gave way to pure exhaustion. Improper food, impure water and insanitary drainage brought dysentery and typhoid. And on July 21 came the Battle of Bull Run. Emma was one of the gay crowd that left Washington to make a Roman holiday of that first encounter. But unlike the turbulent mob that fled before the debacle in bovine confusion, she remained in the field to minister to the dead and dying. Under fire she proved herself tireless and intrepid. She divided her time between her duties and hiding from the enemy as she made her way to Centerville.

When the Confederates overran the village, she climbed a back-yard fence and set off across the fields by night in a torrential rain-storm. She reached Alexandria at noon the next day, her shoes worn to tatters, her feet so sore they would not bear her weight. Two days later she was back in Washington.

Thus ended Emma Edmond's fiery baptism in the Civil War.

Washington was at the nadir of military life. Pennsylvania Avenue was a rutted roadway that turned to a slough of liquid mud with the rain. The streets were filled with senators and federal folk, society matrons and negro washerwomen, nondescript ragtag-and-bobtail, and gamblers and human vultures seeking a dishonest penny from the swindling of war contracts. Stragglers sought their regiments. Outposts driven in by pickets and sharpshooters found consolation in rumshops and harlotries that mushroomed overnight. Officers and men got drunk together, rank and military etiquette forgotten, while on Munson's Hill, for all to see, floated the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy.

And the spies were everywhere. They functioned in neighbouring Maryland, sortieing into the capital or crossing one of the bridges into Alexandria. Rose Greenhow complacently wove her web for governmental flies who fell will captives to her gracious hospitality and, if need be, her amorous embraces. Confederate runners came up from Richmond with messages from the Davis cabinet to the Southern junto safely ensconced across the Canadian border.

Nor was the North dilatory in retaliation. With the fall of Sumter, government investigators were ordered south. Others, like Albert Richardson of the *New York Tribune*, covering the formation of the Confederate government, served in an unofficial capacity, identity and mission concealed.

It was while she was with McClellan's forces in the vicinity of Yorktown that the call came that changed Emma Edmonds from nurse to spy. A detachment of the Thirty-seventh New York regiment returning with prisoners from an expedition brought information that a Federal spy was to be shot in Richmond. The camp chaplain suggested the nurse as a replacement. Few women spies operated through the lines, and, while the danger was unremitting, their opportunities were far greater than those of their



male associates. Word was passed and McClellan sent for her.

What were her views on the rebellion? She hated slavery.

Why did she wish to volunteer for so dangerous an undertaking? To serve her adopted country.

What did she know of horses and firearms? She was an adept horsewoman and an expert with carbine and pistol.

They did not give her a course in espionage and shoot her full of serums. Instead a phrenologist read the bumps on her cranium and found her organs of secretiveness, resourcefulness, and combativeness largely developed. So she took the oath of allegiance—for the third time—and embarked upon her career as a spy.

A slight figure was the possession of Emma Edmonds, almost that of a stripling youth. A steel engraving shows her in the riding habit of the period, with square determined face and nose somewhat broad, her long hair in unkempt locks, and her black eyes piercingly brilliant. Yet it stretches the imagination to picture her as a coloured contraband—and a male one at that—crossing the lines into enemy territory.

In the recital of her preparations, the woman is none too definite as to the details of her disguise. At Fort Monroe, she picked up the clothing of a negro fieldhand. Her head was shaved by the company barber—it was before the day of clippers—and from Washington she obtained a wig of real negro wool.

“Head, face, neck, hands and arms were coloured black as any African,” she notes. Anyone with a smattering of stage experience cannot but wonder what magic formula completed that metamorphosis. She was to go into the enemy’s camp as a negro. She was to live the black man not only as one of his race, but of his sex as well. What makeup could be applied to last through days and nights, withstand washing and the inclemencies of wind and rain, and yet not fade to an extent to betray her secret?

Despite her statement, one can only conclude that Emma exaggerated a bit in penning her reminiscences. Far more likely is it that she coloured her skin with repeated applications of walnut juice until she assumed the golden brown of a mulatto. And it is inescapable that, for safety’s sake, she must have applied it to more of her virgin anatomy than modesty permitted her to confess.

To make certain her disguise was perfect, she returned to camp and hired out as a handyman to the company physician under

whom she had served. Neither he, nor the good chaplain who recommended her, nor his good wife, either, recognized their intrepid camp nurse in this coloured hireling.

Convinced that all was well, Emma Edmonds set forth on her first great adventure.

Her destination was Yorktown, her mission to report on troops, conditions, fortifications, and the enemy's plans. With a few hard crackers in her pocket, a revolver, loaded and capped for instant use, Emma Edmonds slipped through the Union lines at half past nine of a dark night and by midnight had passed the Confederate pickets unchallenged. Without blanket or covering, she lay on the ground to find what rest she could.

A squad of contrabands with rations for the outpost guard awakened her at daybreak. She begged a hunk of corn pone and hot coffee from them and when they marched back into Yorktown, she in their midst, the negroes returned to their work on the fortifications. Emma found herself confronted by an officer.

"Who do you belong to?" he asked.

"I dusn't belong to nobody, Massa, I's free and allus was; I's gwine to Richmond to work."

"Take that black rascal and set him to work," a civilian overseer interrupted. "If he don't work well, tie him up and give him twenty lashes, just to impress him that there's no free niggers here while there's a damned Yankee left in Virginia."

Pickaxe, shovel, and a "monstrous" wheelbarrow were given her and all day long she wheeled her loads up a narrow plank to the top of an eight-foot parapet. Her muscles ached, her legs lagged and with night, her hands were a mass of blisters. Painfully she drew a sketch of the outer works and listed the armament:

Fifteen three-inch rifled cannon; eighteen four and one-half inch rifled cannon; twenty-nine thirty-two pounders twenty-one forty-two pounders; twenty-three eight-inch Columbiads; eleven nine-inch Dahlgrens; thirteen ten-inch Columbiads; fourteen ten-inch mortars; and seven eight-inch siege howitzers.

She hid the incriminating document in the inner sole of her workshoe, turned in and slept a sleep honestly earned by hard labour.

It was on the second day that suspicion first pointed to her. She had traded places with a waterboy—five dollars in greenbacks did

the trick. Lee had come to voice an opinion that Yorktown could not withstand the brunt of McClellan's siege guns. General J. E. Johnston arrived with reinforcements to bring the neighbouring forces to 150,000.

All of this Emma absorbed with open eyes and ears, carrying her waterpail to the labouring workmen. One of them eyed her quizzically above the dripping dipper.

"Jim," he said, "I'll be darned if that feller ain't turnin' white. If he ain't, then I'm no nigger."

"Gem'im, I allers 'spected to come white," Emma promptly replied. "My mudder's a white woman."

Amid their laughter she beat a hurried retreat. A small pocket glass proved the truth. Her makeup was slowly fading and in some places was nearly white. She retouched the telltale spots with a weak solution of nitrate of silver, determining to leave at the first opportunity.

That afternoon she spotted a pedlar from the Federal camp as a spy bringing details of McClellan's outfit. The day passed all too slowly as did the next. In the evening she was detailed to carry food to an outer post. Soon after, she was assigned as a temporary replacement for a picket killed by a sharpshooter. With darkness came the rain and soon after she fled toward the Federal lines, hiding in a ditch until daybreak when she returned to make her report.

The Confederate rifle that she brought with her is now in one of the federal museums in Washington.

It was no small task to bleach her darkened skin and her hands were so tender the slightest contact brought stinging pain. But Emma Edmonds removed what makeup she could and despite her camelpard tendencies, returned to her nursing. She watched the evacuation of Yorktown and followed the troops to Williamsburg and Fort Magruder. And while McClellan moved two corps within six miles of Richmond, she heard, for the first time, a thousand manly voices joined in a rousing chorus:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

A dabbler in literature named Julia Ward Howe penned the verses one restless night and as she wrote by flickering candlelight beside her child's crib, little did she reckon that the song would be

long remembered when her other works were forgotten.

With time came orders for Emma's second expedition across the lines. Obviously it was tempting Fate to venture again in the guise of a contraband. A female Irish pedlar fitted the occasion better. Any number of these camp followers were dispensing their wares with the aplomb of a bumboat woman; and these Little Buttercups were accepted without question and passed by with never a second glance.

It was not difficult to procure a dress and basket for her purpose. Pies, cakes, and knickknacks could be obtained anywhere. A few days devoted to perfecting the brogue of the "rale ould stock of bog-trotters," and the whilom nurse slipped away, as perfect in her part as a character from a Boucicault melodrama.

This time she went by water. The bridges across the Chickahominy were not finished so she packed her disguise with her pies and notions, mounted her faithful Frank, and swam the river on horseback. On the opposite shore, she headed her mount homeward and saw him scramble up the other bank where a soldier awaited him.

Night clamped down. She had no knowledge of the Confederate picket lines, so to press forward was to invite death from some outpost. She was in the Chickahominy Swamp with all its mysterious night life threatening her on every side. Though she had strapped her basket to her back, it was soaked through. Her food-stuffs were ruined, her notions sadly damaged. A hospital quilt was sopping as was her pedlar's costume.

And then she came down with an ague. Burning with fever one minute, shaken with chills the next, she changed to her sodden disguise, and lay down in the miasmatic glade.

Three days passed before she was able to move. That morning she pushed through the swamp guided by the booming of Confederate cannon and in late afternoon cleared the morass where a small white house glistened in the sunset. She tried the door, found it unlocked and entered a deserted hallway. But for a single occupant, the house was abandoned. On a straw tick in the living room lay a half-starved rebel soldier, near death from typhoid.

The nurse reverted to type as Emma Edmonds tended the sick man. She found tea, and salt, and cornmeal, made a hoeecake and fed him daintily. The youth—for he was scarcely more—told her

that he was Allan Hall. He asked her to deliver his gold watch to Major McKee of Elwell's staff. He died at midnight. Her vigil ended, she closed his eyes, shrouded him in his blanket, and fell asleep, heedless of the corpse by her side.

With morning another search disclosed mustard and pepper, a pair of old green spectacles, and a bottle of red ink. There was always the possibility of her running afoul of some spy, as she had at Yorktown, and that this time she would be recognized. Her disguise, she decided, must be improved.

"Of the mustard, I made a strong plaster about the size of a dollar," she wrote. "I tied it on one side of my face. It blistered thoroughly. I cut off the blister and put on a large patch of black courtplaster. With the ink, I painted red lines about my eyes, and after giving my pale complexion a deep tinge with some ochre which I found in a closet, I put on my green glasses and my Irish hood, which came over my face about six inches and left for the nearest picket line. I felt perfectly safe for the watch was sufficient passport in daylight and a message to Major McKee would assure me civility at least."

As she neared the outpost she gave a final touch to her preparations. Rubbing black pepper in her eyes to turn them red and watery, she signalled the advance picket guard, a square of cotton window curtain serving as a flag of truce. He was a jovial, apple-cheeked Englishman, ready to turn a receptive ear to another from the British Isles. He passed her without hesitation, warning her that the bridges across the Chickahominy had been completed, and that an attack was imminent. He expanded to tell of the number of masked batteries they had prepared, helpfully indicating one concealed behind a brushheap by the roadside.

By the time she reached McKee's headquarters she was five miles from the white farmhouse and the corpse of Allan Hall. The major was on a scouting expedition, due to return at nightfall. She procured a simple ointment for her blistered face, for the sore was becoming inflamed and suppurated, and spent the day peddling her wares throughout the camp.

One can not help but wonder at the laxity and careless talk prevalent behind the lines of both North and South. Today there would be the strictest surveillance of any stranger attempting to cross and loose talk would have brought a severe reprimand, if

not something more drastic. But neither side was experienced in the ways of war. Espionage was in its swaddling clothes. Secret agents wandered North and South and what should have been guarded military secrets became common property of the enemy. By nightfall, Emma Edmonds knew not only the location of each masked battery, the number of men and their distribution, but the general strategy of the forthcoming battle as well.

Ushered before McKee, she told her story, presenting him with her credentials. The major wept. Captain Allan Hall, she learned, was his dearest friend. He offered her a federal ten dollar bill and when she refused it, his grief turned to just suspicion.

"Oh, General, forgive me," Emma wept, realizing how close she was to discovery. "But me conshins wud niver give me pace in this world nor in the next were I to take money for carryin' the dyin' message for that swate boy that's dead and gone, God rest his soul. Niver cud I do such a mane thing, if I im a poor woman."

She offered to lead a party to the body if they furnished her a mount. Major McKee sent a detachment with her but darkness fell before they had covered the five miles of rough road. The sergeant in charge stationed pickets at all approaches and told off a corporal and squad to fetch the body. His guide he delegated to reconnoitre down the road and to come scurrying back at any sign of the enemy.

And Emma Edmonds rode away, not to stop until she was safe behind the Union lines. This time she returned with a rebel horse as proof of her adventure.

Emma Edmonds undertook nine other spy trips, sometimes as a female contraband—her first experience at hard labour cured her of posing as a man—but more often as an Irish biddy, though her make-up in this character was never the same. She altered each disguise against any possibility of recognition so skilfully that not once during those eleven commissions was she in real danger of discovery. If the treatment accorded her is to be accepted as proof, her final adventure was by far her most successful.

When the Union forces occupied Louisville, Emma Edmonds was promoted from a spy to a detective, a distinction without a difference. She continued to carry on in disguise just as she had before, though she worked within her own lines. The countryside was shot with Southern spies, radicals, and copperheads, and

it was her task to run them down. Except that help was near at hand, she was in danger every minute, for the underground was vicious, as more than one detective discovered all too late.

Vitriolic and blatant in his denunciation of the Yankee invaders was one of Louisville's leading merchants. Because they feared that his unceasing diatribes might lead to retaliatory measures, his employees were decidedly transient. So when a personable young man approached him for a job, the merchant put him to work.

The new clerk was neatly dressed, quiet, and self-possessed. He said he was a foreigner down south to observe the war at first hand, and that he was in need of ready cash. He was an efficient young chap and proved himself a go-getter for business, as when he suggested peddling wares to the soldiers. He packed an assortment of pocket knives, suspenders, and the like, and returned each night for more. At the end of a fortnight he had not only insured his job, but had clues to three spies in the very heart of the Union forces.

Confident that she must strike boldly, Emma Edmonds decided on yet a further artifice. She confided to her employer that she believed the North was all wrong. Defeat of the South meant disaster for the entire nation. So strong was her conviction that she wanted to enlist under the Stars and Bars. The merchant listened and was convinced. After much discussion, it was decided that she should go through the lines with "a thorough Union man who had taken the oath of allegiance" with crossed fingers, and who really was a rebel spy.

The attempt was set for the next night. She needed more time to perfect her plans but it was tomorrow or not at all. She volunteered for a final peddling expedition, loaded herself with wares, and contacted the Provost Marshal. He promised to visit the store for final instructions.

Next day Emma Edmonds was introduced to the man who would guide her to the Confederate ranks. A well-known resident of Louisville, above any suspicion, he mingled not only with the enlisted men but entertained officers as well. Realizing that silence was safest, she assumed the embarrassment of a green country boy in the presence of his betters. The merchant gave a splendid sales talk and the deal was made. The Provost Marshal wandered in during the afternoon to make a small purchase and Emma slipped him a note of particulars.

Nine o'clock came—nine o'clock of a dark night with no moon, a night ideal for running lines. As the two headed southward, the clerk's embarrassment turned to open admiration for his guide; and he, in turn, mellowing in the glow of such ardent adulation, discoursed at length upon his exploits in the secret service. Incidentally he disclosed the identity of the other two suspects. One was a sutler; the other a photographer who spent his time posing the Union generals. He was still in the midst of his recital when a detachment of Union cavalry swooped down and took them prisoners. Back at headquarters, incriminating papers left no room for doubt.

The spy was shot at daybreak. The sutler was seized and given similar punishment. Warned in time, the photographer fled to safety.

Two years of trying service had taken their toll of Emma Edmonds. She had participated in both Battles of Bull Run. She was at Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, the Seven Days in front of Richmond, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. Besides playing nurse and spy, she served betimes as orderly, notably at the battle of Hanover Court House. She was at Vicksburg when it fell, once more in nurse's uniform.

There her depleted strength forsook her. She fell ill with fever but struggled on until they carried her to the hospital.

"All my soldierly qualities seemed to have fled," she wrote. "I could do nothing but weep, hour after hour."

They gave her a certificate of disability. They commended her for her heroic service. They placed her Confederate carbine with other war trophies in Washington. And she retired to her New England home to record her experiences in *Nurse and Spy*.

And then they promptly forgot her; and except for her own volume and annotations in the war records at Washington, all too little recalls the accomplishments of the greatest woman spy of the Civil War—Emma Edmonds.



## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### *The Story of Eugene Azeff*

by DACID SOSKICE

(as told to the author)

THE year is 1910. An old friend of mine, a most honoured leader of the Social Revolutionary Party, who has passed seventeen years of his life in Russian prisons and in exile, came one day to my house with two Russians, and introduced them to me.

"Ivan Nicholaevitch: Pavel Ivanovitch."

We shook hands, and I looked at the visitors. Pavel Ivanovitch provoked little curiosity in me. He was an ordinary type of the Russian "intellectual," with the face of an ascetic, bearing the traces of deep thought and many privations. The other was of an entirely different type, and during our conversation I observed his face intently.

"Why do you look at me like that?" he asked after a time, laughingly, with no sign of discomposure.

"I am thinking," I answered; also smiling, "what luck it is for a conspirator to have a face like yours. I should never take you for a revolutionist. You are a typical stockbroker or bookmaker."

I had been warned by my friend that both these gentlemen were terrorists with no ifs or buts. While Pavel Ivanovitch in every movement betrayed the conspirator, I could find in Ivan Nicholaevitch not the slightest suggestion of the man who stakes his life for his ideals. His stout, well-nourished, well-clad figure, short neck, and broad, round face, with its very thick and sensual lips, flat nose, and carefully cropped hair, gave him the appearance of that international type of professional financier that one meets upon every stock exchange in Europe. I tried in vain to find in his eyes that expression of *Weltschmerz*

so characteristic of the Russian idealist. They bore no expression at all. Dark, filmy, they reflected as little of his mind as do those of a fish. And yet his narrow, low forehead and heavy jaws showed great strength of will and resolution.

"Ivan Nicholaevitch" was the assumed name of this man, known only to a few people. His real name came prominently before the public some months ago. He was Eugene Phillipovitch Azeff, the great *agent provocateur*, the pillar for many years of Russian despotic rule, and at the same time one of the most trusted leaders of the bitterest enemy of that despotism, the Social Revolutionary Party.

Azeff's career is astonishing and unique. There are men who, through a spirit of adventure or ambition, have participated in revolutionary activity, and who, later on, when imprisoned and threatened with dire penalties, have become traitors to the cause, and even *agents provocateurs*, to buy their freedom. Others there are who, in the capacity of spies or *agents provocateurs*, track Revolutionists through sheer incapacity to earn their living by some honest method. Azeff belonged to neither of these categories. He was, so to say, born a traitor, ready furnished with the most precious and essential qualifications of a traitor.

The son of a tailor, Azeff was in the habit of inciting his schoolfellows in Rostof-on-the-Don to acts of insubordination, in order to denounce them afterward to the teachers. When a youth of twenty, he carefully weighed the chances of various careers in Russia, and chose that for which his nature was best fitted, and which justly seemed to him the most promising in Russia—that of *agent provocateur*.

He stole a few hundred pounds from his employer, forged the necessary diplomas, and went to Germany, where he entered a polytechnic as a student of engineering and electricity. It was there that he learned to the bottom the art of bomb-making, and obtained the grade of scientific engineer. It was in Germany also that Azeff first joined a Russian revolutionary circle, in which he soon managed to obtain a prominent reputation.

Azeff was not an orator, still less a writer or theorist. In fact, only with the greatest difficulty could he explain on paper the trend of his ideas. He spoke little, but his rare words were significant and to the point. Having finally decided the question of

his career, he became, par excellence, a practical business man with a keen knowledge of human nature, indomitable persistence and will, and a rare gift of organization. Supplied with good references by his comrades, he went to Moscow and there joined the Social Revolutionists.

He was then already in close touch with Ratchkovsky, the omnipotent Chief of the Foreign Service of the Russian Political Police. Supplied with plenty of money by Ratchkovsky, and safe from arrest, Azeff, with the late Gershuni, a revolutionist of the highest moral and intellectual type, visited the chief revolutionary centres in Russia and abroad, and in 1902 they succeeded in uniting the various groups of the Social Revolutionary Party into one strong and well-organized body, which since then has carried on a dramatic and relentless struggle against Russian despotism.\*

During the last seven years of this struggle Azeff used intermittently the Social Revolutionary Party and the secret police as tools for the promotion of one end—his own career. From 1901 till the very end of 1908 Azeff took an active, often a leading part in every scheme of the Party. It would be erroneous to maintain that the Social Revolutionary Party would never have come into prominence without Azeff, or that it would not have achieved what it has achieved. Among the many thousands of its members can be found idealists ready for superhuman efforts of self-abnegation and sacrifice; and even now, after all the imprisonments and executions, there are plenty of leaders of the highest mental and moral capacities.

Yet Azeff contributed greatly to the Party's success. He perhaps beat the record in the slaying of tyrants. He was one of the leading organizers in the murders of Bogdanovich, Plehve, the Grand Duke Sergius, and many others who were killed during those seven years. And for the last five years, Azeff was actually the head of that terrible "Fighting Organization" which for a whole decade held the Tsar and his camarilla in awe and in practical captivity. His nearest revolutionary comrades, who alone knew of his activity and who repeatedly followed him into battle, regarded him with affection and boundless confidence. How

\* The reader is reminded that the author uses the present and perfect tenses from the perspective of January 1910.

could they do otherwise, when he showed such marvellous ingenuity in the formation and execution of revolutionary projects? His repulsive countenance was illuminated by a strangely attractive fire when he was anxious to convince or to impress, and his manners were so frank and simple that not only mere comradeship but real friendship bound them to him. In Paris and in Italy, where he passed a great part of his time with his wife and children, he lived simply and modestly, and was known as an exemplary husband and father. Azeff, who brought death upon so many youths and young girls, was himself a great lover of children.

Such was Azeff as known to his revolutionary friends. And when irrefutable proofs of his treachery were brought forward, the members of the Central Committee could not believe their senses.

When the Central Committee of the Social Revolutionary Party tried Azeff, it was in possession of a document proving that in 1902 Ratchkovsky, head of the Foreign Service of Russian Political Police, wrote to the Department of Police asking for five hundred rubles which his "secret agent" must "subscribe to the funds of the Social Revolutionary Party." The famous Minister Durnovo, in answer, requested that the agent should visit him personally. The agent therefore visited Durnovo. It was Eugene Azeff. At the request of Durnovo, Azeff delivered to him the names of the members of the Central Committee of the Party. Other documents prove that Azeff at about the same time betrayed the existence of a secret printing press at Penza, and many arrests were made. He invented and realized a plan of smuggling the literature of the Party into Russia in refrigerators of foreign make. And when this ingenious plan began to work successfully, he denounced it to the police, and many of the Party perished.

He then organized another method of smuggling literature by placing it in cleverly constructed double-bottomed oil-barrels. A special workshop was set up in London for the construction of these barrels, and a mock trading company for their importation was established in a Baltic port. Everything went on smoothly until Azeff blew the gaff.

The Russian police were scrupulously careful to follow up Azeff's denunciations in such a manner as to shield him from suspicion in the eyes of his revolutionary companions. In the

case of the oil-barrels, the manager of the trading company was suddenly arrested upon an entirely different charge having nothing to do with the smuggling of literature. The cargo of oil-barrels, therefore, for many months remained unclaimed, and only when the term for claiming them had passed were they sold by public auction, the police still feigning ignorance of their contents. A disguised agent of the Secret Police bought in the cargo, and some time later, as if by accident, found the literature hidden in them, and informed the police of his discovery. Then an inquiry was instituted, and various persons in Russia connected with the case were arrested. By such methods Azeff continued to escape suspicion.

In the beginning of 1904 a circle of revolutionists, led by a young girl, Sophie Klichoglu, elaborated a plan for the destruction of the then dictator of Russia, Plehve. The group worked independently of the Fighting Organization, of which Azeff was the head. Azeff gave away the organizers of the attempt, and they were all arrested and perished.

A few months later Azeff himself thought up a scheme to kill Plehve. He arranged the manufacture of the bombs and himself worked out the smallest details of the conspiracy. He personally directed the group of revolutionists upon whom he imposed the task of watching Plehve's movements. He distributed the various functions, appointing Sassonof as first bomb-thrower, while Sikorsky, Kalyaev, and Savinkov, "Pavel Ivanovitch," were to follow if the first bomb should fail.

The attempt took place on July 21, 1904. Sassonof and Kalyaev were stationed at their posts, both armed with their bombs, and waiting for the passing of Plehve's carriage. Azeff was awaiting the result of the attempt at Vilna, which is a few hours distant from St. Petersburg. An unexpected hitch in the traffic on this occasion stopped the Minister's carriage, and the bomb was not thrown for fear of injuring innocent persons. Sassonof and Kalyaev immediately went to Vilna and, together with Azeff, decided to make another attempt on July 28, the day when Plehve was to visit the Tsar. On July 28 the four revolutionists were again upon the spot, while Azeff awaited news in Warsaw. This time, Plehve was killed. But, apart from the two bomb-throwers, Sassonof and Sikorsky, who were captured, the participants

in the plot escaped, and are safe at this moment, although they have since repeatedly visited Russia.

A few months later the Tsar's favourite uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, was killed by a bomb in broad daylight. In this event, also, Azeff, as head of the Fighting Organization, played a leading part. He arranged every detail of the attempt several months before it actually took place, and appointed Kalyaev and a young girl, Dora Brilliant, as bomb-throwers. He knew the assumed names under which they lived in Moscow, and was kept continually informed of their preparations. He even provided them with the dynamite. Kalyaev was ready at his post on the appointed day, when the Grand Duke's carriage was to pass by. But in the carriage beside the Grand Duke sat his wife, the Duchess Elizabeth, and Kalyaev did not wish to kill an innocent woman. Therefore the carriage was allowed to pass unmolested. Several days elapsed before another opportunity occurred, and this time the Grand Duke fell. The assassin was hanged, but the other participants escaped, as in the case of Plehve's murder.

Directly after the murder of Plehve, Azeff busied himself in sending denunciations to the police. He betrayed Prince Hilkof, the friend of Tolstoy, and several other revolutionists with whom he was upon the most intimate terms. As a representative of the Social revolutionists, he took part in a conference of all the opposition parties, held in Paris in 1904, and immediately sent to the then Director of Police, Lopukhin, the full report of the conference, which had been entrusted to him for transmission to the revolutionists. He then returned to Russia, and there, guarded by agents of the Secret Police, travelled from town to town, participating in various conferences. Then followed a number of attempts, mostly unsuccessful, on the lives of high officials. In St. Petersburg, General Trepoff, the bodyguard of the Tsar, was chosen as a victim. This plot was clumsily organized, and was denounced by Azeff, who took no direct part in it. Ten persons, among them seven women, one of these a niece of Trepoff himself, were arrested and tried. Several attempts against the life of General Dubassoff were also planned but they all failed, although the last one, directed personally by Azeff, led to the death of one of the general's lieutenants. Following upon yet another futile attack, against Stolypin in May, 1906, Azeff left Russia for Paris

and, shortly after his arrival, told a meeting of fellow conspirators that new methods were needed in the use of the bomb as a weapon of assassination. He suggested that not only were bigger and better bombs needed but dirigibles from which they could be hurled down on the Tsar's Palace and government buildings and thus dispose of their enemies by a single attack.

Meanwhile, in August, 1905, one of the members of the St. Petersburg Committee of the Party received an anonymous letter in which a certain "Azyeff," and a former exile with the initial "T," were denounced as betraying the Party to the police.\* It happened that when the letter arrived Azeff was in the room, together with the doctor to whom the letter was addressed, and his wife. The doctor opened the letter, and began to read it aloud. He was not aware of the real name of his guest, knowing him only as "Ivan Nicholaevitch." When he had finished reading the letter, he remarked musingly:

"I wonder who this 'Azeff' can be."

"I am Azeff," declared Ivan Nicholaevitch.

They looked at him in astonishment. His face was deathly pale and distorted. The doctor and his wife embraced him, and with the greatest emotion endeavoured to console him.

"Dear friend," they said, "don't be upset by these calumnies. They are the work of spies."

But Azeff said firmly:

"When such a letter comes, however trusted may be the person it accuses, it is the duty of the Party to make a thorough inquiry."

An investigation followed, and a secret tribunal of the Revolutionary Party sat to try the case. Azeff furnished proofs that "T," who appeared to be Tatarov, had really, upon several occasions, betrayed revolutionists. And in the end the trial was that of Tatarov, but not of Azeff. In vain Tatarov asserted that he was only the subordinate agent; that the real great traitor was Azeff himself. The judges would not hear these "ridiculous libels." Azeff,

\* The author of this letter, as I now learn from private sources, was a colonel who bore a bitter grudge against Ratchkovsky, head of the Foreign Secret Police. Ratchkovsky was then enjoying great popularity and confidence at Court because of the many arrests he had made among revolutionists. The colonel knew that all Ratchkovsky's information about revolutionists came from Azeff, and that to expose Azeff's treachery to the revolutionists would put a stop to Ratchkovsky's extraordinary success.

the fearless organizer of the murder of Plehve, that greatest of Russian tyrants! Azeff, the "eagle," who had slain the Grand Duke Sergius, Bogdanovich, and so many others! He was like the wife of Caesar—above suspicion. Tatarov was condemned to death by the tribunal; Azeff himself was the first to sign the death-warrant, and arranged the execution. One of Azeff's great friends, who had taken part in all his famous assassinations, the fearless "Pavel Ivanovitch," was sent by Azeff to Warsaw, where he called on Tatarov, and stabbed him to death. The whereabouts of Tatarov was revealed to Azeff by his chief Ratchkovsky, the head of the Secret Police, who was probably only too glad to sacrifice the smaller fry in order to preserve the more valuable Azeff.

A year later Azeff in a similar manner "removed" a man of far higher importance than himself—the famous "Revolutionary Pope," Father Gapon.

The world still remembers how the people of St. Petersburg were met on "Bloody Sunday," when, led by Gapon, they went to the Winter Palace to present their monster petition for mercy to the "Tsar—Little Father." Thousands of them were shot by the troops, and Gapon himself escaped with his life, thanks to the loyalty of an admirer of his, a certain engineer, Rutenberg.

Gapon fled abroad, burning with hatred against the "venomous brood, the Tsar and his family," as he called them in a subsequent proclamation. Though he had formerly worked among the labouring classes under the patronage of the police, he was, at this time, undoubtedly and absolutely sincere. He first joined the Social Democratic Party and afterwards the Social Revolutionists, in order to organize an armed insurrection in St. Petersburg. But he soon had to leave both these parties; being of an autocratic disposition, he was unable to work on equal terms with other leaders and instead organized a party of his own, consisting of the working classes, with himself as sole leader with unlimited power. He was then staying with me in my London house, and I was kept fully acquainted with all his activities.

A little group, not belonging to the Social Revolutionary Party, was then engaged on the Continent in arming the celebrated gun-runner, the *John Grafton*. With astonishing skill, energy, and resourcefulness their leader armed the ship with 17,000 Swiss military rifles, several thousand revolvers of British military



pattern, several tons of explosives, three machine-guns, and a great quantity of Mausers, etc. Azeff, of course, was in the secret, and warmly supported the scheme. The gun-runner, according to the plan, was to rush the port of St. Petersburg, and to be met there by a few hundred armed workmen, who would overcome the resistance of the police, seize the *John Grafton*, and arm the picked crowd that would immediately gather upon the banks of the Neva.

It was, however, necessary to assure the presence of a leader whom the population of St. Petersburg would obey. The Social Revolutionists knew that this leader could be none other than Father Gapon. An offer was therefore made, with the approval of Azeff, that Gapon should prepare beforehand the necessary body of reliable armed workmen in St. Petersburg, and should himself sail upon the *John Grafton* to lead the people. Gapon readily agreed, stipulating only that some concrete plan of action should be drawn up for him. This was done, and Gapon approved it.

I am not at liberty now to publish this document. Azeff, as I have said, was in the secret. The Central Committee of the Social Revolutionary Party later publicly admitted the fact of Azeff's participation in the *John Grafton* affair. Whether he informed the Secret Police of all the details of the conspiracy will probably never be known. The fact remains that the gun-runner arrived safely in Finnish waters, and would probably have made its way to St. Petersburg but for running into a storm. The ship was lost, with part of its cargo. Finnish fishermen salvaged a great many cases of arms, hermetically sealed, so that thousands of Finns became possessed of excellent rifles. This fact, which in a greatly exaggerated form became known to the Russian Government, caused the Tsar in 1905 to grant to Finland all the concessions it demanded, for fear of an effective insurrection. Gapon saved his life by swimming ashore, and after a short stay in Finland returned abroad again.

At that time political events in Russia began to develop with such rapidity that Gapon, Azeff, and even the Revolutionary parties were left behind. The whole country had turned against the Government, and several million workmen arranged a general strike. The October Manifesto followed, together with the sanguinary "pogroms" arranged by Trepoff and the Black Hundred. Witte was then Premier.

Gapon's decline then began. He was temporarily carried away by the pleasures of lay life, and gradually became estranged from the revolutionists, who lost confidence in him.

When Gapon returned to Russia and found that he was distrusted, he began negotiating with Witte and Ratchkovsky, the Chief of Police, receiving from the former 30,000 rubles on agreeing to reorganize his former union of workers, and operate under the secret patronage of the police. Ratchkovsky wanted him to betray the leaders of the Social Revolutionists.

I doubt whether he really betrayed anyone. He wrote me a letter in which he said: "My heart is breaking at the thought that you may believe the libels that my enemies spread about me. I implore you to remember that, whatever may happen, I care for nothing save the welfare of the people."

A few weeks later, on March 28, 1906, he was hanged in an empty house near St. Petersburg, which belonged to a former police official. He had evidently been overcome after a violent struggle. His body was found four weeks later. The circumstances of his death have never before been truly explained, but I am in a position to explain everything.

Gapon's death was planned and arranged by Azeff, who, learning of Gapon's relations with the Secret Police, feared that he might become a dangerous rival, and still more that he might discover Azeff's own connection with the authorities. Two things were of immense importance to Azeff: that the confidence reposed in him by the Social Revolutionists should be in no way weakened, and that he should remain of first importance in the eyes of Ratchkovsky and his police. These two factors being assured, his position in the world of conspiracy would become unchallengeable, and, needless to add, eminently lucrative. He had been informed by Ratchkovsky that Gapon had agreed to betray him—Azeff—and another leader of the revolutionists for a large sum of money. As cunning as a fox, Azeff, in the spring of 1906 confided to the Party that he had heard that Gapon had promised to betray him and another to Ratchkovsky. He suggested that Ratchkovsky should be removed, although his real object was to rid himself of Gapon. The suggestion to kill Ratchkovsky was, of course, intended to strengthen his prestige with the Social Revolutionary Party.

In the meantime Gapon, with the object of keeping his promise to Ratchkovsky, had approached his old and formerly devoted friend, the engineer Rutenberg, offering him 50,000 rubles to help in the betrayal of Azeff and the other leader. Gapon evidently believed that his personal influence with Rutenberg, coupled with the great devotion that the latter had formerly displayed, would overcome his loyalty to the Social Revolutionary Party, of which he was a member. Rutenberg, inwardly indignant, pretended to agree, and, bearing in mind the proposal of Azeff to murder Ratchkovsky, suggested that the details of Azeff's betrayal should be arranged in the presence of Ratchkovsky. A meeting was therefore planned between Gapon, Rutenberg, and Ratchkovsky. Azeff thereupon proposed that at this meeting both Gapon and Ratchkovsky should be killed. But on the day of the meeting Ratchkovsky failed to keep the appointment, and Gapon alone fell into the trap. Upon Gapon's body was found a visiting card of Ratchkovsky, excusing himself for non-appearance. Needless to say, the whole thing had been previously arranged between Azeff and Ratchkovsky.

During the year Azeff worked hard for the police, obviously to improve his situation in the *Okhrana*, which, with the triumph of reaction, had again become omnipotent. He betrayed a great number of revolutionists, among them Stiffar, Ronsky, Lieutenant Nikitenko, together with his comrades who were supposed to be plotting against the Tsar, Karl Trauberg and many others. There were absolutely no tangible proof against them; but they were all court-martialled, and hanged or shot, on the bare word of Azeff. In February, 1908, a little group of men and women were induced by Azeff to attempt the life of the Minister of Justice, Scheglovitoff. At the critical moment they were all taken with bombs or other weapons in their hands, tried, and hanged. A person who saw them, a few hours before their execution told me that they had not the slightest notion who had betrayed them. But warnings of Azeff's rôle as *agent provocateur* became more and more frequent. They always came from agents of the Secret Police who were jealous of Azeff's influence, and therefore carried little weight with the Revolutionary Party.

Nevertheless, Azeff evidently began to think it necessary to play a trump card to insure his position in the Party. He returned

to St. Petersburg in February, 1908, after a long stay in Paris, and began to prepare for an attempt against the life of the Tsar. During earlier years Azeff had always scornfully rejected any such suggestion. "It is impossible," he used to say: "the Tsar is inaccessible." He severely criticized such plans proposed by other members, and, thanks to his great authority as the slayer of Plehve, always succeeded in defeating them.

If one may believe the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* there was an understanding between Azeff and the Secret Police that, whatever happened, the Tsar's person was to be inviolate. Be that as it may, I have good reasons for maintaining that at this time Azeff found it feasible to attempt the assassination of Nicholas II. Several attempts were arranged, and though they failed, it was through no fault of Azeff. The police did not arrest the persons involved in these plots. The last attempt, of which Azeff had full knowledge, failed exclusively through want of firmness on the part of the person who was to be the actual perpetrator. Twice he had the Tsar entirely at his mercy, and twice his courage failed.\*

Perhaps in time history will throw a searching light upon the part played by Ratchkovsky in these latest attempts upon the life of the Tsar. I personally believe that Ratchkovsky was fully informed about them by Azeff, as he was of the contemplated murder of Plehve. Ratchkovsky had been for the last two years practically the head of the Secret Police in charge of the Tsar's personal safety. Though, officially, he was only one of Stolypin's secretaries, he really occupies an entirely independent position, being responsible only to the Tsar, and having the right to try personally any political case he chose. Without Ratchkovsky the assassination of the Tsar could only have been unprofitable to Azeff, as Ratchkovsky, his patron, would have blamed him for allowing the Party to accomplish it. And only Ratchkovsky could have informed Azeff that there was a party at Court that would not be displeased by such an event.

During the sittings in Paris of the secret tribunal which tried Azeff, the details of one of the attempts were revealed by a member of the Fighting Organization: the names of the conspirators were given, the plot was recounted, and the causes that prevented the success of the attempt examined. He made it perfectly clear that Azeff was the organizer of the plot, and that he did not denounce the conspirators.

The relations between the Empress Dowager, Maria Feodrovna, and the reigning Empress, Alexandra Feodrovna, are very unpleasant, as are those between Nicholas II and his younger brother Michael. Nicholas was once the pet of his mother, the Dowager Empress, and her influence over him was supreme. But since his marriage she has gradually become estranged from him through the jealousy of the young Empress, who could not stand constant interference in her domestic affairs, and her mother-in-law's power over her husband. The incessant friction between the two royal ladies at last developed into an open quarrel. When the younger Empress at last had the good fortune to give birth to an heir, she definitely insisted upon the complete emancipation of Nicholas II and the royal nursery from the tutelage of the Dowager Empress. When, after that, Maria Feodrovna visited the St. Petersburg "College for the Daughters of Noblemen," which is under her patronage, she did not hesitate, in the presence of the girls, bitterly to lament the fact that her daughter-in-law had forbidden her to play with her grandchildren.

Thus Maria Feodrovna gradually transferred her maternal affections from Nicholas II to her younger son, Michael. Her favour towards Michael and her grudge against Nicholas are perhaps augmented by the exceedingly haughty manner in which Nicholas is wont to treat his brother Michael.

Though Nicholas II is a narrow autocrat at heart, and though he is not conspicuous for special gifts of intellect or appearance, or for personal charm, he is in many ways superior to his brother, who is actually dull-witted and spiteful. The exalted position of Nicholas fills his brother's heart with a jealousy he is not always able to conceal. Michael frequently criticizes the Emperor's policy toward the members of the Court, declaring that, were he in power, he would quickly apply such stringent measures as would stamp out forever all attempts at revolution. This kind of talk agreeably tickles the extreme reactionaries at the Court, who know very well that in case of the death of Nicholas II, the heir presumptive being still an infant, Michael would become the Regent. During his Regency, who knows but what the infant heir presumptive might fall ill and die, from diphtheria or some other children's ailment?

So, there is a party at the Court that would be highly contented

to see Michael in the place of his brother Nicholas. The reigning Empress knows this very well, and constantly trembles for the life of her little son. As a result of this she has developed a veritable mania of persecution. Her fears were first aroused over three years ago, by a sudden seizure of her son, which really seemed to be of a suspicious nature. During the last eighteen months she has suffered from several nervous breakdowns due to her fears for the safety of her son.

Such is the position of affairs at the Court, well known to Ratchkovsky, who throughout his whole career has shown so great an inclination to fish in troubled waters. Who can tell what might have been, had Azeff continued in his dual rôle of terrorist and *agent provocateur*?

Toward the close of 1908 Vladimir Burtzeff, editor of the historical review *Byloe*, and a strong member of the Revolutionary Party, succeeded in gathering together conclusive evidence of Azeff's alliance with the police and his treachery. In September of that year Burtzeff, who was returning from the Rhine, accidentally met Lopukhin in the railway train between Cologne and Berlin. When Burtzeff entered the compartment in which Lopukhin was seated, he immediately began to talk to him about the proofs against Azeff, which were already in his hands. Lopukhin had been Director of Police under Plehve, and Burtzeff was determined to get from him an admission that Azeff had been in the employ of the police during his directorship. This was the final evidence against Azeff that he needed to present before the Central Committee of Revolutionists in Paris. He told M. Lopukhin that Azeff had become head of the Social Revolutionary Party after the arrest of Gershuni, and that in that capacity the choice of both victims and perpetrators of terroristic outrages rested with him. Azeff had organized the murders of the Grand Duke Sergius and M. Plehve, and also an attempt made on the Tsar's life in the summer of 1908.

M. Lopukhin was at first sceptical regarding Burtzeff's statements, but was eventually convinced of their accuracy. Burtzeff asked him whether he knew that Azeff was an agent of the Russian police, saying that he wanted the information for himself, and not for communication to the Revolutionary tribunal. Burtzeff added that if M. Lopukhin gave a false denial he would be morally

responsible for the future victims of terrorism and the hangman. M. Lopukhin thereupon gave Burtzeff an affirmative answer, but on the understanding that his name should not be mentioned. He also urged that Azeff should not be "executed" in consequence of his denunciation. The interview then terminated.

Two months later—that is, November of 1908—Azeff came to see Lopukhin, and begged him to deny that he had said anything about his (Azeff's) connection with the police. M. Lopukhin, in reply, promised that he would not give evidence before any Revolutionary tribunal, but he refused to authorize Azeff to cite his name in his own justification, saying that if he did so, he (M. Lopukhin) would be compelled to speak the truth.

At the end of December a secret tribunal, composed of the three most famous members of the Revolutionary Party, Prince Kropotkin, Herman Lopatin, and Mme, Vera Figner, met in Paris to try Azeff's case.

M. Gerassimoff, Chief of the Secret Police, received a letter from Azeff informing him that he (Azeff) had been finally compromised by M. Lopukhin. He was irrevocably undone, owing to the visits paid by himself and M. Gerassimoff to M. Lopukhin. M. Lopukhin had given the revolutionaries an account of these visits—"our fatal error," Azeff called them. Azeff endeavoured to prove an alibi, and with this object produced his alleged bill at a Berlin hotel. The attempt failed, however, owing to his inability to give an accurate description of the room in which he was supposed to have been staying. There was, therefore, no chance of his acquittal by the Revolutionary tribunal, and, with death facing him, he sought refuge in flight.

After Azeff's disappearance his wife, a faithful revolutionist, still continued to believe in him. So did many of his old friends. It was only after Lopukhin was tried and sentenced for revealing Azeff's connections with the police that they were convinced that their friend and leader was a Government spy, whom the Government had thus avenged.

Lopukhin's trial occurred in May. The indictment against him charged Lopukhin with having furnished valuable information to the revolutionists by betraying Azeff's connection with the Secret Police, and set forth an enumeration of Azeff's services. The Judge appointed to preside at Lopukhin's trial absolutely forbade

either Lopukhin or his counsel to utter a word upon any point save the question, Did Lopukhin answer in the affirmative when asked by some political refugees whether or not Azeff was an *agent provocateur*? Lopukhin was anxious to prove that his only motive for revealing Azeff's rôle was one of pure patriotism, because he feared that the audacious activity of this *agent provocateur* was a menace, not only to all highly placed officials, but also to the life of the Tsar himself. But he was not allowed for an instant to touch upon the subject of *agents provocateurs*, or to hint at their connection with the Government, although these things are realities that threaten the very existence of the Russian Empire.

At the conclusion of his trial Lopukhin was allowed to address the court. He attempted to explain his motives in denouncing Azeff, but was continually interrupted by the court. Accordingly he said merely:

"I see I am not to be allowed to speak, and I therefore say these words in conclusion: It has been said that I co-operated with the revolutionaries. That is a lie. My political opinions are well known. My duty was to rescue the victims of terrorist plots and save hundreds from the gallows. I affirm that even the Tsar's life was in danger, and that His Majesty would eventually have fallen a victim at Azeff's hands. Azeff was an *agent provocateur*. I could not be silent. You may judge and convict me, but I know I acted in the interests of humanity."

After the editor Vladimir Burtzeff had unmasked Azeff, he succeeded in exposing an equally dangerous man in Gekelman, alias Landesen, alias Harting. Harting's career is a typical product of the Secret Police, and its parallel could scarcely be found outside of Russia.

In 1884, Gekelman was an *agent provocateur* in the service of the St. Petersburg police. In 1889, with the consent of Ratchkovsky and the Police Department, he provided the Russian refugees in Paris with bombs, inciting them to an attempt to murder the Tsar, then Alexander III. He then betrayed the whole company of revolutionists whom he had drawn into this plot. They were tried in the French courts, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. Their accuser was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, but he escaped to Russia, where, under a new name, he received many



rewards and decorations from the Russian Government for his valuable services as *agent provocateur* in Paris.

This condemned criminal became a personal friend of Nicholas II, the son of Alexander III, and was charged, in 1896, with the special mission of safeguarding the Tsar during his visit to France. By gradual steps of promotion Gekelman became assistant chief of the Russian political police in Germany. At last he was provided with false documents by the Russian Government and appointed chief of the Russian political police in Paris. At the special request of the Tsar, he received the decoration of the *Legion d'Honneur*. Thus the responsible powers of Russia did not hesitate to place in Paris, as one of the most influential officials, a man actually condemned, twenty years before, to penal servitude in that very city.

He was appointed to safeguard the Tsar during his recent visit to Cherbourg, in France, in 1909, when Burtzeff sent an official letter to the French Minister of Justice, M. Briand (now Premier), formally denouncing him as the condemned convict, Gekelman-Landesen, and submitting proofs of his statement.

Gekelman immediately disappeared, and the Russian Government, unable to refute Burtzeff's revelations, formally promised to expel every member of the Secret Police from France.

The disappearance of both Azeff and Gekelman was shrouded in mystery. They seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. There were theories of suicide or flight to remote parts of Asia. But it seems that the Russian Government is looking after its own. Gekelman's whereabouts was discovered last July by the Russian writer, Komkov. He was then living in a house in the Ital'yanska Ulitza, in St. Petersburg, and whenever he went out was accompanied by a gendarme officer. Komkov succeeded at last in meeting him alone, and managed to get him into conversation. Gekelman believed Komkov, whom he had several times noticed watching his house, to be an agent of the Secret Police charged with his protection, and therefore spoke more or less frankly with him. He admitted that at one time he had called himself Landesén, and was a member of a circle of terrorists. He said that, in spite of his expulsion from France, the Government was pleased with him, and was not going to try him. On the contrary, he had received many expressions of gratitude, and a pension of five thousand rubles a year.

When Komkov asked him whether he knew Azeff, he replied:

"I knew him well for many years, I knew that he had penetrated into the very heart of the Revolutionary Party, and had extensive connections there, and that he was very highly appreciated in St. Petersburg. He was my right hand."

"Is he now in Russia?" asked Komkov.

"Yes, he is in Russia, and in a good post," was the answer.

"What kind of a post?"

"That I cannot disclose," said Harting.

The Azeff-Lopukhin scandals thus came to nothing, and certainly failed to stem the corruption within the Secret Police.

The desire to preserve the old régime, autocratic bureaucracy, oppresses every branch of the Government activity—legislative, judicial, administrative, and military. Even upon the battle-field in Manchuria during the last war, an *Okhrana* was established among the soldiery, with unlimited secret powers, under the direction of a colonel of gendarmes, Vassileff, who was responsible, not to the field marshal or military authorities, but to his chief in St. Petersburg. The evils consequent upon this multiplicity of government are a standing danger even to the lives of the ministers and of the Tsar himself. Lopukhin may have saved the life of the Tsar by causing the fall of Azeff, but the Secret Police remains.

Any Chief of the *Okhrana* is at perfect liberty to inspire any plot he cares to, or provoke any number of political crimes; nobody but himself and his agent need be any the wiser. Every policeman, every gendarme, every political spy or *agent provocateur*, acts according to his own discretion. The civil and political police are filled with persons of opprobrious character ejected from every other path of life. The participation of members of the secret and common police in various murders, robberies, and criminal plots has become of daily occurrence.

Russia, more than ever, is divided into two irreconcilable camps. On one side the nation, intimidated into temporarily sullen silence by the threat of the gallows or prison; on the other side the Court, the bureaucrats, and the greater landowners. And the wise man who will build the bridge between the camps has not, as yet, been born.

*Azeff died April 24, 1918, in Berlin, after two and a half years as a prisoner of war of the Germans had ruined his health.*

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### *Trebitsch-Lincoln* *Adventurer on Three Continents*

**I**GNATIUS Timothy Trebitsch-Lincoln, the international adventurer and spy, may justly lay claim to the doubtful glory of being acknowledged as the greatest political charlatan and humbug of his time, for he managed to take a hand in an extraordinary number of notorious scandals and disturbances in public life. His versatility in the province of political crime and the chameleon-like gift he displayed in changing his coat bordered on the marvellous. He was an actor, or, to speak more accurately, a quick-change artist, with the talent of a professional in the performance of all the parts demanded by his dangerous game, while the scenes of the amazing dramas in which he appeared embraced the continents. We find him not only in Europe, but also in America and Asia, as a journalist, political agent, priest, member of parliament, forger, double-spy, Buddhist monk, and mandarin.

What led him to adopt this many-coloured kaleidoscopic sort of existence? Was he merely cool and calculating, with an irresistible thirst for wealth acquired anyhow and at any cost? Was he impelled by morbid ambition to attain political power, and skilful enough, for a time, to choose the easy path opened to him by unexpected but favourable opportunity? Was he possessed by the love of adventure, the desire for exciting experience, the exhilarating enjoyment of danger? We cannot tell what it was that brought this remarkable Hungarian, for a brief period, into such a prominent position upon the political stage. This only we know, that his meteoric career was run on bluff; that it was as full of sensation as an American film; that it came to a sudden end, after all its brilliance, falling to earth like an exploded rocket.

Lincoln, or, to give him his real name, Trebitsch, was born in

*Behind the Scenes of Espionage* by W. Lüdecke, published by George G. Harrap and Company, Ltd., London.

the Hungarian town of Paks, situated on the Danube. It was not a big place, but its trade was prosperous. There his father, in comfortable circumstances, had a thriving boat-building yard. Ignatius was a younger son, and as he was destined for the profession of rabbi, he received a very careful and thorough education. His chief intellectual interest was the study of foreign tongues.

When he reached the age of twenty years he set off on his travels, and presently arrived in London. Here he took a rather unusual step for a budding rabbi: he joined the Anglican church. After a certain lapse of time he returned home and found his father very naturally indignant at the conduct of his renegade son. Ignatius, therefore, found it advisable not to postpone too long his second departure. In fact he left the house of his parents with all possible speed, and betook himself to Hamburg, where, in 1899, he changed his religious denomination for the second time, on this occasion going over to the Lutheran church. By his brethren of this persuasion he was sent to Canada, as a missionary to the Jews. But, strangely enough, he had not long exercised his new functions when the mission was transferred to the Anglican church, with the result that Trebitsch promptly changed his faith again.

For some years he remained in that position of Anglican missionary, earning a reputation as a sound and able preacher. Then we find him on furlough in Germany. At his own request he was appointed by the authorities of the church in England to the living of Appledore in Kent. However, the worthy villagers in this parish appear not to have taken very kindly to him as a pastor, and the latter, after remaining with them for some fourteen months, decided that his best policy was to leave his flock to their own devices. He went to London, where he discovered a talent for journalism, and contributed for a year or two to several newspapers.

The year 1906 brought with it a decided turn in the affairs of this man. He went in for politics. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, the well-known Quaker who was also a distinguished member of the Liberal Party. The young Hungarian was undoubtedly capable and gifted, and Mr. Rowntree was so much attracted to him that he made him his private secretary. It must be admitted that Trebitsch had a strange way of showing his gratitude, for he rewarded the trust of his patron and friend by

relieving him of the handsome sum of seven hundred pounds: he forged his signature to a bill. His crime was not discovered till years after, but it was paid for.

His efforts to win political laurels were crowned with success, for, in 1910, he made his entry into the House of Commons, as member for Darlington. The House did not take him very seriously, however; he was a stranger, and his foreign pronunciation often excited noisy mirth. He was sent at various times by his Party on tours of investigation, for the purpose of studying economic conditions on the continent of Europe, and was thus brought into touch with eminent politicians and diplomats. But these continual journeys began to excite a certain degree of suspicion. When he lost his seat in Parliament at the last election before the War, he found himself in a financial situation that was anything but favourable.

Then came the War. His civil status, as an alien and really a subject of one of the hostile belligerent powers, made his position decidedly more difficult. However, there were influential people to supply him with credentials, and he applied to the War Office for employment as censor of Hungarian and Rumanian correspondence. And he actually received such an appointment! He was not maintained in it very long, for his colleagues naturally looked askance at him, considering him as an enemy within the gates and suspecting him of double-dealing, although, possibly, he had not yet been guilty of any conduct that would have justified their attitude. In any case, he was obliged to give up his post in the censorship. Once more, then, he found himself in difficulties. In the club which he frequented people began to cold shoulder him, and it seemed evident that expulsion was merely a matter of time.

It was then, so far as we can judge, that the thought entered his head of avenging the insults he had suffered at the hands of Englishmen, by betraying them;\* and he did not delay long in taking the steps necessary to achieve this purpose. Trebitsch became a German spy. He immediately got into communication with the British Intelligence Service, and, again with the aid of influential persons who could not believe the late M.P. capable of any evil design, he succeeded in obtaining an interview with responsible officials of the secret service, to whom he intimated his desire to

\* As Klaus Fuchs did after the Second World War.

assist in the work of counterespionage. But Trebitsch did not present himself empty-handed. He was in the unexpected position of being able to submit to the British naval staff a plan, a really ingenious plan already fully worked out, which, in his opinion, would prove of the utmost value and importance to Britain. This fantastic scheme was, in a few words, as follows: Britain was to send out into the North Sea a small squadron, and he would then inform the German Admiralty of the fact. The Germans would send out a more powerful fleet and annihilate the British ships. But that would have enabled him to gain the confidence of the Germans. After this manoeuvre had been repeated two or three times the great affair was to follow. The British would have a mighty fleet of dreadnoughts in waiting, and thus the whole German navy would be wiped out. That was Trebitsch-Lincoln's plan—far-fetched and stupid at one and the same time.

But somehow the British did not show any great appreciation of the naval strategy evolved by this zealous ex-M.P., for they saw through the sly proposals of the crafty Hungarian. They understood what he was after. Had such a project been realised, he would have acquired very reliable information concerning the station and distribution of the British naval forces, and would then have passed it on to the Germans. After ten days of futile expectation, he was told very drily that his suggestions could not be accepted, as the authorities had no intention of letting him know anything of the whereabouts of British ships.

Trebitsch was never at a loss, however, and he had another proposal to lay before them. He offered to go to Rotterdam. He would pretend to place himself at the disposal of the German espionage service, and so be in the best possible position to serve the interests of Britain, by procuring information at first hand. The British authorities affected to approve of this scheme. He was given his passport, and in December he went to Rotterdam, where he at once made advances to the German consul-general. What he did not know was that his every step was being most carefully observed by agents of the British counterespionage, who, before long were quite convinced that it could not be Britain that he was working for. The information that he brought back from Holland was examined by Sir Reginald Hall, the chief of the naval intelligence, and proved to be utterly worthless. He was kept hanging

about for a week or two, and was then summoned to appear before the chief, bringing his passport with him. Sir Reginald Hall had no doubt whatever of the fact that he had been playing the dangerous part of double spy, and gave him clearly to understand that the sooner he turned his back upon England, the better it would be for him. He realized that the game was up so far as his stay in England was concerned; and, very much relieved at not finding himself under arrest, Trebitsch did not wait to be told twice. The very next day he sailed for New York on board the steamer *Philadelphia*.

He arrived at New York on the 9th of February, The first thing he did on landing was to present himself to the German secret service, but they refused to have any dealings with him. Apparently they, too, distrusted him. So Trebitsch resumed his journalistic activities and contributed articles to the pro-German American press.

In the meantime his act of forgery had been discovered in England, and the British Government made an application to the American authorities for his extradition. This was granted only after protracted negotiations. On the 4th of August, 1915, Trebitsch was arrested and was at once conveyed to England, where he was tried and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. His time expired during the summer of 1919, and on coming out of prison he was to be deported to Hungary, But it happened that Bela Kun's reign of terror was just then raging in Budapest, so Trebitsch-Lincoln's expulsion was delayed for some weeks. In September of that year he was sent out of England, and found himself once more in the capital of his native land, where, however, the atmosphere proved, after a short stay, rather uncongenial. He therefore quitted Hungary and went to Germany where there were then brighter prospects of fishing in troubled waters.

He made some attempt to approach the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, in the palace of Amerongen in Holland, but had no success in that venture. That did not stand in the way of his being taken up by the reactionary and monarchist circles of Berlin, who had grouped themselves round Kapp. He managed to win the confidence of men like Colonel Bauer and Captain Pabst; and, his journalistic ability once more standing him in good stead, he became the director of the press campaign that was being carried on in preparation

for Kapp's abortive insurrection, in the execution of which he also played a considerable part. After the failure of this rising a warrant was issued for his arrest, but he fled with the other braves to Munich, where their new headquarters were established.

Here Trebitsch succeeded in doing what Major Stephani had failed to do, that was, to induce Pohner, the chief of police, and Kahr, the Bavarian Prime Minister, to join the new project of the conspirators, who were planning to bring about the simultaneous action of Bavaria against Saxony and of Mecklenburg against Berlin. But as money—a great deal of money—was absolutely necessary for this purpose, Trebitsch received from the chief of police in Munich a false passport and went twice to Berlin, to interview Ludendorf or some other member of the initiated, who had control of the funds required. The Berlin detectives were on the lookout for him, and were occasionally close at his heels, although the Bavarian police had expressly warned him to be on his guard against them.

On the occasion of his second visit to Berlin, he happened to come across Captain Pabst, who was still in possession of a large sum of money remaining from the treasury of the original conspiracy in Berlin, and who also knew Ludendorf's secret place of abode—a lonely house in the forest, in the neighbourhood of Rosenhain. The two of them went to call on Ludendorf, where Major Stephani also put in an appearance. It was resolved, for reasons of personal security, to transfer the headquarters to Budapest. The idea was, that the Hungarian and even the Russian monarchists should be persuaded to interest themselves in the movement, and that the revolution should be organized and directed from Budapest and Vienna.

On the 8th of May a monarchist congress was to be held in Berlin. Trebitsch, therefore, betook himself once more to the German capital, but, for some reason or another, he was not very warmly received by the other partisans, who advised him that the police were after him and that he should make himself scarce. He followed their advice and disappeared, at least for the night, finding shelter in Trebbin, a little town near Potsdam, in the house of a governess who had once been employed by him. Next day he was standing on the platform, waiting to get into the train for Berlin, when he was recognized and stopped by an official of



the criminal police. Trebitsch got the latter to allow him to go back, under escort, to his own quarters, in order to pack his things. The attention of his warder being distracted for a moment, the prisoner took advantage of the fact to jump through an open window, and so he made his escape.

But the police did have something to show for their trouble. One valuable piece of booty fell into their hands: a trunk containing the secret correspondence of the conspirators.

Trebitsch remained concealed for a short time in Potsdam, being sheltered by a political sympathizer. Then he made his way by Frankfurt to his friends in Munich. Pohner, the chief of police, gave him a note of introduction to the Hungarian consul-general in Munich, who was so well satisfied with his initiation into the immediate plans of his fellow-countryman that he supplied him with a guardian angel as far as Vienna, in the shape of a consular official. In Vienna his difficulties threatened to become serious, for he noticed that he was being followed by detectives.

However, he found Gratz, the Hungarian ambassador in Vienna, quite willing to have a new passport made out for him, and he arrived without further molestation in Budapest, hoping to obtain congenial employment. Without any loss of time he made the acquaintance of the deputies Gömbös and Eckhardt, and of Colonel von Pronay, the chief press-agent of the Hungarian Government. To them he unfolded a plan that was comparable in value to the one he had proposed to the British Admiralty during the War. A large number of German soldiers, dressed as civilians, were to be smuggled into Hungary, and there to receive their military equipment, after which they were to be sent against Vienna and Czechoslovakia. Colonel Bauer, who had accompanied Trebitsch, had actually received from Ludendorf plenary powers to conclude a preliminary treaty with Hungary. But Colonel von Pronay did not look with approval upon this mad project, which struck him as being risky in the extreme. The whole scheme ended in smoke.

Trebitsch now understood that there was no further opportunity of using his talents in Germany and Austria, so he moved to Italy, trusting that, among the Fascists, there would surely be scope for his activities. And he was not disappointed. There is still a dark veil of mystery surrounding the intrigues in which he be-

came involved as a Fascist, and perhaps this is not incomprehensible, if it be true, as has been alleged, that he had some connection with the murder of Mateotti.

Then, for a fairly long time, nothing more was heard of him, until people concluded that he was dead. But it was not so. He had certainly shaken off from his feet the dust of an ungrateful Europe. The astonished world heard through the reports from an American correspondent in China, that were being published in the New York *World*, of a certain Chilan, said to be the political adviser of Wu Pei Fu, and to have organized the anti-British propaganda in China. At the same time we learned that this Chilan was no other than the notorious Trebitsch-Lincoln, who had found a new outlet for his energies in the turmoil of the Far East. With cynical frankness he had related to the American newspaper man the vicissitudes of his adventurous life, making no effort whatever to conceal his employment as a double spy during the World War. It will hardly astonish anyone who knows his previous history to hear that in China he had once more changed his religion and gone over to Buddhism.

The last news of this incorrigible adventurer, that had interest for the world, was the announcement that he was returning from China to England. His son was under sentence of death for murder, and Trebitsch wished to see him once more before his execution. The British Government was magnanimously willing to put no obstacle in his way. But as a matter of fact the father was too late. During the course of his checkered career he had many a time had vast sums of money placed at his disposal for various purposes of conspiracy and underhand work. To mention only one case, Lieutenant-General Krauss had once opened for him a credit of 230,000 dollars. On this occasion, however, by the time he reached France, his financial resources were so completely exhausted that he was not able to pay the fare that would have brought him over the last short stage of his journey to London. He never saw his son again in life.

*Trebitsch-Lincoln died October 7, 1943 in Shanghai. His friends buried him as Abbot Chao-Kung.*

K.S.

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

### *The Beautiful Spy Who Found High Adventure*

CURIOUS, often dramatic in contrast, are the ways of human nature seeking outlet, self-expression. A spirit like Napolcon's undermines mountains, overflows barriers, and, forcing a channel, sweeps the edifices of an epoch like so much wreckage before a torrent. Another, Louise de Bettignies', like an aimless stream deflected by little hills, meanders this way or that, shallow and powerless. Suddenly, virtually by accident, it meets a mere rift in the earth; and rushing down its predestined channel the stream becomes powerful with rapids and waterfalls, straightens out its course and comes to dominate the land. It, too, has found its high adventure.

For the story of Louise de Bettignies let us go back to August 1, 1914. The dreaded word "War!" is flashing round the world. Electric currents have set in motion the ponderous sensitive machinery of modern armies. The greatest of these, the most modern, the most highly organized are the armies of Imperial Germany; and, at the expected word, several of them—millions of mechanized men, giant artillery, air fleets, engineering corps, and battalions of secret service—sweep treaties and troops aside and, overwhelming Belgium, turn, flanking south, into France.

Before the ruthless tramp of these armies flees the panic-stricken civil population of Belgium and northern France, women and children in the main, pell-mell for the English Channel, and as many of them as can be crowded on board ship cross to England.

Those who land at Folkestone are shepherded into lines to wait while every man, woman, and child is examined by British military officials; first for identification; then for news of the enemy.

It is not with much hope that the officers question the refugees

\* *Spies*, by Joseph Gollomb. Copyright by The Macmillan Company.

for military information. Panic-stricken civilians in flight do not make good observers of what is in back of them. The questioning at Folkestone, therefore, is hasty and perfunctory, especially as the pressure of new arrivals increases hourly.

Suddenly something holds up the line and the refugees wonder why; necks are craned, questions fly. But no information is forthcoming.

What has happened is that the examining officers have struck, not a snag, but a mine of riches in a young Frenchwoman whose turn has come to answer questions. She is petite and pretty; rich chestnut hair, shining, dominating brown eyes, an oval face, fair and delicate skin, full mobile lips, and a flashing smile. She is slightly built, but fine stock and an interest in athletics have given her body strength and grace.

The officer in charge seeing a Frenchwoman began his perfunctory questioning in French.

"Can you tell us anything about the Army of Occupation?"

She began in French, then in her eagerness to help him continued in English as flawless as his own. But what arrested him from the first was the quality and quantity of what she had to say. A trained military observer could not have absorbed information more shrewdly than she did in flight. All a reporter's gifts were there—eyes, ears, intuition, judgment, knowledge, memory, the ability to pack much in a brief report.

Other officers crowded to listen. "Why, one would have to understand German perfectly to have gathered all this!" one of them exclaimed.

"I know German," she said.

"Who are you?"

She is Louise de Bettignies; born in northern France; her home is in Lille, now in the hands of the Germans; and she wants to get to St. Omer in France to join her mother. She is rich in ancestry and education, but poor in pocket. For fifteen years up to the outbreak of war she had been governess to rich and titled French and German families; once she refused service with the family of the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary. Because she was an aristocrat herself her employers treated her as an equal; they took her on luxury trips all over Europe; she was invited to take a hand at bridge with princely guests. She is out of employment now.

The officers consult in whispers. She is told she is free to join her mother; but the British secret service would appreciate it if she consented to stay over a day or two for a consultation. She agrees; and the line of refugees moves forward again.

That evening she learns what the chiefs of the British secret service want her to do. It is to go back to Lille. There on the inside of the German occupation she is not only to act as a spy herself, but also to organize a network of espionage for the whole region about Lille. She is to institute a daily delivery of military information that should find its way somehow to Field-Marshal French in St. Omer, where her mother is, and to military intelligence chiefs at Folkestone. Is she willing to do all this? they ask.

As she realizes what they are asking the colour goes out of her face. She knows how thoroughly a German army polices an occupied area; how highly organized is its service of counter-espionage; and, of course, she knows what will happen to her if the Germans catch her as a spy.

Then gradually the colour in her face returns. After the first shock of the proposal her mind goes on to consider how she would execute the assignment. And as she ponders a glow deepens in her cheeks, her eyes, her whole being seems irradiated. It is as though for the first time something that had long been pent up in her were about to find expression.

She inherited the high courage of her Crusader ancestors; but a sheltered existence had not called upon her to exercise it. She is blessed with buoyant health, but has never had to tax it. She has a mind and character that could "forge the anchors and spin the gossamers" of thought and action; but what scope was there for them in the job of governess? Her spirit found delight in a dress, but dreamed of rapture whether with love for a man or in martyrdom for a cause. She has not met her man. But here is the call of Cause!

"I'll do it!"

In St. Omer her mother caught her in her arms thanking God for a child rescued from the Germans. Then Louise had to tell her she was going back to Lille; and why. The poor woman almost swooned. But there was nothing she could do about it.

Louise then went to her confessor, Father Boulange, for advice. As a spy and the head of an organization of spies, the lives of

others as well as her own would depend on what she did or did not do in this or that emergency. She would perhaps be called upon to lie, cheat, steal; if necessary to debase herself; perhaps—who could tell?—to kill. How far would the end justify the means, she asked the priest.

What he told her we shall never know. But next day she reported to the Chief of the British Army in France. He schooled her in the kind of information he wanted out of the Lille area. Then handing over to her a large sum of money to be used at her discretion he bade her Godspeed.

Back to Folkstone she crossed, and again crossed the English Channel to Vlissingen in Holland. From there she went to Philippine, a village on the boundary line between Holland and Belgium.

For four years that boundary line was perhaps the most amazing scene in this often insane world of ours. Here was a fence, extending the whole length of the Dutch-Belgian frontier. On one side of the fence was war, the most devastating war in the world's history. On the Belgian side of the fence a man trying to escape through it could be shot down like game in open season. But if he managed to dive through that fence he was in the land of peace and plenty and entitled to sanctuary even from the hunter whose hand could reach from the other side and hold him.

The Germans, of course, saw to it that this fence was kept efficient. It was of steel, barbed, high and so charged with electric current that there was little to choose between touching it and being shot dead.

Then at regular intervals powerful searchlights were set up which at night were more cruel to a fugitive than daylight.

Further, to discourage prowling on the Belgian side of the fence there were wires concealed in brush and undergrowth, in fields and in the woods. So cunningly hidden were the loops that they escaped notice even by daylight. But the poor devil whose foot caught in one of them was blown to bits by the mine he set off.

It is at night on the Dutch side of this zone that we see Louise waiting to make her first crossing into Belgium. She is wearing a black hat and a black cloak; and waiting for a guide. The British secret service chief has told her of one.

"His name is Alphonse Verstapen and he is a Belgian. He is a

huge ruffianly looking chap and by profession a smuggler. But the German invasion seems to have brought about a sort of sea-change in him. He is keen to do his bit now and he certainly knows the Dutch-Belgian border. I think we can trust his patriotism. But I don't know how far one can trust him alone with a pretty woman. So if you feel the least hesitation, we'll arrange for another guide."

It is this man who now, like a shadow, approaches Louise as she stands by the steel fence. He mutters a word of identification and Louise whispers the required password. The big fellow bends down to peer at her and she almost flinches before the towering presence and the reek of tobacco and brandy mingled. For some moments he scrutinizes her; then takes her hand. Without a word he leads her into a strip of dense wood. Whatever may be her thoughts, there is no tremor in the small hand the giant holds.

Before a high steel barbed fence they stop and the giant kneels on the ground. With his hands he digs at the loam. Although he moves cautiously he makes such rapid progress that obviously the hole in the ground he uncovers had been previously prepared. He crawls into it and on hands and knees Louise follows. When they stand up again the steel fence is just at their backs.

Alphonse almost literally feels his way forward in the dark. And literally he has to know every inch of the ground to avoid the creeping vines of concealed wires. Louise steps on his very shadow.

Suddenly the night is slashed by the beam of a searchlight. Alphonse drops to the ground, so does Louise. They must show no shadow or spot of colour; so they lie face down and motionless while the icy white light glides through the dark like some rigid tentacle. They know that alongside of each questioning searchlight stands a sharpshooter.

Along that border shots in the night sound frequently and many a morning reveals what the riflemen have brought down. The terror inspired by that border was illustrated pitifully by what happened to a Belgian woman who set out one night with her year-old infant in her arms. Life in the occupied area had become so difficult that she thought she would try to escape into Holland. Only two miles lay between her and safety.

Several times the searchlights caught her, but as she at once dropped to the ground she escaped being seen by the men who stood behind the powerful arcs, fingers on triggers. Then dimly

ahead of her she made out two other fugitives stealing across a field. She knew who they were, neighbours.

Suddenly under the two came a blinding flash and the roar of an explosion. The woman did not see what happened to the couple nor did she stop to look. She knew only too well. With her infant clutched fiercely to her breast she fled back to her home. When she got there she found that in her terror she had crushed the breath out of her child.

The shafts of light playing over Alphonse and Louise are joined by others. Are they discovered? But no shots ring out and after what must have seemed to the two endless waiting the searchlights move elsewhere.

Alphonse and Louise get to their feet and again move forward through the night.

When morning comes the steel fence, the land mines and the searchlights are miles behind them. But now almost at every cross-road they are challenged by German sentries. Passports, permission to travel, the purpose of their errand, and other information is demanded of them at each challenge. The sentries range in character from elderly veterans of former wars to keen-faced members of the Imperial counter-espionage service.

But the British have provided Louise and Alphonse with a wealth of skillfully concocted papers of identification. "Special Intelligence" in London had a passport factory as well equipped as the one at 70 Königgrätzer Strasse, Berlin.

In a private dwelling in Rue d'Isly in Lille, Clothilde, a domestic, the only occupant at the time, heard in the middle of the night the doorbell ring. Accustomed as she was to visits by German patrols, she was nevertheless too frightened at first to open the door. Then she heard a ripple of laughter and a familiar voice.

*"Clothilde, ouvre, c'est moi!"*

*"Mon Dieu, c'est Mademoiselle Louise!"*

Clothilde admitted her mistress and a huge bearded stranger.

Alphonse hugely enjoyed the warm meal and the wine Clothilde managed to provide. But he declined Louise's invitation to stop and rest.

"I must be back at Mouscron by morning," he said.

Then he looked curiously at the travel-grimed young woman who was urging him to take his rest there. A queer expression



came into his bold bearded face as his eyes took in her lithe petite figure, her fair skin, and warm colour.

"And you were not once afraid the whole trip!" he said, puzzled and admiring.

"Oh, more than once!" she laughed. "They are terrible, these Boches! But I knew you would get me safely home!"

He went to the door and opened it. "I wasn't meaning the Boches!" he said, and left.

For an hour Louise luxuriated in a warm bath. Then, although she must have been nearly dead with fatigue, nothing would do her but to try on one pretty dress after another that she took out of her wardrobe. She was saying hello again to dear friends she had had to desert in haste when the Germans came.

Although she had not slept the night before, she told Clothilde to wake her early in the morning. Had the servant known why she would not have had the heart to obey.

Louise entered on her new duties the moment her eyes opened. For an hour she questioned Clothilde. Then she put on a suit of dark shabbily genteel material and a little brown felt toque. This was to be her working garb.

She had brought with her a rather large well-worn handbag of imitation leather. It was to figure largely in her adventures thereafter. Just then it contained among other things papers identifying her as "Alice Dubois," maker and seller of laces. And it was by this "war name" that she became known, and later famous.

After breakfast Alice went out for a survey. The face of the city was pockmarked with the minimum of fighting it cost the Germans to capture it. From afar on the breeze there came occasionally the rumble of artillery; but as the German advance swept on, Lille heard only the growl and snarling of a "dog fight" in the air when some bold Allied aviator ventured a visit.

Everywhere the measured tread of the iron heel of occupation. Sentries and patrols, patrols and sentries. And to her more dangerous still, because invisible, was the sensitive complicated network of counter-espionage she knew the Germans had laid throughout the occupied area, much more cunningly devised than the tangle of wires over the land mines at the Dutch border.

She would have to beware of some of her very neighbours, weak or crushed spirits enlisted by the conquerors. She would have to

beware of those who employed them, graduates of the best spy school in the world, men and women of high technique in spying and uncovering spies.

And the thought of all these complex dangers set Alice's heart pounding; not with fear, but with the excitement a chess master must feel when a game takes on a complicated beauty; an excitement that only keys up the mind to keener pitch.

Alice went about Lille and the surrounding country "selling lace." In reality, of course, she was weaving her own intricate design. In a little shop she met a short energetic young woman no taller than herself. Marie-Léonie Vanhoutte was of peasant stock turned to keeping shop, and between her and Alice all the deep-lying traits of the French were embraced.

They took to each other on sight. Without hesitation Alice asked Marie-Léonie to become her lieutenant, and the response was eager. Thereafter Marie-Léonie became "Charlotte," itinerant pedlar of cheeses.

In the town of Mouscron lived a chemist and his wife, the De Geyters. Louise enlisted them too in her service, and their home became one of her many stopping places. In M. de Geyter's laboratory strange equipment appeared; cameras of various kinds and magnifying glasses; chemicals that became invisible inks; steel dies with blank surfaces to be engraved upon; a hand-press parts could in a minute be assembled or scattered among various hiding places; materials for the repair of wireless outfits. The possession of any one of these things, if discovered by the Germans would send the owner far along the road to trouble.

A manufacturer, Louis Sion, and his son, Etienne, gave services and, until the Germans requisitioned them, their automobiles to Alice. In the town of Santes a map-maker, Paul Bernard, and his fine-pointed calligraphic pen were enlisted. In time, with the aid of magnifying glasses and a shorthand system, M. Bernard was able to crowd a 3,000-word report for Alice by means of his calligraphic pen in invisible ink on a bit of transparent paper which she could paste on one of the lenses of a pair of spectacles.

In Trelinghien Monsieur and Madame Destombes-Lutin; at Helemmes, Monsieur Milon; in Tourcoing, Monsieur Lenfant, the former superintendent of police; at her estate in Mouveaux, Madame Paul Provost-Masurel; in a dozen, then a score, and

PLATE V



EMMA EDMONDS, FAMOUS WOMAN SPY OF THE CIVIL WAR  
The right-hand picture shows Emma Edmonds, disguised as a negro worker, in the Confederate

PLATE VI



BENEDICT ARNOLD  
American General and Traitor

with time still more places men and women in every walk of life placed their services, all their means, and their very lives at Alice's disposal.

And of these burghers and servants, shopkeepers and aristocrats, peasants and townspeople, artisans and labourers, of their possessions and their varied mentalities and spirits Alice wove that network of hers which must be finely co-ordinated, and yet be so detached, one part from the others, that should catastrophe overtake any one of her people or herself, the rest would not be betrayed and could go on functioning.

One thing she took special care to impress upon her people: "If tomorrow I or any one of you should be found out by the Germans and brought before any of our comrades for identification, your memory must stop working. The unfortunate one, no matter who, is a stranger to you and must be left to his fate or hers. Pity, friendship, at such a time would only sign the death warrant for yourselves and others whose lives depend upon us. Remember!"

They remembered; it was only Alice who for a terrible moment would forget.

Then her organization began to function. For instance, there had been a major battle and it was important for the Allies to know how many men the Germans had lost. The trains of wounded would pass through Lille. The windows of a house that overlooked the railroad tracks were curtained by day and dark at night. They had to be, otherwise a German patrol would pay the house a visit or perhaps only send a bullet or two through the window that showed a face or a light.

But there was a small hole in one of the window blinds through which an eye could see the railroad track. When the long trains of wounded passed, with each car there sounded in the room the slight tap of a foot. It was barely loud enough to reach the next room where a school child sat apparently doing arithmetic. But at the sound of each tap from the window down went a little pencil stroke on paper. One-two-three-four—and a stroke across the four for the fifth tap.

When the last of these trains had passed the arithmetic lesson was over. So many hundred times five were cast up. The total number was multiplied by another, the average number of

wounded men the Germans crowded into a car. The gross total came to the number of wounded the Germans had sustained in that major battle.

A match reduced the arithmetic lesson to paper ash. And the student left the house murmuring a large number to herself over and over like some sort of inaudible prayer. The schoolgirl passed the number to someone she met in the street and on the instant proceeded to forget it. Finally the murmur reached the ears of Alice, who in turn told it to M. Bernard. He with his fine calligraphic pen put the number down in minute figures in the current report Alice was preparing.

Then she set out herself to deliver the report to her superior, Major Edward Cameron, across the Channel at Folkestone. This meant that Alice would have to make her way through occupied Belgium, through cordon after cordon of inspection; and through the zone of horror at the border with all the wealth of possibilities that lay in such a journey. She made such journeys back and forth sometimes as often as once a week. She could pardonably have assigned this perilous commuting to some subordinate. But she did not. And those many journeys make a sort of little modern Odyssey of adventures in peril and escape.

Sometimes she travelled alone, more often with some one of her lieutenants. The easier part of their plotting was to furnish satisfactory accounts of themselves as demanded by the scores of sentries and examining officers who held them up. For Alice had set up a passport factory of her own in the laboratory of M. de Geyter; and good-looking "cards of identity," "visas," "permissions to travel," "acknowledgments of registration," "passports," and "certificates" were always available to Alice and her confederates.

The real hazards began when questions were followed by Teutonically thorough search of the clothing and the person. Then it was that to be found in possession of one of Alice's reports meant sure death. It was only toward the end that M. Bernard's fine pen performed such miracles of minuteness as when a 3,000-word report could be carried unobserved on a spectacle lens. Before such efficiency was reached a report took up a certain amount of space. And the delicate problem was how to dispose of it, about one's person beyond the ingenuity of the Germans

to find it. For it must be always remembered that the Germans were no amateurs themselves at spies' tricks.

Alice had the joy one day of watching a German official stamp the Imperial eagle on the photograph that went with her new "*carte d'identite*." The photograph had a nice glossy surface. And the gloss was due to a film of translucent paper that had been pasted over it, on which with invisible ink M. Bernard had penned one of Alice's most ample reports.

But that, too, was in the later, more expert phase of her activity. Prior to that she and her lieutenants had more trouble hiding the sheets of Japanese rice paper on which so much depended. But also for Alice there had been more sport in the game. One night, for instance, she was swinging along the road, in her hand a lantern containing a burning candle. Just before she got to the house where she had to deliver her report a patrol surrounded her. She knew she would be taken to the guardhouse where she would be expertly searched by a woman who was formerly a German police matron. For her squat figure she had been nick-named "*La Grenouille* " The Frog, by those who had reason to hate and fear her.

But all that Alice seemed to find in the situation was the waste of her candle. Thriftily she blew it out; then cheerfully submitted to the search. The Frog undressed her to the skin; but finding nothing incriminating on her, surlily permitted her to go.

She should have looked, however, inside the candle.

On another occasion, also at night, when another patrol stopped Alice, unobserved she threw a ball of black knitting wool into the bushes. But she held onto one end of it until she knew the ball had fallen some distance away. This end she left to rest on a bush she located. Then after she had been thoroughly searched she went back to her bush, found the end of her strand and hauled her report in.

One morning in a hotel she got a bad fright. The night before she had put her shoes outside of the door to be shined. When she looked for them in the morning they were gone. It was not the loss of her shoes, of course, that scared her so badly as what would happen to her if the slips of paper she had hidden in the heels were found.

As a matter of fact the German police of the town had taken

her shoes. They were minutely examining every transient and wanted no departures from the town until they had had a chance to examine everyone. Taking a guest's shoes was one way of insuring this. And after they got around to Alice they gave her back her shoes neatly shined, questioned her, then let her go.

Other hiding places used for reports were corsets and skirt hems; in neckties and in shoelaces; the handles of umbrellas, of bags, and briefcases; false bottoms of market bags and boxes of cake or fruit. One day she and Charlotte, her lieutenant, were gathered in by a patrol. The two girls were apparently bound for an innocent picnic for they were already munching some of the contents of their basket.

They were again taken to be searched by The Frog. Charlotte seemed carefree, even kindly disposed toward all humanity including The Frog, for she offered the latter a bite of her bar of chocolate. The Frog contemptuously spurned the bribe to her good nature. She searched Charlotte only the more thoroughly; but found nothing forbidden on her, because she had spurned the chocolate.

But Alice for once seemed greatly agitated. For when her turn came to be searched eagerly she thrust her handbag at The Frog, but clung fearfully to a length of sausage of which she had taken a bite.

It was not for nothing that The Frog was dreaded. She could read women "without error," as she herself described it, and saw through their tricks as if they were children. Since Alice was eager to have her bag searched and alarmed about her sausage, it was the sausage that interested The Frog. With a sharp knife she cut it open carefully, then still more finely sliced it.

She was so disgusted at finding nothing inside that she gave up the search and thrust the two girls out of the guardhouse. When they were on the highway again Alice gave vent to that chuckle of hers and Charlotte, with her bar of chocolate back in the basket, joined her chief in glee.

Then with sheer exuberance they kissed the handbag The Frog had neglected and safely delivered the reports boldly hidden therein.

"Really," Alice laughed, "they are too stupid for words!"

It was exuberance and not tempered judgment that uttered



these words. For before they were through with the Germans Alice and her confederates were destined to pass many a dark hour because the Germans were anything but stupid. Indeed many of the hardships Alice and Charlotte accepted as part of the day's routine should have kept Alice from the remark.

So thoroughly, for instance, was the Dutch border patrolled that at one point there was no way for the girls to pass except on a dark night over a deep canal. For these crossings Alice used a specially designed costume of knickers, a waist, and a skirt all of material dark in colour but light in weight; for she was an excellent swimmer. But Charlotte could not swim; and for a raft had to depend on a large kneading trough furnished her by a friendly baker. The finicky craft with its passenger Alice had to push as she swam. More than once in the storm season blustery winds made it possible that if the girls survived the crossing they would yet be in danger of pneumonia.

Their adventures with the German military police kept their wits at work without respite; for seldom did hazard present itself twice in the same way, and each new surprise had to be met with as quick a counter. Once when they were on board a train it was stopped between stations for a search by German detectives.

The search began at the front end of the train. The two girls were in the rear car. Slipping out from their compartment to the tracks they crept under the cars toward the front of the train, taking the chance that at any moment it might start and kill them. Then at the front end of the train they got out and stole into the first car, until the moving train told them that once more they had been relieved.

At another time near the Dutch border they found a sentry posted at a point where no sentry had been provided for in their plans for crossing. His eyes and attention were a danger to the two girls who had to cross his path without challenge inside of thirty minutes, after which the element of time itself would become one of the perils of the situation.

Alice carried with her one of those little mechanical "crickets" with which lecturers signal to those manipulating a stereopticon. The sentry paid no attention to what sounded like a cricket in some shrubbery.

But from a short distance up the road two rowdy-looking

youngsters, boys, strolled toward the sentry quarrelling as they came. Their quarrel came to exploding point as they reached him and with yells and passion they fell to pommelling each other. The sentry ordered them to stop, but the youngsters seemed to have caught the contagious insanity of their elders and kept up a fury of fighting until they rolled between the sentry's legs.

With an oath he leaned his gun against a tree, and with some effort tore them apart. They did not stay apart, however, and the moment he let them go were at it again. Then the sentry concentrated on administering to each boy a spanking such as they would never forget so long as they lived. They never did forget it. But it was with pride that the boys told of it as their contribution in helping Alice and Charlotte cross the danger point.

It tells much of Alice's versatility and of the patriotism of those who helped her that even children played a part in her service. At a certain inn in Ghent, for example, where Alice often stopped while carrying reports, searches by the military were nightly occurrences. Precisely because of that danger Alice chose the inn for her purpose. The frequency of their visits made the police more perfunctory in their examination of the rooms.

At the first alarm of their coming Alice slipped out of her bed, threw her dark cloak over her and climbed out of the window onto the roof of a shed and escaped. But her disarranged bed remained and her absence might have told the police something.

But the landlady of the inn had her two children expressly sleep in one bed in the room next to Alice's. The moment Alice was out of the window one of the children stole out of their bed and when the police came to Alice's room her bed had an occupant.

Bolder with each success grew Alice, until her spirits, which went on a lark at the slightest provocation, took impish delight in teasing danger. Once an officer of high rank became curious about her and began to ask pointed questions. As usual there was every reason in the world why Alice should not arouse German animosity.

But she felt insolent and to the officer's astonishment he found himself submerged by a torrent of fury poured out in purest German, the vocabulary of a young lady of imperious temper. Only a genuine German aristocrat, his nerves argued, would dare so to abuse an officer of his rank and do it with such perfect Meck-

lenberg accent. It had the effect on him of a flag or a superior's uniform. For some moments he tried to glare down the fury in the girl's eyes. Then he touched his cap and apologized to Alice.

The incident went to her head, steady though it ordinarily was. One day she was trying to get out of an area specially guarded because it was the headquarters of Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, commander of the German armies for that sector.

She was carrying with her a sheaf of reports to deliver to Major Cameron and she had them in her handbag. Every time she opened it to show the various sentries her "permission to travel" the reports showed too. She had reached a state of mind in which only the finest line divided keenest wisdom from utter folly.

A sentry looked at her "permission to travel."

"No good here," he said. "You need a special permission to travel through this zone."

She tried indignation; but he knew his orders and was too stolid to be tricked. She dropped a little purse in which sounded the clink of gold. But he was too substantial to be bribed. She tried wheedling; but stopped it when he began to show signs of interest in her persistence. In despair she was about to turn back when from a mansion near the sentry a personage of highest rank came out attended by several other officers.

She recognized him. It was Prince Rupprecht.

There flashed into her mind a day in Baden-Baden several years before. The German family with whom she was then governess had told her of a session at bridge they had had with Prince Rupprecht in which he had lost a considerable sum. Without hesitation she now crossed the road and halted the Prince.

"Your Highness, don't you remember me?" she demanded, smiling. "I beat you at bridge at the house of Contessa Orlando in Baden-Baden several years ago."

He did not recognize her. But he remembered Baden-Baden, the Contessa, and his remarkably poor luck at bridge. Men of a certain age become sensitive about the keenness of their memory. He saluted genially.

"To have won from me at bridge that season was no distinction," he smiled. "But you I remember."

She shook her head at him. "I'm afraid Your Highness is being more gallant than truthful. So I shan't hold you to it."

He laughed and with a bit of raillery passed on.

But the dialogue had its effect on the sentry. And Alice delivered that night to Major Cameron a detailed report of the number and positions of Prince Rupprecht's batteries in an important zone.

By this time her information service was growing so important to the Allies that more diversified means for forwarding it had to be provided. One day Alice came back from her chief's with a paper box full of deflated little rubber balloons.

She made no effort to conceal them. A sentry wanted to know their use. "Toys for the kiddies," she told him. "Of course if you're afraid I mean to use them to escape in you can have them."

As usual her insolence had its way and the sentry, a sentimental veteran with children of his own, let her keep them.

But the next strong breeze blowing east carried a flock of little gas-filled toy balloons to which were tied bits of message. These were looked for on the Allied front and shot down.

At another time an airplane at night landed in a field near Mouscron; and after dumping off several wicker crates, flew off again before the German pursuit planes got to it.

And for a fortnight thereafter Alice had a flock of champion carrier pigeons for messengers to St. Omer.

Finally she felt assured enough to demand a wireless outfit from her chiefs. They hesitated and argued the peril of it for her and her workers. The Germans were superb technicians at locating a hidden wireless.

But she felt she knew her ground and fought her chiefs on the issue. Reluctantly they acquiesced; and the day she received the last part of the portable wireless outfit she was as gleeful as if it were a dress from Paris she had just got.

Meanwhile, however, the German counter-espionage service had not been idle. It is not generally known that two hundred and twenty-six men and women in Belgium and France had been caught, tried, and shot by the Germans for spying. Many others were imprisoned.

For some time the local secret service under Major Rotselaer were aware of an active leak of information in the district. But try as they would they had been unable to locate it. Orders were given for greater severity of scrutiny on the part of sentries and

examining officials. Patrols were increased. Several specialists were imported from other areas. Alice knew this but it seemed to make no difference in the gaiety of her spirits.

The more timorous of Alice's many lieutenants began to worry about her recklessness. From worry about that they went on to doubt the value of all this risk of their lives too. For it must be realized that all they saw of the progress of the war was from within the enemy's camp. The enemy saw to it that news of its victories was magnified for the psychological effect on the population; and at that time they could also afford to tell the truth.

Finally one of Alice's lieutenants voiced the feelings of many.

"You expose yourself too much," he protested. "And thereby us. I don't know what good all our work does anyway. We know you send information out. But whether our people pay the least attention to it—." He shrugged his shoulders.

Alice was too good a general to undervalue the effect of weakening morale. She knew that this was a "key" man, that on his mood depended the mood of others. He must not be left to doubt.

"Propose a test that will show how our information service is regarded," she challenged.

He pondered. "All right," he said finally. "You know the Boches are accumulating ammunition near the railroad station at Tourcoing. If your superiors think enough of our service let them send us proof. Let them send an airplane to blow up that ammunition dump."

"Name the day and hour!"

"Thursday between midnight and one in the morning."

Alice made the trip across the occupied area herself the next day. She came back to Tourcoing Wednesday. At midnight the wavering and the doubters were gathered in Alice's headquarters there.

The house was in darkness and the gathering sat in silence. Edith Cavell, the English nurse who helped wounded Belgians and French to escape, had been arrested and was certain to be shot. Others, neighbours, had been caught and shot. And though none of them belonged to Alice's particular unit, the effect on her people was depressing.

Midnight came. The silence in the room deepened. "Between midnight and one in the morning" would come the test. The

minutes crawled by; the quarter hours went. Matchlight showed ten minutes to one. It was the "key" man who had lit the match and whose expression the others caught. Alice bit her lip.

One o'clock came—and went. Silently the group rose and without a word they left.

But before they got to their homes they stopped to listen. The drone of a plane came faintly from great heights. Nearer it came. Well, the Germans used planes at night too. The next sound, however, was anti-aircraft artillery.

Alice ran to her window.

Several heavier reports followed, bombs. Then the earth was rocked by a ponderous explosion and the night was gashed by spurts of flame. The ammunition dump at Tourcoing had gone up.

Back to Alice came the doubting ones and their tears as they kissed her were as expressive as hers.

The success of the test encouraged Alice to make a map. On it she marked off her bailiwick in squares. M. Bernard with his needle-pointed pen subdivided each square into such minute areas that single houses made outstanding landmarks in each subdivision. On this map was charted every ammunition dump in the region of Lille.

It is history now that every one of these masses of ammunition went the way of the first one.

And for reward Alice's chiefs gave her—more work. She was ordered to extend her organization over an additional district.

How she and Charlotte took this is shown by a little incident one night when they were tramping along a road in their new territory. They were discussing details of their new organization, each fired by the other, spark striking spark. Their walk turned to skipping, until at one point they did a little dance-around in the road.

"One lives!" Alice cried with a ring to her voice.

For she had found her high adventure. In a world of men at war, pitted against the most expert makers of war, she, only a governess, had to be counted with as surely as though she were a brigade of troops armed with artillery and cunning!

Then one day when Alice was in Holland Charlotte received in her mail a postcard and a letter. The postcard was from Alice and in disguised terms told Charlotte that all was well with her.

The letter was in an unknown hand.

"Come as soon as you get this to the *Lion Belge*," it read. "It concerns Alice."

Poor Charlotte turned pale. What told her of danger was that from the postcard she knew Alice was safe. Then the letter, if it hinted that Alice was in danger, must really be a trap.

To disregard the letter might be as dangerous as to heed it. She went to the *Lion Belge*.

A tall, dark, clean-shaven man with sparkling black eyes approached her and murmured:

"If you will walk up the road with me, I have news for you from Alice."

She turned her look squarely on him and in a voice that could be overheard by others asked:

"Who is Alice? I don't know what you're talking about!"

For an hour the two kept on fencing. But against the man's shrewdest thrusts Charlotte's parry was always the same, "I don't know what you're talking about!"

Finally, when Charlotte could no longer learn anything more from the man, she abruptly left him and went home.

She was still awake at three in the morning when two men burst into her room with drawn revolvers. One of them was the man who had offered "news of Alice."

"You are under arrest!"

She heard men all over her house, searching. But as the visit was not unexpected, all they got out of it was Charlotte.

She was taken to the prison of Saint Gilles at Roubaix. The cell in which she was locked up was of stone and spotlessly clean. It was about eight feet by twelve. For exercise she used to pace its length, her hands behind her, until her movements became as those of a squirrel in a cage.

Meanwhile Alice came back and at once heard from her people what had happened. It meant that she was being tracked too, although the fact that she had not been arrested immediately on re-entering Belgium gave her time to breathe. She could still escape if she wished. She knew that her freedom meant not a trap but as yet ignorance on the part of the Germans as to her whereabouts.

Her first step was to reorganize her unit so that if she too should be arrested it would go on functioning.

Then she drew up a report that had been urgently asked for by her chiefs. M. Bernard wrote the complicated figures down on a minute slip of Japanese rice paper. Alice memorized it. Then she made a ring of the bit of paper and with a hairpin tamped it into the space between her finger and a ring she persisted in wearing, on which the de Bettingnies seal showed.

She had sent word to one of her girls, Marguerite, to meet her on the road between Mouscron and Tournai. Her instructions were that the girl was to secure for herself a "permission to travel."

Marguerite too knew that Charlotte was arrested. The event had struck such fear into her heart that she did not have the courage to apply for the necessary paper. But so great was her confidence in Alice that she met her at the rendezvous and told her of her neglect to provide herself with the "permission to travel."

"But, Alice, the sentry at the barrier is so stupid that I am sure you can trick him and get us through," the girl said.

For the first time one of Alice's workers was destined to discover a side in her chief they had never suspected. Alice turned on her with a cold fury before which the girl cringed. A Prussian martinet would have sounded a mere blusterer compared to the steel with which Alice's words pierced her subordinate's heart. The girl was made to realize what a crime she had committed, the lives she had placed in jeopardy, the least important of them being their own. The punishment driven home, Alice, since she had no choice, had to proceed with the handicap of their extra hazard.

She told the girl to wait for her in a house near the barrier. Then she went forward herself, showed the sentry her "permission to travel"—on which no photograph was as yet required. As she held it out her thumb hid the name.

The sentry glanced perfunctorily at the card, saw the proper colour, and let Alice pass.

She stopped at a house on the other side of the barrier and coached a small boy as to what to do. With Alice's "permission to travel" in his shoe the boy went on an errand that took him, duly passed by the sentry, to Marguerite. Now provided with a card herself Marguerite was enabled to join Alice on the other side of the barrier.

The two were walking along, each occupied with her own



thoughts, when two burly men in civilian garb stopped them.

"Your papers!"

Marguerite turned pale. But Alice summoned anger.

"We just showed our papers at the barrier! And who are you to ask them again?"

One of the men took out of his pocket a badge and showed it. "German authority!" he said.

Alice had let Marguerite keep the paper lest just such a contretemps occur. She now pretended to search for her papers of identification, exclaiming she must have lost them.

"Come along, both!" was the reply.

An automobile was requisitioned and the two women were taken away. The curtains in the closed car were pulled down by the men to prevent possible accomplices from learning of the arrest.

On the sidewalk ahead of them Alice saw M. and Mme. de Geyter. She was doing some rapid thinking.

"If you don't believe me," she said to one of her captors, "ask M. and Mme. de Geyter who I am!"

The machine was stopped in front of the couple and the Germans confronted them with Alice. Before either of the detectives could open his mouth Alice cried out:

"Don't you know Arline, who sews for you, Mme. de Geyter?" she pleaded. She did not dare say anything with her eyes, for one of the detectives was avidly watching her, the other the De Geyters. "Isn't it true, madame, that I am a refugee from Neuve Eglise, and that I have been sewing for you for the last six months?"

It was a terrible moment for the De Geyters as well as for Alice. Which did she want them to do, say yes? Or must they remember the Alice who had so often said, "If tomorrow I or any one of you is found out by the Germans and brought before any of our comrades for identification, your memory must stop working. The unfortunate one, no matter who, is a stranger to you and must be left to his fate or hers!"

Mme. de Geyter looked hard at Alice. Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"No, Mademoiselle, I do not know you!"

"Nevertheless," said one of the detectives, "you two will also come along with us!"

The four prisoners were taken to Saint Gilles, where Charlotte already was.

A searching party was hurried to the De Geyters home. But Alice's organization had many eyes. The arrest of the De Geyters, sudden though it was, had been seen, and by the time the police reached their home much had been accomplished. The De Geyters were eventually released.

Meanwhile Alice was taken to the office of the commandant of the prison, presumably to be questioned. Only one of her captors, however, came with her into the room. He said:

"I'm going to leave you alone for a few minutes. I advise you not to try to escape."

He then left the room and turned the key in the lock. She was apparently alone. But she knew that at any moment the man would return with her old enemy, The Frog, who would search her from the top of her head to the tips of her shoes.

Also Alice took nothing for granted, not even that she was alone or unobserved in the room. Between her finger and her ring was the report that must be destroyed. Working the bit of paper free, she put it into her mouth and began to chew on it.

"Stop it!" her captor shouted, bursting into the room. "You're swallowing something! Let me have it!"

She gulped it down. "It's nervousness, that's all," she said.

He ran out and in a few moments came back with The Frog. The latter searched Alice's person with more than her wonted care. But her manner was unusual, friendly.

"I've met this girl any number of times," she said to the detective, "and I know she is all right."

"Well," grumbled the detective, "apparently we've made a mistake. But she can't go on until Major Rotselaer has questioned her."

The Frog turned to Alice. "Poor child," she said, "you must be frightened to death! I'll bring you something to drink that will quiet your nerves."

She returned with a glass of warm milk.

"Thank you," Alice said. "I don't want it."

She knew as if she had been present that an emetic had been put into the milk to retrieve the report she had swallowed. At her refusal to drink the detective flew into a rage.

"Drink it!" the detective roared. "Or say why you won't!"

Alice took the glass. "Well, if you're angry about it, of course I'll drink it!"

She brought the glass to her lips. But it slipped out of her fingers and only the office floor got the benefit of its contents. The Frog knew that by the time she got a second draught ready it would be too late.

Alice was put into a cell on the door of which was chalked in German, "Dangerous person." An hour later Charlotte was brought in.

"Do you know this woman?" Alice was asked.

"No!"

There was not the flicker of an eyelash in the expression of either woman.

"You lie!"

"No!"

And "No, no, no!" was their refrain until the day of their court-martial.

But their denial was useless. Major Rotselaer, The Frog, and others had not been idle while Alice and Charlotte were in prison. The court-martial which tried the two women on the charge of spying, brought in the verdict of guilty. Sentence followed.

"For Louise de Bettignies, death.

"For Leonie Vanhoutte, death."

The two white-faced women heard their doom without moving or a sound. Then Alice addressed the court.

"Messieurs!" She addressed the court in German so that Charlotte would not understand. "I beg of you not to shoot my friend. She is young. I implore you to have pity on her. For my part, I am quite ready to die."

It was Charlotte's turn to address the court.

"I accept my sentence," she said. "But before dying I ask one favour—pardon for Louise de Bettignies."

The two girls were sent back to their cells. Their German wardens, who had grown attached to them, were as agitated by the verdict as if they were kinsmen.

"Poor souls!" they cried. "So they have condemned you to death! Ask for anything that you wish. Who would have the heart to deny you?"

It was not until the night before the date set for their execution that the two prisoners availed themselves of this promise of kindness.

They sent a request to the governor of the prison that they should be allowed to spend their last night in the same cell.

The kindest of their keepers took the request to the governor. He returned with a radiant face.

"He has refused it!" he whispered to Alice. "Thank God! It means that they will not shoot you in the morning. Otherwise he would not have denied you!"

The dawn was late with clouds and rain. The two women were not the only ones sentenced to die that day. And they heard footsteps on the tier below them.

A beautiful girl, Gabrielle Petit, came out with firm step on the landing. Suddenly her voice rang out through the prison.

*"Salut! O mon dernier matin!"*

The cry shook the hearts of the two women awaiting their turn. Would they too have the spirit to cry out a salute to this, the last morning of their lives?

But the keeper knew what he was talking about. From General von Bissing came word:

"Germans know how to render homage to heroism. The sentence of Leonie Vanhoutte has been changed to fifteen years' hard labour. For Louise de Bettignies, life imprisonment!"

They were sent to prison in Germany.

Meanwhile prior to her arrest so well had Louise planned and worked that although the heads of her organization were gone, the rest were saved.

But in the German prison typhus finally overtook the woman who had had her high adventure. Louise caught the disease. The doctors in the prison tried to save her.

But when the British entered Cologne they found in a cell there a simple wooden white cross with the words:

LOUISE DE BETTIGNIES

GEST.

27/9/18

That was all. But when her funeral was held in France it was

PLATE VII



THE END OF IL DUCE AND HIS MISTRESS  
Milan Death Scene

PLATE VIII



CHRISTINE GRANVILLE

with full military honours. On a cushion four medals were pinned, two by the British, two by the French. The citation that went with the Croix de Guerre was:

. . . For having voluntarily devoted herself for many months . . . to the service of her country; for having affronted, with an inflexible courage, the perils and difficulties of this great work; for having surmounted, thanks to her exceptional abilities, the greatest obstacles, risking her life continually, and assuming during the whole of her services tremendous responsibilities; a heroism which has rarely been surpassed.

As for Charlotte, she and her fellow prisoners in Germany one day heard a great crowd approaching the prison, and on the wind borne before it some exultant chant as yet indistinguishable in words.

Then their keepers threw open their cell doors.

"You are free!" they cried. "The Republic has been declared!"

Imperial Germany had been overwhelmed. The German people themselves had overthrown their emperor.

And Leonie Vanhoutte, also decorated by her country, returned from her high adventure to keep shop again in Roubaix.

## CHAPTER TWENTY

### *Uncle Sam's Master Spy*

I WOULD like to tell the story of the man who saved my life back in 1940 when Hitler had taken Paris.

People everywhere went in fear and trembling, for they were terrible days and nobody knew how it would all end. I was not sure that my family or I could face the horrors of Hitler's prison camps. Death was closing in on all that men who cherished freedom held dear.

My wife, Hilda, had joined me in Sweden after she had been released from a Nazi prison and the dubious company of the aristocratic *fräuleins* who were finally executed as Polish spies.

I had worked as foreign correspondent in the Swedish capital and, at the outbreak of war, though I loved Sweden and her wonderful old democracy, I could not remain "neutral" in this conflict between ruthless dictators and free men.

I was deeply involved in "underground" activities in Sweden and the Germans knew it. They had asked the Swedish Government either to extradite me to Nazi Germany—I had left my native Austria at the age of six—or to put me into one of the "refugee camps" in Sweden for the duration of the war.

I was arrested in Sweden and knew I was in grave peril. The gas chambers of Germany lay ahead of me. But suddenly there was a break in the clouds and, due to the intervention of some kindly Swedish friends, was able to meet the man who was to save my life. He was William Warwick Corcoran, the first American Consul General to be assigned to Gothenburg. Corcoran has been called America's No. 1 Master Spy.

It was this unusual man who saved the city of London by detecting the location of the V-Rocket and robot bomb centre at Peenemuende on the Baltic. It was he who through a master stroke discovered the hiding place of Nazi Foreign Secretary



Joachim von Ribbentrop and was responsible for his arrest.

Like Parsifal searching for the Grail the Consul, who handled visas, marriages and inheritance cases, became a crusader for freedom and one of Uncle Sam's best agents. To me he will always be a knight, an American knight, in shining armour.

But let's start at the beginning. Billy Corcoran, a former city editor of the *Washington Post*, had come to Sweden in 1936. He was a routine consul, a career diplomat who had served his country almost half around the globe in Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Warsaw, Algiers, Gibraltar, Jamaica and Spain. He would violently object to being called a spy. He was never anything else but a diplomatic "reporter" and no newspaper story that made him America's most outstanding intelligence officer would ever change Consul Corcoran's opinion of himself.

Sweden, a country large in territory, at least by European standards, has only six and a half million people. All active and public figures have heard of one another, so Billy Corcoran had inside knowledge of what I had been doing in Sweden. It was highly dishonourable from the Nazi point of view. No wonder I was in trouble.

First, I had written a book on Luftwaffe Chief Hermann Goring. The Air Marshal asked the Swedish Government to ban it because I had revealed the facts in court proceedings in a family suit in which Goring had been committed to a nerve clinic on account of his drug addiction.

Then, I had acquired shares in a printing shop in Stockholm and we were printing leaflets to be sent by ship to Germany for underground distribution. I had also participated actively as co-editor of the pro-British, anti-Nazi paper *Trots Allt* and finally, I had teamed up with Sweden's secret police in order to be protected in my work with the British Secret Service.

The Swedes knew it and the British knew it. It was perfect team work. The American Consul Corcoran also knew it. When I saw him he smiled and never said a word. Of course, I never saw Billy's reports either.

Suddenly overnight thousands of anti-Nazi books and pamphlets appeared in Sweden. They were mailed out every Saturday, shortly after noon. The pamphlets went to Sweden's officers, to her teachers, union members, housewives, urging a boycott of

German goods. They carried a warning of Hitler's real intentions and pleaded that neutral Sweden should remain neutral and never join or lend itself to assisting the Nazis.

One Monday morning an emissary of the Nazi Embassy appeared at the Swedish Department of Justice and asked for the confiscation of the publication issued by the "Publishing House for Freedom and Democracy," which was the imprint of the pamphlets I was responsible for.

Monday at eleven in the morning, week after week, Swedish police appeared in the office, "confiscated" the previous week's pamphlets of which we had kept fifty copies for them. Of course, 20,000 had been mailed on Saturday and could not be found.

Germany was furious, and the Swedes not at all comfortable, although it was all strictly legal. Finally, the Nazis became tough and asked that drastic steps be taken against me. Naturally, I was tipped off by my friends inside the political police in Stockholm. Still the Swedes were irritated and told me that if the war continued to go bad for the Allies they might not be able to protect me much longer.

The Koenigsberg Radio blasted day after day that I was a warmonger who wanted to bring Sweden into the war on the side of the Allies and that I must be stopped, or the Germans would find a way to stop me.

The situation became more and more critical. I was called super-spy, informer, secret agent and traitor by the Nazis and I knew my days of freedom were numbered. My Swedish government friends advised me to go to Britain.

But how? Sweden was surrounded by occupied countries, Denmark and Norway. German missions were already in Finland. Russia was closed to me since I had interviewed Trotsky. What should I do?

I went to see Billy Corcoran whom I did not then know. I certainly had no notion of what he was doing besides being a consular officer. But the late Torgny Segerstedt, the dean of Sweden's newspapermen, sent me to Billy as the last resort.

I was anything but sanguine because I knew that countless numbers of refugees in every part of Europe yearned for the safety of American shores without a hope of getting a visa. I wanted to get out of Sweden and reach Britain via America.

I told Billy my story. He did not betray himself, and never let on that he knew of my confiscated pamphlets or of my other activities. When I had finished he said to me: "I'll help you. I was in Spain and saw Franco's troops mow down dozens of innocent men, women and children. I know what Fascism is. You will get to America."

A miracle had happened. This man, with his sharp eyes, his erect figure, his grey-haired temples, who looked to me as American as the apple pie at the corner drug store, had performed it.

As Billy Corcoran retired from active service in 1946, I think his amazing story can now be told, at least in part.

He was born in Washington, D.C. on September 5, 1884. His mother, of German stock, was Katherine von Meyer. Perhaps through her he had learned, and never forgotten, that Prussian militarism has always meant disaster for Germany and the world.

He was a fighting editor in Washington from 1905-1916. Here he showed not only integrity but an amazing zeal for righting wrongs. His heart was always with the little man and the underdog, in spite of the fact that he came from a wealthy, conservative Washington family and, at times, possessed a considerable fortune. His grandfather had owned much valuable property on the East side of the Capitol grounds. Corcoran entered the diplomatic service with the best possible background after graduating from Georgetown University Law School. He also attended the University of Lille in France and speaks French like a Frenchman—which is a rare gift for an American diplomat.

His parents died very early and Billy suddenly possessed a fortune. He spent it lavishly on such hobbies as horses, automobiles, boats and yachts. He became a gay and popular man about town.

His life was fundamentally influenced and changed later when he met a Catholic nun who became his adopted mother. Of her he says, "At the knee of my adopted mother—and remember I am not a Catholic—I learned a simple set of ethics by which I have attempted (and failed many times) to live."

Most of his inheritance had vanished when Bill Spurgeon, a fabulous *Washington Post* editor offered him a job as reporter for fifteen dollars a week and five dollars a day expenses which he was pleased to accept. It was like entering a new world, a world, or rather an underworld, of thieves and crooked politicians.

It was Billy's job to search for evidence to put the finger on them and it was thrilling and dangerous work. He came to be hated and feared by those he exposed, but elsewhere he was recognized and respected by serious statesmen and newspaper men, among them William D. Hassett, White House Secretary to both President Roosevelt and Truman, and David Lawrence the well-known columnist. He met President Wilson and young Franklin Roosevelt when he was still Under-Secretary of the Navy.

Corcoran, too, could not remain neutral when Prussian militarism and Western democracy clashed in World War I. He quit his job in Washington and joined the French Foreign Legion. When America entered the war he became a first lieutenant in the American Expeditionary Force. In 1919 we find him in Koblenz, editor for the American service paper *Amroc. News*. Later, the *Koblenzer Zeitung* was taken over and Corcoran made it a daily for American soldiers. At the end of the war, when demobilisation came along, Corcoran got his discharge papers, being declared ninety per cent incapacitated.

He had received the *Croix de Guerre* and, in 1920, the French presented him with the *Medaille de Sauvetage*. He was awarded this latter honour for saving the life of a nine-year old French boy who fell over the railing of the Channel steamer on which Corcoran was also travelling. It was an icy cold day but in the midst of the confusion and excitement Billy Corcoran jumped, fully dressed, into the heavy seas, caught hold of the boy, and held him up until a life buoy was thrown to him. It was almost an hour before rescuer and rescued were dragged to safety.

Today, after more than thirty years, Corcoran says rather humbly about this incident:

"As I grow older I feel that the greatest satisfaction in life is not in doing brave deeds for the sake of doing them, or even for the sake of showing one's fellow men that brave deeds are intrinsically good; the supreme satisfaction comes in trying to help the other fellow, especially when he or she is in need. On that wintry morning, when I went to the aid of a drowning boy, I felt what I thought, at that time, to be the greatest thrill of my existence. But it was a selfish feeling, one of unmitigated snobbery and self adulation, and I thrilled with it in my small way for years after.

But on growing older and being in this job during the war with thousands of unfortunates coming in for aid—and in being able to help them—I experienced the greatest satisfaction which a man can possibly know. And when I retire I will carry with me solace for my conscience to offset whatever wrongs I may have inflicted.”

Corcoran is retired now. Like a grandfather to his attentive grand-children he tells about his accomplishments in the last war without even realizing how heroic and important they were. He was the man who not only saved the city of London but also probably hundreds of thousands of lives. For without Corcoran's discovery of the Peenemuende robot bomb centre, the invasion of Europe would have had to be postponed, or taken place elsewhere. Men such as General Eisenhower have said that Corcoran's discovery of Peenemuende saved the Allies at least six months, if not more.

Corcoran always was a lone wolf and what he had organized in Sweden was the best one-man intelligence job of the war. He was a diplomat and not a spy. How was it he could get information so valuable?

He had many friends, especially among the Swedes. With their help, he met privately week after week the ships' captains of neutral Swedish steamers who were running the Baltic between Germany and Sweden. There in Gothenburg, Consul Corcoran, got a pretty clear picture of what was going on inside the Baltic sea and its harbours. Then one day German counter intelligence heard of these clandestine meetings and protested to the Swedish Government. Billy Corcoran had to be more careful, but actually the Swedes were also interested in learning the same stories of German preparations and shipping in the Baltic. They did not interfere with Corcoran in any way.

But he changed the set-up. He knew all the ship owners and all the captains, but now he wanted information from another source. So he met up with sailors, ships' mates, engineers, cooks, stevedores—the union members. Within a few months he had lifted the corner of a curtain of mystery without being able to guess what lay hidden behind it. But everyone he spoke to told the same story—which no one could analyze, not even Corcoran—the story of thousands of small boats leaving Stettin for an un-

known place somewhere sixty miles to the northeast. But, pondered Corcoran, there was no place on the map to indicate any town of importance in this vicinity. But Corcoran had heard of a mystery town called Peenemuende and he asked friends to try and fix its exact location. He knew it was ringed by barbed wire and that once inside, no workers were permitted to leave and no visitors were allowed. Perhaps the little boats went there to Peenemuende?

While he was still trying to discover what lay behind the curtain a bombshell exploded on his doorstep, so to speak. The Swedish papers disclosed that the German Secret Service were planning to kidnap and assassinate Corcoran. They called him America's most dangerous spy. Co-incident with this startling revelation *Pravda* published an article by Madame Kollontay describing him as "Uncle Sam's No. 1 Master Spy." But why—what had he done? He was not yet aware of what Peenemuende really meant in the Germany strategy, or that Hitler believed the weapons being made there would end the war within twenty-four hours.

Corcoran had his own ideas nevertheless. Invoice copies inside the office of the SKF Ball Bearing Companies had disappeared, invoices of those ball bearings that were shipped to Nazi Germany.

The Allies were furious. Protests came to Sweden and arrangements were made to deliver ball bearings to the West, too. Stanton Griffis, the U. S. negotiator, came to Sweden to stop the ball bearing export to Germany.

A Norwegian and two Swedes were sentenced to three years for the theft of these invoices and the leak to the West. The Germans accused Corcoran but he replied to interviewing reporters, "How could I do such a thing in a neutral country?" How could he? He certainly did not filch the invoices, but he saw to it that the "thieves" would have it easy. At least this is what the Soviets implied in the *Pravda* article. . . .

But still this was only the beginning.

Escaped ships from Quisling Norway lay in the harbour of Gothenburg behind the Nazi blockade. To leave they had to run the gauntlet of aerial and underwater attack and it was a most costly enterprise, but Corcoran saw to it that the Allies gave air-force help when the Norwegian sailors, in true Viking fashion, made their daredevil escape under the very noses of the Nazi Navy.

Corcoran was happy when so much attention was focussed on the Norwegian ships and the ball bearing affair and that he was accused of being the man behind such Allied activities. It was wonderful camouflage and allowed him to continue the investigation of the ghost town, Peenemuende.

He pleaded with the military authorities of the Allies to give him more time. They were flying now, day after day, and night after night, over Peenemuende—taking photographs, always pretending they were out to bomb Berlin and Stettin, which they did. The Nazis were sure no one knew of Peenemuende, or its significance.

They were clever enough to avoid the use of flak there in order not to draw attention to it, the thick forest along the Baltic was a perfect protection for Peenemuende.

More and more aerial photographs were taken and more and more seamen told of full blast activities in Peenemuende.

Then came the night of August 17, 1943, when six hundred heavy R.A.F. night bombers headed toward Peenemuende. The Nazis again were sure the target would be either Stettin or Berlin, but they were wrong this time for, on this occasion, the air armada did not turn towards Germany, but instead, blasted the mystery town in forty minutes and Hitler's hope of totally destroying Britain was gone. Corcoran had reported fully on Peenemuende by the end of July and three weeks later the lightning bolts were released. Peenemuende was an inferno. Dante's purgatory was a garden compared with these oceans of flames. Forty assembly shops were in ashes, every laboratory destroyed and fifty buildings damaged. Of the seven thousand scientists working there, five thousand were killed, including the chief of research and plant manager, Major General Wolfgang von Chamier-Glisenzki, General Jeschonck, Chief of Staff of the Luftwaffe and General Ernst Udet, Germany's most famous flying ace. Forty-one aircraft were lost on the return flight.

It was the turning point of the war according to Churchill. The robot bomb centre was devastated, a blow that not only helped to save London, but probably prevented the East coast of the United States from being bombarded by the flying missiles.

Billy Corcoran received all the decorations due to him, although

after this great personal triumph he still could not reveal what had happened. His beautiful British wife, tall, slim and charming, must have been the world's proudest woman that day, though she dared not confide her joy in anyone.

While the Peenemuende victory might have satisfied most people as a great accomplishment—not so Billy Corcoran. His next achievement was something to conjure over for, but for his intervention, the Nazi Foreign Secretary, Joachim von Ribbentrop, might still be alive today, perhaps somewhere in Argentina.

The "Consul"—with his one-man intelligence service—had worked out an amazing scheme which again showed vision and courage. The luxury-liner *Gripsholm* was in the harbour of Gothenburg. She was known at the time as a mercy ship, being used to repatriate displaced persons, diplomats, prisoners of war in association with the Red Cross. On board the ship was Frau Jenke. No one had ever heard of her. Officially she was the wife of a routine diplomat, the Commercial Counsellor in Ankara at the Nazi Embassy. Corcoran, who had a list of the repatriated Nazi diplomats who had arrived on the *Gripsholm* was sure Herr Jenke was probably one of the men who had to watch Ambassador Franz von Papen, the man who helped Hitler to power and then became somewhat "critical" of him.

Frau Jenke, it was also known, was the sister of Joachim von Ribbentrop. She was later placed under police supervision in a hotel in Gothenburg. Consul Corcoran did not need much time to make up his mind, and speaking wonderful French, visited Frau Jenke and told her he, too, was a "refugee" from France, and belonged to the Laval-Pétain sympathizers. He wanted to go to Germany or to the Argentine and explained that he had friends in Germany who would help him to go to South America, sooner or later.

Corcoran had guessed that Frau Jenke wanted to join her brother in hiding and go with him to South America, too.

"Can you help me to go to Germany?" Frau Jenke asked.

Corcoran promised.

Frau Jenke told him that in the old days when Joachim was still a champagne salesman he had a friend, a wine merchant in Hamburg. If Frau Jenke could see the wine merchant she felt sure



she could find her brother. The whole world, it must be remembered, was searching for the vanished Ribbentrop at this time.

"Swedish friends" now arranged transportation to Hamburg for Frau Jenke. She was overjoyed to get permission to leave Sweden and to enter the British zone of Germany. She arrived on time and immediately made her way to the wine merchant she had spoken about. From there—where she was wined, and dined—she went with beating heart to see her brother who was staying in a nearby boarding house. Two minutes later, Allied agents had arrested Joachim von Ribbentrop. Later he was tried at Nuremberg and executed.

The Peenemuende and Ribbentrop investigations were Corcoran's outstanding achievements in the field of "reporting," but almost as vital were his reports on Nazi ships passing the Kattegat and the Skagerak which resulted in many of them being sunk. A German consul in Norway, who was officially a Norwegian Quisling, worked for Corcoran and helped locate secret Nazi armament arsenals, ship movements, oil installations and the heavy water experiment plant.

After Peenemuende was destroyed, Corcoran's seamen reported Nazi oil installations only thirty miles away from Peenemuende, close to the Oder port of Stettin. They too were blown to bits, Corcoran received more medals. The Swedish police guarded his offices and watched over him day and night knowing that the Nazis had ordered his assassination.

The medals Consul Corcoran received, and they are too many to be listed, were certainly welcome as a great honour, but his real monument, his real decoration, is today inside the hearts of five thousand people—all refugees, whom Corcoran saved.

No refugee who ever came to Corcoran for aid was turned away and practically all—where help was possible and reasonable—received permission and visas to enter the United States.

The *Gothenburg Handels och Sjöfartstidning* on February 25, 1947 said this about a great American:

"The Consulate's achievements are numerous, one of the most important being its work on behalf of the refugees during the last few years. At present this work consists in taking care of people who have survived the prisons and terror camps of Europe and sending them across the Atlantic to relatives and friends."

It is very significant that the great North American Republic began its existence with a declaration of human rights, among which are mentioned—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness! To thousands of people, the United States is a promised haven, and on every ship as many berths as can be commanded are occupied by refugees from the countries of Europe to whom America gives a chance of a new life and freedom.

William Corcoran has not spared himself in the service of his country and of humanity and international relations. He may rest assured that thousands are grateful to him. I was one of the many whose life he saved. I would never have been able to write this book without him. He has made history and he has done it as all great men do—with a humble heart and with courage and unselfish idealism.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

### *Britain's Pet Spy*

IN October, 1940, Franco's government wanted one of its Falangists, who was supposed to be connected with a youth movement in Spain, to have a look at the Boy Scouts of Britain. Nobody was taken in by the pretext, not even the Foreign Office, which blandly assented, knowing perfectly well who the man was, and that whatever he saw or heard would go straight back to Berlin or Berchtesgaden.

*All the King's Men:* He was our own pet spy and we loved him dearly. A few others and myself acting as Scout officials met him at an airfield and tucked him carefully into a suite at the Athenaeum Court Hotel. That suite was probably the greatest job of concealed microphones and tapped wires ever accomplished. We furnished him with a great deal of liquor and all the women he ever wanted—ours of course.

That wasn't all we did for him. There were at that time only about three heavy ack-ack batterics in the London area. One of them we moved into Green Park, directly across the street from the hotel. They had orders to fire continuously, as fast as possible all through every raid, whether there was anything within miles or not. Lord, what a bloody row they made. Since there was at least one raid every night, our pet spy spent most of his time down in the air-raid shelter, convinced by the noise that London was thickly studded with ack-ack protection. We let him inspect the battery—a crack 3-inch outfit—and even furnished a few Boy Scouts for the occasion.

Then we took him out toward Windsor to look at more Boy Scouts. By what may have been the sheerest coincidence, but wasn't, just about the only fully equipped regiment in all the

\* Al Newman in *Newsweek Magazine*, May 28, 1945, with permission of Newsweek, New York.

islands and all the tanks we possessed, were assembled there. Fine, tough-looking men they were. Guardsmen. We said that they were just a small force which could be spared from the defence of the island and had been detailed as a ceremonial bodyguard for the royal family. We could see how surprised he was, but he swallowed it whole.

*All the King's Ships:* Then we took him out to a seaport where every available fleet unit had been mustered. We hinted delicately that secret additions to the Home Fleet enabled us to keep these ships as the defence of one port. His eyes popped a little at that, but there it was before him and he had to believe what he saw. We also showed him more Boy Scouts. He was beginning to get awfully sick of them by this time and so were we, but it was part of the game and both sides had to play it to the finish.

Our greatest triumph of stage management was his trip toward Scotland by plane a fortnight later. You remember how thin our air-power was at this time. A few Hurricanes, fewer Spitfires. Well, all the way up there, we ran into squadron after squadron of Spits. The sky seemed full of them. How could he know that it was the same squadron ducking into and out of the clouds and coming at us from all angles and altitudes?

Then on manoeuvres in the Scotland area, we showed him the same regiment of guards and the same tanks that he had seen near Windsor. I was a bit afraid he might recognise a few of the guardsmen, but he didn't. We explained that this was just a small, poorly equipped force, re-outfitting to join others training over a wide area and that the whole manoeuvre army was merely what could be spared from the main defence forces.

*And Boy Scouts to Spare:* Oh, yes, and there were a few more blasted Boy Scouts about the premises. We ran into more Spitfires—hundreds and hundreds of them—on the way back toward London. If I hadn't known what was going on, I'd have been taken in myself.

Shortly after this he left. Later I saw portions of his report—don't ask me how we got it because that is a secret. The document was just appalling. Britain was an armed camp. Any rumours of her weakness were merely attempts of a crafty foe to inveigle Germany into the inevitably disastrous invasion. All this was

eyewitness stuff and apparently great weight was given to it by his masters in Berlin.

I often wonder what happened to him afterward. I suppose he's retired somewhere on half pay now. Pity too, because he was quite a presentable chap. We loved him dearly and cared for him tenderly. But I'll bet 10 pounds our pet spy still dreams of Boy Scouts every other night. I know I do.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

### *The Mussolini Diaries*

*If Mussolini comes into this conspectus of spy stories it isn't because Il Duce ever experienced the hazards that a secret agent invariably accepts with fortitude as all in a day's work. Such dangers were faced by men of commoner clay than the Fascist dictator believed himself to be, yet, but for the cool resourcefulness of the secret service he would not have secured the brief reprieve from the condign fate that overtook him when he stumbled from the seats of the mighty. Here not only does Kurt Singer describe the most sensational secret service coup of the war, in which it was planned to rescue Mussolini, and, at the same time, wipe out the Royal family of Savoy as a punishment for Italian 'treason' to Hitler, but presents, for the first time, an intimate and revealing glimpse into the secret diaries of Il Duce.*

**I**T all began in August, 1943. The Allied armies had finally landed in Sicily, and, with the fall and dramatic arrest of Mussolini, Marshal Badoglio and the Royal House seized power and were ready to talk peace terms with the Allies. It was the kind of pill Hitler couldn't swallow and the Führer at once ordered operation "Alarich," so named after the legendary Gothic king. It was perhaps the most daring plan any secret service ever conceived in modern times and aimed at assassinating Marshal Badoglio and every member of the immediate royal house as punishment for the 'Italian treason to overthrow Mussolini—my good friend,' as Hitler put it. It provided also for the release of Mussolini himself.

This sanguinary plot was hatched in Berlin. The preparations in Rome, however, had to be restricted to spying out the dwellings of the forty people to be killed. As there was no German police-

force at hand, not much could be done and an early setback to the scheme occurred when one of the Italian agents, serving the Nazi police attaché in Rome, was arrested by the Italian police. When interrogated, he began to talk about the attempt that was to be made on Badoglio's life. The Marshal got to know about it and sent Foreign Minister Quariglia to the German embassy with a message that the Italian Government could be relied upon to have a reception committee awaiting the arrival of an execution squad.

In face of this Hitler had to compromise and the liberation of Mussolini, together with his family, was all that was left of the original project.

A special commando group for the action was selected by the German secret service in Berlin from seasoned members of the SS Armed Forces to be supplemented in Italy by a unit of parachutists, but even then it was not up to the strength of a battalion. When it arrived at its destination Hitler's counter-order for "Operation Alarich" had not been made known; therefore preparations for it continued for a time. The commando group was stationed at Pratica di Mare near Rome; the supporting units had to be frequently moved to the city to get them acquainted with the locals. The absence of SS Armed Forces in Central Italy made a change of uniform necessary and camouflage apparently served its purpose, for Police-chief Carmine Senise, one of the ablest personalities of the new system, was unable to discover the headquarters of the plotters. He thought it might be located at the office of the German police attaché, and a close watch was kept on the building.

On Nazi Spy Chief Kaltenbrunner's advice Hitler entrusted Captain Otto Skorzeny, of the SS Armed Forces with the task of leading the action. A giant of a man, he was 6-ft. 3-in., Skorzeny, with his face scarred in sword duels, looked even more repellent than the average Nazi strong-arm thug.

The rescue of Mussolini was by no means a simple job, for to begin with, the Nazis had first to locate him. The carabinieri detachment which arrested him on the 25th of July took him away from Villa Savoia without leaving a clue. Although he had been taken to the carabinieri training barracks for a few days, he was soon removed—destination unknown. It was here that the

German Secret Service got to work and tapped sources within the ranks of the so-called harbour militia, for it was thought it was more than likely that the new Italian Government would want the deposed leader tucked away on a home island. And this proved to be the case.

It was learned that Mussolini had embarked from the port of Gæta on the 28th of July, 1943, aboard the corvette "Persefone," bound for the island of Ventotene. The trail, having been found, was never lost again, until the prisoner reached his last station on Peak Gran Sasso in the Abruzzi Mountains.

In the beginning, however, a difficulty had occurred when the corvette changed her course shortly before reaching Ventotene, and put in at the island of Ponza. When Skorzeny tried to explore the exact location of these small islands from the air, his airplane fell into the sea. He was able, however, to get the crew out of the sinking Heinkel and they swam to a cliff where by signal-pistols they attracted an Italian anti-aircraft *praam* (flat-bottomed boat mounted with anti-aircraft weapons) which brought them to Olbia on Sardinia.

The news of Mussolini's whereabouts having been discovered was received in Hitler's headquarters very sceptically. Since the memorandum on the necessity of voluntarily evacuating Italy, Hitler mistrusted all reports from the Italian referee of the German secret service and would not accept this new information as true unless he got a direct message from Mussolini himself. Stranger still was Himmler's behaviour. His trust in the occult induced him to try and find out Mussolini's present domicile by such methods. This was not easily done for Hitler blamed occultism and its practitioners for the flight of Hess to Britain, knowing that his deputy had been interested in occultism. Anyhow, in order to test his theory Himmler brought a number of clairvoyants, astrologists, interpreters of the pendulum, etc. out of the concentration camps, where Hitler in his anger had ordered them to be put. He had these prominent representatives lodged in a villa on the Wannsee near Berlin, and told them to find out Mussolini's domicile. Presumably they would have needed quite a long time to get results, for the poor creatures, who for years had been existing on starvation rations, naturally used the opportunity to enjoy cigarettes and plenty of alcohol. Nevertheless, a master of



the sidereal pendulum found out, or luckily guessed, that Mussolini was living on the island to the west of Naples. There is no doubt that this news delayed the Mussolini rescue operations for some time, because Himmler wanted to be certain that the portents promised success. So much for the grotesque goings on in the Third Reich!

Because of the port-militia's activity, the German secret service was immediately informed of Mussolini's transfer from Ponza to the island of Maddalena, and from there to the continent, as well as of his internment on the top of Gran Sasso d'Italia.

The liberation of Mussolini was a remarkable achievement by the air force. It was an extraordinarily difficult manoeuvre to land gliders amidst a rugged mountain-range 3,000 metres above sea-level. The take-off from the peak in the Fieseler-helicopter was also hazardous. The airplane, overloaded with Mussolini, weighty captain Skorzeny, and the pilot, narrowly missed a wall of rock and then the proposed flight to Germany had to be re-charted because of bad weather, so that Mussolini, instead of arriving in Munich, surprisingly landed in Vienna, on the evening of the 12th September, 1943.

On the same day, Mussolini's wife, Donna Rachele, and her two youngest children, Romano and Anna Maria, were liberated by a commando group of the German secret service under an SS captain, and brought to Munich by air. They had been taken from Rome to Rocca della Caminate, an ancient castle, where the Duce and his family had spent their holidays for many years. Mussolini's son, Vittorio, had fled to Germany earlier and thus the whole family of the Duce had managed to escape the power of the new Italian regime.

During Mussolini's journey to Germany a small copy-book, such as a child might use, with notes in his own handwriting was found among his few pieces of his baggage. Apparently Mussolini got it while staying at Ponza. A first superficial perusal showed that Mussolini must have written something of a diary during his imprisonment at Ponza and La Maddalena. The little book in question was photographed page by page, translated into German and submitted to Hitler. It shows that even during the rescue of Mussolini, Hitler was still spying on his "dear" friend.

In spite of Hitler's strict order to destroy all documents the

American CIC succeeded in getting hold of this historic document.

The Mussolini diaries together with love letters from his paramour, were found later among the papers and documents secreted in Clara Petacci's garden and were confiscated by the Italian government. Despite the claim of the Petacci family, ownership has not yet been decided.

The American intelligence team which combed through all the intelligence files of the Nazis failed to find the Italian original, but they did come across the German translation as prepared for Hitler.

This highly important and revealing diary is now reprinted here for the first time. It is a fascinating document in which the proud dictator poses as a philosopher and in which he examines and revalues his own life.

### PONTINE AND SARDINIAN IDEAS

Mussolini's Notes During His Captivity on the Islands of Ponza and La Maddalena in August, 1943.

*Edited by Kurt Singer*

As to gratitude, animals outdo men—perhaps because they have instinct, but no reason.

Dictators seem to have no choice left: they cannot go down slowly, they must fall; their fall, however, does not amuse. Though no longer feared, they continue to be either hated or beloved.

What we call "life," is but a "point" between two eternities: the past and the future. A consolatory idea!

Two books have interested me recently: "The Life of Jesus" by G. Riciotti, and "Giacomo Leopardi" by Sapanero. Leopardi, too, has been crucified a little.

According to Del Croix my life must be divided into seven years' cycles by decisive events: 1908–1909 banished from Austria,

1914-1915 intervention, 1922—march to Rome; 1929 State and Church reconciled; 1936 foundation of the empire; 1943—fall; 1950—as early . . . . . dead. After all!

The Pontine ideas are concluded. At one o'clock to-night I was awakened by these words: "Danger! We have to leave!" I hastily dressed, packed up my belongings and papers, and went on board a cruiser waiting for me. I entered, and met Admiral Manzoni, who told me that the new destination was the island of La Maddalena near Sardinia. Today my thoughts wander to Bruno.\* It is the second anniversary of his death. Under the present conditions I feel his loss still deeper. Dear Bruno! His picture stands before me while writing down these words in the new house of exile on the second anniversary of his death.

The voyage on the rough sea has taken twelve hours. The villa, to which I have been brought, is the property of a British subject Mr. Webber, and has a commanding site. It is surrounded by a large park of pines. Opposite I see the sea, and beyond it the rugged mountains of Sardinia. A year ago I visited La Maddalena amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the inhabitants. Today I arrive secretly. Who knows whether today someone remembers my son, and what he has done in his short, wonderful life!

Twenty years of work have been destroyed within a few hours. I decline to believe that there are no more Fascists in Italy. Perhaps more than before. Yet, how bitter it is to state this having been caused by Fascists, and done by people wearing the party-badge. Fascism has been an innovation, interesting to the world, and opening new vistas. It is impossible that all has broken down. When reflecting upon the work, the tasks, the achievements, and the hopes of these twenty years, I ask today: Have I but dreamed? Has all been an illusion?

At the end of this first day of exile on La Maddalena I am seized by deep melancholy! I feel that my son Bruno is really dead now!

The remembrance of me and my fate will have vanished

\* Killed in Ethiopia

after a few years, and shortly afterwards be extinguished.

*Since the 28th July at noon I have seen no newspapers. Strange to say, I don't feel the loss, although I have been an indefatigable reader of dozens of newspapers daily.*

Play of destiny: from the peak of power to complete powerlessness, from a hailing crowd to total solitude.

Since October, 1942 I have had a steadily growing presentiment of the crisis overcoming me. My illness has had a very great share in it.

Not so long ago the demand for a photograph of mine had much decreased, and in the same measure—even perhaps more—my dislike of signing them had grown (I used to do it every Sunday afternoon). I have felt that these photographs would be torn up, or hidden one day. This must have taken place in a “totalitarian” manner in these days, in shop-windows, and in homes. The less courageous ones will have destroyed them, the courageous ones will have hidden them in some cabinet explaining, in case of surprise, that they had forgotten them . . . . Sic transit gloria effigiei. . . . .

With great interest we have all watched a film “Little Island of Saint Helena” at Villa Torlonia. This was the end of a very great man: why should a much more inferior man not have the same, or a similar fate?

After a fortnight I still don't know what I “am” or rather what I have become.

According to Admiral Manzoni there are only twenty calm days a year on La Maddalena. Today, on the 10th August, 1943 we have one of these days. The sea resembles a table, the trees are motionless.

Thales thanked the gods for having been born a man, and not an animal, a man, and not a woman, a Greek, and not a barbarian.

This morning the sun is trying everywhere to pierce the grey cover of clouds arising from the east. The sea looks leaden. The first foreboding of winter is in the air (Note: The last sentence is in German by Mussolini); my sentry has really said "Beginn des Winters."

Dictatorship is a typical Roman (republican) institution. What the modern world calls dictatorships are indirect and collective, and apparently they cannot last longer than twenty years. Still, we experience an exception: the dictatorship of Bolshevism over the proletariat.

Tonight the guards fired at "suspicious" noise. This morning, on the 12th of August, at 8 o'clock, air raid warning was given, and anti-aircraft fire opened. I saw only two of our fighter airplanes flying towards the island.

More than all others the Japanese ambassador, whom I received on the 25th July, at one o'clock, must have been surprised by the events.

The gnat is the loudspeaker of the night—here there are too many.

Even the men of my guard must be thinking: "What kind of a man is he?"

For the first time since 1940 the communiqué of the Italian High Command reports on the activity of the enemy on land without even mentioning our own forces. This may be interpreted as a preparation for the news of our last hour in Sicily having come.

A party dissolved, i.e. prohibited, is getting interesting for many Italians. They enjoy being Fascists, if they can become subversive. A curious, yet contemptible psychological sentiment.

I have received a second letter from Rachele,\* who has no

\* His wife.

news from Vittorio.\* First Lieutenant Faiola, who knows him from his childhood, says, that nothing bad can have happened to him.

The elite of the combatants from all wars belonged to the Party. Rationally, it turned them into enemies of the State.

It is strange that at last I got weary of working in the large hall of Palazzo Venezia. Thus I had made up my mind to move into the Admiralty, or smaller premises than Palazzo Venezia which I had selected at the periphery opposite the National Monument. Symptoms of my illness!

The first days of a new existence—in my case as a prisoner—are really never ending. They are becoming crowded with smaller things, and begin to pass rapidly.

Today, on the 13th August, a strange uneasiness has seized me, and continues. Perhaps some more unfavourable news. In fact, at 5 o'clock p.m. I am handed the communiqué of the High Command announcing air raids against Turin and Milan together with the second bombardment of Rome. The legend of the "Pope-City" being spared, has broken down.

Conversation between myself and my rare visitors is getting exhausted, and soon the Trappist rule will be in force—*silentium*!

I have never felt any interest in crosswords, charades or puzzles of any kind. Today it is different in view of the absence of books to kill time, as the saying goes, before being killed by time.

Inspector Polito, chief of the military police, has arrived here on a tour of inspection this morning, 14th August, and I have asked him to see me. He has come indeed, together with Admiral Brivonesi, who has taken part in our conversation. Inspector Polito said to me: "I have accompanied Donna Rachele to La Rocca della Caminate. The journey by car passed without incident. Romano and Anna are in La Rocca. I don't know anything about

\* His son.

Vittorio. He was at Casero's disposal, and took a furlough on the 26th July. As regards Badoglio's promise it was impossible to keep it in your case as unanimous telegrams of the prefect, questor, and commander of the military zone predicted unrest in the event of your arrival at La Rocca. On the spot all have confirmed this to me. You have to realize the overthrow being total. There are no more party badges to be seen in Italy. The Fascists are more than dispersed, they have 'evaporated.' Demonstrations of hatred against you are numberless. At Ancona I have seen a bust of you in a public lavatory. In Milan the crowd stormed the "Popolo d'Italia."

Many arrests have taken place, but nearly all leaders of Fascism are free, much hated Starace included. Count Ciano was seen in the uniform of an officer on the 26th July.

I think he has gone to Livorno. Grandi, Bottai and the others have disappeared.

As regards the War, the people are longing for its end. They are indifferent to defeat and consider it a victory to be free of Fascism.

The air raids of the last days have been very heavy, above all the one against Milan in which the centre of the city was destroyed except the cathedral.

The bombardment of Rome has been no less heavy. The Pope has left the Vatican again.

No less disastrous are the consequences of the air raids against German cities. There are tens-of-thousands of victims.

After the conquest of Sicily the English will land in Southern Italy. All Sicilian ports are full of ships and equipment for landing operations. Another landing operation is being prepared in Syria, and directed against the Dodecanesus. Nothing seems to be planned against Sardinia and Greece.

The situation at the fronts, too, is very bad for the Germans. Anglo-American air superiority is overwhelming. Our fighter forces employ but a ridiculously small number of machines against hundreds of enemy airplanes.

Obviously the English want to paralyze the people both morally and materially completely by their terror raids to reach unconditional surrender.

This War presses more upon the civilian population than upon the Wehrmacht, it bears upon aged men, women and children, and this explains why the people generally get tired of war, and hate the men responsible for it.

Admiral Brivonesi now and then interposed by emphasizing that the rapidity of Fascist dissolution would have been thought impossible but a few days before, although the movement was obviously rotting.

General Polito has advised me to keep quiet; he has asked me how I have done before, and how I am getting on now, and he has added that a juster judgment may be possible, if passions are abated, as "nobody can deny your intention of making the country great and rich."

Quiet days of August. The sea is motionless, there is not a breeze stirring. Everything under the sun seems firmly established, my destiny alike.

In the afternoon I have a visit from Dr. Mendine, a doctor of Cesca (Verona). A sympathetic learned man, Venetian in the best sense of the word, one of those Venetians whom I have always considered the best people in Italy. He has prescribed various medicines, among them injections and Vitamin C, drops, carbonates. I asked him: "Is this worthwhile?" He replied: "As a doctor, and a human being, I say 'yes'."

A few months ago I asked Professor Frugoni the same question, and he gave me the same answer. The events have proved me right. Perhaps it really was not worthwhile.

God be my witness for the desperate and anxious—I say desperate and anxious—endeavours I made in fateful August, 1939 to save peace. They failed. The English and the Germans must be blamed for it almost equally. The English because they gave the Poles a guarantee, the Germans because they had a powerful military machine ready, and could not resist the temptation of putting it into motion.

As usual people will look "for the woman" in my destiny. The fact is that women have never had the slightest influence



on my political judgment. Perhaps this may have been a disadvantage. By their delicacy of feeling women sometimes have a better foresight than men.

Once a Pope, God's deputy on earth, called me "A man of Providence." This was a happy time.

If men always remained at the altar, finally they would believe themselves to be supermen. Their fall into the dust brings them back to humanity, nay, to the humanity which may be called "elementary."

16th August. The past is really our own. Evil and good, pleasures and pains—the past is our own, and according to Christian theology, not even God can recall what has happened.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

### *The Rhine Maiden*

THE bloodstained Rhine has never seen peace. Not even when Charlemagne ruled, or when the Lorelei lured the peaceful fishermen floating its golden stream, or when the early Teutons watched the Rhine Maidens dive for sunken gold.

There was no peace on the Rhine when Bluecher, Napoleon, Bismarck, Foch, Hitler, Montgomery and Patton crossed its majestic waters. Key river of the titanic struggles which have convulsed Europe, it became the stage for one of the greatest spy stories of our time.

World War II was almost over, at the beginning of March, 1945. The ancient city of Cologne was in ruins and the Americans had stormed the Remagen bridge and occupied Cologne as the broken Nazi columns fled.

The Rhine was still flowing between the two enemy armies—the last barrier to victory. Spies, agents, refugees, soldiers, planes and small fishing boats swarmed across its immortal waters.

In the dossiers of the British Secret Service, M.I.5, the Deuxieme Bureau in Paris, the CIC in Washington and the captured papers of the Kaltenbrunner Nazi counter espionage office there is the full story of a modern Rhine Maiden, a girl who lived dangerously, who dedicated her body and freedom to this bloody battle of spies.

Her name was Sybille Delcourt. Every Western intelligence office had her photograph, and had been on the look-out for her for years. She was a handsome young woman, not quite thirty. Her record revealed her as a split personality, as indeed most spies are. She was cool, calculating and yet, deeply emotional. She knew how to cover up her feelings and she could kill if she had to.

An American combat intelligence team picked her up quite accidentally on the night of the 13th of March, 1945 in Cologne. She had swum the Rhine to the American side of the battle front

from Mulheim and was still wearing a dripping yellow sweater and slacks when she was taken to the CIC headquarters on the Lutticherstrasse. She was given dry clothes before being interrogated. It was a matter of routine—nothing more. It was known that the Germans, desperately trying to make a last stand, were infiltrating the lines with as many agents as they could muster, to find out all they could about the Allied positions and disposition of troops.

She gave her name as Heloise Bouconville. Her story was one the American intelligence officers had heard a thousand times before. Heloise had been taken to Germany as a slave labourer in 1942. Her home was in the Bretagne. She had done everything she could to reach the American lines. First, she had stolen a boat and tried to reach the Americans on the other side of the Rhine. But even at night the Nazis patrolled the river and she finally decided it was safer to swim. The distance was not too great, though the water was still icy-cold in March. But she had dared it, and all she asked was to be sent home to her family in France.

The interrogators of the 207th CIC detachment studied her carefully. They did not believe her story, it was too pat to be convincing. There was still too much ice on the Rhine, and, although she had evidently been in the water, the cynics of the intelligence office believed she had reached the Rhine bank by boat and had jumped into the river only when she was close to the shore.

Pale, exhausted and cold, she was given hot coffee and while she was drinking it a WAC, who had looked after the "refugee" when she was first picked up, came into the room carrying with her the girl's discarded garments and also a small white and red lensed flashlight.

Heloise was not disturbed on seeing it.

She said, "Yes, what of it? Naturally I bought it on the other side, as I needed some light to cross the Rhine. After all it was pitch dark, and now it is 2 a.m. in the morning."

Interrogating officer, Captain Paul Halmark from Milwaukee, came back in his best German:

*"Vielleicht haben Sie aber das flashlight gebraucht um den Nazis Signale zu geben?"*

Halmark did not know the German word for flashlight but

Heloise understood him. She knew they suspected her of being a spy.

Now the only logical thing to do was to search her again, and although she resisted furiously it was to no avail. The CIC officers, with the aid of the woman lieutenant, found that she had managed to secrete a small pistol, wrapped in oil cloth, next to her body. She had an explanation ready. "I am alone, friendless and unprotected. Don't I need protection, even from you Americans?"

After a short conference, interrogators decided that the case of Heloise Bouconville should be reported to their superiors. There might be more behind her story than she pretended there was. This could be a prize catch.

Though it was 2 a.m. in the morning and Heloise was terribly tired, they put her into a jeep and drove to the quarters of Fenton Moran, a former diplomat. He spoke eight languages, and knew more Nazi tricks and their unravelling than anyone else in the 207th CIC detachment. They got a reluctant Fenton out of bed. He appeared tall, sleepy and half-dressed, but he took up the interrogation at once after he had ordered coffee for Heloise and given her some brandy.

"I'm not a spy," she said in French. "Believe me, I have suffered enough? What do you want of me? First the Nazis took me to Germany from France and I worked on farms in East Prussia. Then the Russians came. I had to be kind to them to save my life. When I arrived in Cologne, the Nazis tried to use me. Soldiers are always after women for pleasure. Now you Americans give me no peace and will not allow me to sleep. What do I have to do to be left alone? I just want to go home."

She began to cry. The icy river had exhausted her. She appeared close to a complete breakdown.

Moran did not answer, but ordered her locked up for the night and dismissed his colleagues.

His suspicions were aroused and he began to check through his own files. He was looking for, and quickly found a dossier marked "Sybille Delcourt," fully and painstakingly documented, and containing the most damning evidence against Germany's most dangerous woman spy in the combat field along the Rhine and in France, Alsace, Luxemburg and the Bulge. There was a picture

of Sybille, but it was a very old one and not good enough for identification.

It was known that this Sybille Delcourt was the mistress "*liebchen*" of Obersturmfuehrer of the SS Intelligence, Werner Krämer, who had been decorated by the Fuehrer for his kidnapping successes, was chief of a stormtrooper network and suicide squad of enemy agents.

Krämer had long been a thorn in the side of the Allies. He had sent "fishermen" across the Rhine, had organised parachutists, and had dynamited Allied installations. Even when the German front was collapsing, Krämer's network was holding out to the bitter end, in the hope of a new offensive against the West. The Americans wanted him pulled in at all costs, and when Fenton Moran told his colleagues in the CIC that he believed so-called Heloise Bouconville was none other than Sybille Delcourt everybody realised that through the girl they had a great chance of nabbing Krämer. But as events turned out it wasn't as easy as all that. Sybille was a hard nut to crack and she wasn't giving anything away and had no intention of betraying Krämer.

For two days the CIC agents interrogated her, but she stuck to the story that she had told from the beginning—she was a slave labourer and refugee who hated the Nazis. They could check in Bretagne that her family still lived there. At the church there they would find her birth register. She was pro-American so why did they torture her?

The interrogators knew they were up against it in trying to break down the story of this cool, determined young woman. So they tried a new line—bribery, food, clothes, promises, wine and cigarettes, but Sybille was stubborn. She said she had nothing further to say. She was worn out, and she looked really pretty with her flashing eyes, her dimpled face crowned by dark hair, and her untamed anger.

Then, rather by accident, she fell for one of the oldest tricks out of the pack—a routine trap. Special Agent Joseph Rosen, one of the CIC men who spoke perfect German, pretended disgust with her and said, "You don't know much anyway. How could you, you are nothing but one of the cheap paid agents and stool pigeons of Werner Krämer."

It was the first time that they had mentioned the Obersturmm-trupp Fuehrer's name.

It worked. Like a proud filly who feels the spurs of her rider, she jumped up, flashing and angry and yelled, "*Das ist eine gemeine Lüge*—(That is an infamous lie). Werner Krämer—he-he loved me . . . ."

As is often the case with women spies she was more of a woman and less of a spy where her heart was concerned. Moran, who had for some time remained silent during the grilling then said, "Then you are Sybille Delcourt," and he took her huge file out of his desk. "This is what we have on you."

He opened the dossier and began to tell her what was known about herself and her lover Krämer.

Sybille Delcourt had regained her self-control. She said simply: "So, I've lost. When does the firing squad arrive? I'm prepared to die, I knew there was always a chance of being caught."

Moran, the perfect student of psychology, said quietly, "No, we will not shoot you, unless you absolutely force us to. You are too pretty to die so young."

Sybille smiled faintly: "I know why you want to spare me. Shall I be tried as a collaborator, and driven with shaved head through my home town or through Paris?"

Moran knew that Sybille Delcourt came from Belgium and not from the Bretagne. Her plump mother and pretty Sybille had run a small bistrô and café in Bruges. They had been friendly to the Nazis when they occupied Belgium and the café began to earn plenty as soon as the Gestapo began to frequent it on account of the friendly young ladies they found there, waiting for them. The Delcourt café became a place where no decent Belgian citizen and patriot would ever visit—a Gestapo hangout.

Werner Krämer, proud in his Nazi uniform, met Sybille at the café, used her first as translator, and then later as courier, and finally as an espionage agent. Between times Sybille became Krämer's mistress.

The Delcourt dossier showed that many a courageous Belgian underground worker and intelligence officer of the Allies had been betrayed, arrested and even murdered thanks to the information delivered by Sybille to her lover, Krämer.

Moran began to recite chapter and verse and, although the girl

listened silently to the accusations, he talked quietly, even gently to her, knowing that if she really was deeply in love with Krämer, she would never betray him. But one could never be certain and an obvious move was to implant a doubt about Krämer and try to get her to tell what she knew of the Nazis with whom she had worked.

Moran called for the Krämer file and told her that plenty was known about her lover.

"You might have cared for him, but we know that Krämer is not quite the man you believe him to be. We know for a certainty that he has made love to plenty of women besides yourself. Even after you left, he has been seen with others. Isn't it true he chose you for this dangerous mission because he wanted you out of the way as he had met another charmer? We know her name—they call her Marie."

No inquisitor, using an instrument of torture could have hurt her more subtly than did Moran by provoking her to jealousy—Sybille was well aware that Moran had spoken the truth.

There *was* a Maria, and Krämer knew her.

"I hate him." She said it very quietly without tears, but she was not far from crying.

"You have everything in your files," Sybille said, "I can hardly tell you anything new, you know too much about us as it is. Yes, he is living now with that French woman. He always falls for the same type. It is probably correct that he sent me over here to get rid of me. I thought if I worked for him hard enough and came up with important information, he would return to me. But now I'll pay him back. I want to be revenged. I'll show him. Tell me what you want me to do and I'll do it.

Moran was silent."

Could he trust her now?

"What can I do for you?" asked Sybille pleadingly. "You can tell us," he said at last, "why you were sent to Cologne and what you were supposed to do behind the American lines."

Sybille Delcourt began her long confession.

Krämer had left a whole network of agents behind the fleeing Nazi troops, among them French, Belgians, Dutchmen and a number of Germans. They were furnished with false identity papers and passports and even now were inside Cologne. They

were awaiting orders as saboteurs and Krämer would do the ordering. She, Sybille, was to direct this underground spy network.

The American officer could hardly believe what she said. It was too fantastic, but it could be true nevertheless.

"We have arms, ammunition and TNT stored secretly in Cologne and ready for immediate use."

"Where and when?" asked Moran.

"I have an address at Limburger Strasse. That's where the secret armament cache is. The man in charge there waits for my secret pass word, '*Nacht und Nebel*' (Night and Fog)."

"And why were you supposed to go to this secret place?"

"The agent in charge is known as Franz Matthias, another stormtroop leader; he will take me to Engelhard."

"And who is Engelhard?" asked Moran, now greatly excited.

"Engelhard is a Dutch collaborator who is now saving his skin by working for you, the CIC. My orders were to see Engelhard and shoot him before he could betray more of our men."

"How did you think you could kill Engelhard without getting yourself arrested?"

"I intended asking him, in the first place, to take me into the American field as a counter-agent working for the Allies. I would have got him sooner or later. I wanted to meet you anyway," Sybille said laughingly. "But you worked faster than I."

"As long as we found each other, all is well," retorted Moran dryly. "But go on."

Sybille explained that she was to receive from Engelhard the location of the American CIC headquarters in the field and to kill him afterwards with a gun. It was then planned to use the armament and the TNT they had to blow up the American headquarters. The "sitters," other secret agents, would have collected in the meantime all important information about Allied troop concentrations and fortifications so that after the coup was pulled off, a new German offensive might be possible in this area.

"As soon as Engelhard was eliminated and we had the information that was wanted, I was to report by flashlight signals at the river bank to the other side of the Rhine."

Sybille's story made sense, but if it was believable, she was certainly unreliable and the CIC remained suspicious. There was no real evidence, especially as they had never heard of the Dutch-



man Engelhard who was supposed to be working on *their side*.

So they decided to test her, especially about the flashlight signals that would tell the Nazis of a safe landing place.

The following night they took the woman to the river bank and she flashed red beams over the river, two long, two short. Sybille kept it up for an hour while the Americans lay in ambush waiting for the landing. Sybille's light signals then got a reply, but nothing followed, and later everyone returned to headquarters.

Was this Belgian Mata Hari just stalling for time, playing cat and mouse with the CIC? Moran had yet to make up his mind.

The next day the CIC officers took Sybille and drove to the Limburger Strasse address she had given them.

A tall German opened the door. He seemed quite bewildered by the presence of the visitors, but when one of the interpreters whispered to him, "*Nacht und Nebel*," his attitude changed.

He led them to Engelhard and it ended with both of them being arrested and taken to the Lütticher Strasse headquarters, but they didn't find the secret cache.

Now Engelhard was confronted with Sybille Delcourt.

"That witch, that horrible creature," was all Engelhard said before he fainted.

When he came to, however, he confessed that he was a Gestapo agent and that he had known Sybille for a long time as a notorious operator. He asked the Americans to protect him as he was sure she would try to kill him.

Four hours later Engelhard tried to commit suicide by slashing his wrists with a knife, but he wasn't quick enough and they got him to a doctor just in time. When they had finished bandaging him he was eager to confess everything.

"Don't you believe me now," said Sybille afterwards. "What else have I to do to make you trust me?" . .

Moran smiled and said nothing.

Next day he had Sybille brought into his office from her prison cell and said, "You can now prove that you really want to work for us. Since you know every Gestapo agent in Cologne, you can tell us where they can be picked up."

To the men of a squad Sybille was to lead Moran gave a word of advice. "Follow her and pick up her friends; she has the addresses, and here is a list of them from her own confession.

But don't trust her, and don't leave her alone. Watch out she doesn't lead you into an ambush."

Sybille smiled faintly and said, "If you play with women agents you play with fire."

"Yes, and we know how to put it out, too," said Moran. "Get going."

Special Agent Harry King was in charge of the spy hunters and his first words to Sybille were, "I've a fire extinguisher with me. Here, see it:—your own pistol. Remember I'll use it, too, if you try any funny business."

In three black limousines the party rolled through the shattered streets and soon Sybille pointed out to King some of the uniformed policemen she knew to be secret agents. They were arrested on the spot. She then led the CIC men into the freight yards where they found an old railman in a shed working on a chart showing the reconstruction work done on German railroads by American army engineers. He was promptly arrested.

One agent after another were rounded up. It was indeed an amazing spy network that Krämer had built up. There was, for example, a grocery store where the proprietor had made a list of every army truck and vehicle which had passed by, in order to give the Nazis an exact count. There was a restaurant waiter who noted the insignia and rank of army personnel who had visited his place. They discovered in a nearby church a sexton who knew the strength and conformation of the occupation forces.

The first day's work pulled in a fair share of Gestapo agents, but they were small fry and Moran told Sybille she would have to do much better.

The following day Sybille and special agent Harry King registered as poor Dutch DP's anxious to be resettled in their own country and they arrived at the Cologne DP camp posing as Mr. and Mrs. Henk Kemp. They looked the part in their grimy, tattered clothes and they were "deloused" before being put up for questioning. Once installed in the camp, Sybille began to put her finger on the Nazi agents sheltering there, but although six arrests were made, Moran and King knew that Sybille was stalling for time. She had given away the small fry without betraying Krämer, the man they wanted above anyone else. It was realised that while he remained foot-loose Krämer was a threat to Allied

safety and through him agents continued to infiltrate their lines.

The Americans were as anxious to shorten the bloodshed of this unwanted war as the Nazi fanatics were to prolong it in order to save their own lives.

When Sybille was once more taken to Moran's office, he told her bluntly that unless she produced her lover, Krämer, she had not earned immunity from a firing squad. If Sybille imagined she could fool them indefinitely she had better think again. They were not chasing bartenders or elderly railmen, they wanted Krämer.

"Where is he? Give us his name, address, or anyone who will lead us to him—or else," said Moran.

There was nothing gentle about him now. But Sybille repeated that since Krämer had left with Maria she did not know where he was hiding.

"We will not tolerate double-crossers; either you produce Krämer or we will try you as a spy."

Sybille saw the game was up, or so it seemed. She asked for a pen and paper and wrote: "Paulus, all is well. Accompany the bearer of this note. We can get away without danger. I have forgiven you for Maria, and still love you.

Come to your always loving  
Liebchen."

"Paulus is Krämer's cover name," she explained.

Sybille then asked for a local map and pointed to a certain river bend. "It is here that he is hiding. Cross the river at that point and you will get him."

"Why didn't you tell us this before?" asked Moran.

"One does not love a man once and then send him to his death. Would you do that to a woman you had loved?"

Moran did not answer. He wondered how stupid the girl thought the Americans really were. It was obvious that any courier coming with such a message would be grilled by Krämer. The whole thing was probably a trap or a warning.

Moran and King told her they did not believe a word she had said and sent her back to the Reichenbach jail to think it over.

A few days later Sybille said she wanted to see Moran again and told him she really did not know where Krämer was. The river place she had indicated was an old hangout and he might have returned there.

She said that although she could not produce Krämer, she did know where they had buried all their secret Gestapo files.

Moran realised the girl might still be dissembling but thought it worth while to take a chance on this new information. The CIC agents dressed Sybille in an American nurse's uniform, and went with her to an abandoned factory near the Rhine and this time found she had been speaking the truth when they unearthed the official Gestapo files, with names of every member in the area.

Even the records of agents working behind American lines in the disguise of Allied soldiers were discovered.

The information thus secured resulted in the arrest of nearly 150 wanted men. Sybille seemed proud of her work. She had betrayed every Gestapo agent in the Rhineland, but her own lover, Krämer, still remained outside the net.

They got a new agent to work on Sybille. He was Charles Kenner and he knew plenty about interrogating stubborn and unwilling prisoners. Under pressure from him Sybille said she thought Krämer might be in Cologne now, looking for her or for Maria. "I know a place where he might be, I did not think of before. Let's try it," she said.

She led them down a narrow street to a dilapidated old house with smashed windows and broken doors, but there was nobody there. They found nothing but a red dress and some old shoes. Sybille saw them and whispered, "The woman . . . Maria, he still lived with her, that fool!"

Suddenly she became hysterical, and, turning to her captors, screamed, "I have protected him all this time. Had we come here a week ago we would have found them both together. I remember the red dress . . . the red dress."

Charles Kenner, who was in charge of this search team, shook her and said, "Aw, shut up! This is what you get for lying."

When they left the house she was crying bitterly and said, "I was a fool to give the wrong flashlight signals to save his life while he lived here with that French woman, that bitch."

"What flashlight signal did you really send?" snapped Agent Kenner.

"'I am in enemy hands,' the message said."

What to do with a woman like Sybille? She had helped to round up 150 agents, but had saved Krämer. They took her back to jail.

Now the events leading to Hitler's downfall crowded each other fast. Muhlheim, opposite Cologne, was taken by the Americans and there CIC men rounded up two men and a woman in a cellar where they found forged passports, weapons, TNT, poisoned cigarettes, and Gestapo identity cards.

The two men said nothing. But the woman was glad to see the Americans and gave the V-for-Victory sign. Another bitch thought the CIC men, another Sybille, another female agent in our hands.

At headquarters the woman declared: "I'm French. My name is Lucie Marvoisin, agent of the French Deuxieme Bureau."

She spoke fast, breathlessly and was terribly excited.

"They found out that I was a French agent. They tortured me, and finally made me work for them. These two men are Kurt Niemann, and Luther Wenzel, SS Oberstammführer, one of Hitler's earliest members and a most fanatical Gestapo leader."

"Where is Krämer?" asked the Americans.

The woman said she didn't know. He had left with his latest mistress, a Gestapo telephone operator and gone towards the woods of Muhlheim. The girl's parents lived in a house there.

This description was good enough to identify a certain house outside Muhlheim. It was watched and guarded while the CIC called in Sybille and told her that if she would identify Krämer they would release her and give her freedom. But if she tried to mislead them again, the CIC would turn her over to the Belgians to be tried as a traitress and spy. It was up to her.

The Americans arrived a few hours later at the house in the woods and there found a woman and a tall, Teutonic looking man dressed in civilian clothes. He wore a Hitler moustache and was blond. He fitted the description the CIC had of Krämer, but he denied that he was the wanted man.

The CIC agents called Sybille into the room. She was trembling and pale.

"Who is this man?" asked King.

Sybille went closer to the man and looked at him. Then she led, "I don't know. I have never seen him in my life before."

Within twenty-four hours six witnesses were found who identified him as Krämer and the Americans realised that Sybille had refused to betray her lover, even when she had found him with the woman with whom he had betrayed her.

Her love for Werner Krämer was bigger after all than her desire to be set free. She decided and accepted her own fate.

The American Army had no other choice than to turn her over to her own Belgian Government.

At the end of the war the CIC wrote a letter to the Belgian authorities testifying to the fact that due to Sybille many Gestapo agents had been arrested. They asked mercy for her.

A Belgian military court had sentenced Sybille to death. At the end of the war, however, at her appeal it was decided that in view of the time she had already spent in prison, and the help she had given to the Allies, to release her.

Perhaps the all-male appeal court was impressed by the fact that a woman could so love a man in the face of death, even if that man had been faithless to her.

So it was that Sybille Delcourt, the Rhine Maiden, received a second chance in life.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

### *Winston Churchill's Master Spy*

I HAD known "Christine Granville" when she was still a child. The first time I met her I was a guest at her father's house. That was in 1933. She was then a beautiful teen-ager, highly intelligent and possessed of a zest for life. She was to become one of the great women spies of our time and a heroine of Poland and Britain, fighting against the Nazis and, later on after her country was divided for a fourth time in history, against the Kremlin. She was decorated by the British and Winston Churchill personally praised and thanked her. Her real name was Countess Krystyna Skarbeck.

Everyone who had done intelligence work in Europe knew the beautiful Christine. Thousands were deeply moved when the news broke that she had been murdered in London by an over-sexed maniac who was desperately in love with her.

Many intelligence officers refused to believe the story. Too many agents have been liquidated by foreign secret services in the same manner. Was Christine Granville another victim in the spy war?

On the night of June 15, 1952 at 10.15 Christine Granville, dark-haired, always friendly and smiling, entered the Shelbourne Hotel in London. She lived there and the night porter, Joseph Kojdecky, also a Pole, greeted her as she came in.

As Christine walked up the stairs to her room a man hurried through the hotel entrance, and called, "Christine—may I see you?"

She turned around on the stairs and came back. The night porter continued with his work. The couple talked in the lobby. Then suddenly Christine's voice rose in fright.

"Leave me alone—get him away. Help me!" Christine yelled.

The night porter Kojdecky and two other employees rushed to her aid. But they were too late.

Christine had collapsed. A long dagger had been thrust deep inside her chest. She lay on the floor bleeding to death.

"I loved her," said her assailant. He stared at her as she died. "I killed her. Call the police and let's get this over with fast."

The hotel employees searched his pockets and found a black-jack. Then they locked him in a room and called Scotland Yard.

Two inspectors from the Criminal Investigation Department, arrived within a few minutes. Routine questions were asked. Christine's room was sealed, the killer handcuffed and hustled to headquarters. Once there, questioning began.

The killer was small with black eyes, dark hair and a high forehead. He was well-dressed, wore a light brown coat and looked as if he might be an intellectual, but now he was nervous and restless. Giving his name as Dennis George Muldowney, he was co-operative on one level but mysterious, evasive and confused on others. He confessed, "I admit I have killed Christine Granville. I was deeply in love with her and that is why I killed her. No one else can have her now. I'm willing to pay for what I did. Let's get it over with."

Muldowney was taken back to his cell and next morning Scotland Yard started enquiries.

Chief Inspector George Jennings went with his investigators to the Shelbourne Hotel. Edgar Wells, the manager testified that Christine had been staying at the hotel since the end of the war in 1945. "She was quiet, gracious, a woman of culture; was well-liked, and had no enemies to my knowledge."

She did not live permanently at the hotel. She checked out for several months to make trips, as a stewardess or to visit relatives abroad. All the hotel employees and especially the manager were full of praise for her. They all said, however, she acted "strangely" at times as if she were trying to hide a past. They also wondered why a woman of her culture and background accepted, as she often did, jobs such as a sales girl at a department store. She, who spoke several languages, had even worked as a checkroom girl in the luxury hotels.

For a year or so before she was murdered Christine had been working as stewardess on tourist class ships going to South Africa, the Western hemisphere and the Mediterranean. When she landed at Southampton she generally came direct to the Shelbourne Hotel



in London. The officers were told that only two days previously she had returned from a trip to South Africa.

No one at the hotel apparently knew that Christine was a Polish Countess and came of an old, aristocratic family. No one there had ever seen the killer before.

The investigators then began to search Christine's room. In the suitcase brought from Southampton they found her seamen's papers. In them she gave as next of kin Major Andrew Kennedy, Alexanderstrasse 23, Bonn, Germany. Inspector Jennings sent a telegram to him without delay.

The Scotland Yard men also found an airplane ticket for the 10-15 a.m. flight from London to Brussels, dated June 16. This was exactly twelve hours after Christine had been stabbed.

The Yard officers were nothing if not thorough and it was this thoroughness by which they experienced their first big shock. In this simple hotel room they found a number of very distinguished war medals. The French Croix de Guerre, which is given only for outstanding services; the King George medal for valour; the Order of the British Empire, usually given only to very high-ranking military leaders; and an unidentified Polish medal. How was it possible for a department store salesgirl, a ship's stewardess, to be in possession of decorations that appeared to belong to some British general? It was little wonder that the searchers were perplexed but as they turned out this drawer and that and came across citations, letters of thanks from Government departments they began to understand that the medals really belonged to Christine and that they were the rewards of unexampled heroism.

In a small pocket calendar they found in her suit case there was an entry on the day of the murder: "Dinner with L. Popiel and Sonya."

Popiel was listed in the London telephone directory, and it was not long before he was telling what he knew of Christine to the investigators at the Shelbourne. Popiel was frank and helpful, although he found it hard to believe that Christine was dead. She had been alive such a short time ago and he had, in fact, dined with her on the night of the murder in an Italian restaurant in Soho, the "Speranza," which means Hope. Sonya Masters was with them, a mutual and very close friend. Popiel was a successful interior decorator, and he had known Christine for about two years.

"I don't understand it," said Popiel. "There never was a more gallant, or a sweeter and braver woman than Christine."

Inspector Jennings asked immediately, "Why gallant, why brave? Do you know anything about these medals?"

Popiel did not know too much, but he hinted she had worked with the underground during the war, that she was an intelligence officer and spoke ten languages fluently. She naturally never spoke about it as she did not want to be reminded of those days.

"Could it be that Christine was an agent?" asked the Inspector. "Is it possible, do you think, that she was killed because of it?"

Muldowney's name was new to Popiel; he had never heard of him before and Christine had certainly never mentioned him.

Popiel knew nothing of her planned trip to Brussels. All he knew was that Christine had told them that she would be leaving in a few days on a trip on the *Winchester Castle*.

The Scotland Yard men next questioned Sonya Masters. Like Popiel she was upset and shocked by the murder. She explained that she had first met Christine six months ago aboard a ship on which Christine was a stewardess. Of the dinner party at the "Speranza," Sonya remembered a startling and disturbing incident, and she told the officers that before the arrival of Popiel she happened to glance at one of the windows of the restaurant and saw a strange man peering through the restaurant window at Christine and herself. Sonya Masters mentioned the staring eyes at the window to Christine, who only shrugged her shoulders and said: "When I was twelve or thirteen my father gave me a rifle and took me wolf hunting. We had plenty of wild wolves in Poland in those days. I got lost and was attacked by a hungry wolf pack of perhaps ten or twelve beasts. I took my rifle and I killed them—all of them. Since that day I never have been afraid of men or wolves."

Then Popiel showed up at the restaurant and the staring eyes at the window disappeared.

The investigation continued. Scotland Yard was not willing to label the case a simple love-murder or jealous killer's crime. Christine Granville was not in the ordinary files. There was no record of her, though she was a foreign-born citizen, of Polish stock. It puzzled the investigators.

There was not much on Muldowney either in the files. Several

months before, the Reform Club had inquired at Scotland Yard about Muldowney who had applied for a job. He was taken on after the Yard had confirmed that he had no criminal record. Two men searched Muldowney's room at the Reform Club in Pall Mall. They found nothing of interest except a seamen's union card. But most employed Britishers belong to a union. Perhaps Christine had met the man in some port; perhaps they were on the same ship.

Two men now came to see the Inspector, they were from Sir Percy Sillitoe's office, the M.I. 5 office for Counter-Intelligence. They said they were not authorized to make any statements, but expected to be kept fully informed about the Granville case by daily reports, as Christine Granville had been a British agent working for their office.

While the Yard was checking the shipping lines, which had employed Christine, and also the Union Castle Line, owners of the *Winchester Castle*, another witness showed up.

He had landed at the Northholt Airport, and had come by military plane. He was Major Andrew Kennedy—M.I. 5 Military Intelligence. He went first to the morgue where he stood motionless as he identified the beautiful woman he had adored and admired. Then he turned away, angry, helpless and heart-broken. He gave her a last military salute and left, and walked out alone and into the crowded streets of London. He was not yet ready to go to Scotland Yard.

In the meantime another Intelligence Officer appeared as a new witness and volunteered some interesting information. He was Colonel Cammaerts. He had seen Christine a few months ago in one of the swankier membership clubs, and they had had a pleasant time together. He refused to believe the killing had a love motive.

"Christine had made many enemies," he testified. "I can't disclose military secrets, but Countess Krystyna Skarbeck was responsible for the arrest and execution of many an enemy agent. Due to her work in the underground movement plenty of Nazis had been got rid of. He said only a few had shown greater courage and efficiency in intelligence work than Christine.

Who were these enemies? Ex-Nazis? Perhaps.

She had been parachuted behind enemy lines during the war.

Had she recently been parachuted into Iron Curtain countries? Were her boat trips faked and was she one of the agents inside the Communist world? Did she join the Free Poland movement and become a member of the Polish underground aimed at dislodging the Soviet invaders?

The Colonel was not talking about her present work. He did not know if Christine had quit the intelligence service or not. But he was quite willing to talk about the past, of events M.I. 5 were agreeable to becoming known.

Colonel Cammaerts had met Christine for the first time in France. She used the code name "Jacqueline Armand" and he described their dramatic meeting.

"One night in 1944 I was on the Plateau of Vercors in south-eastern France, in command of three thousand French underground fighters," he said. "Christine just dropped from the sky—a young, breath-takingly beautiful girl. A sixty-mile gale was raging at the time and she was blown four miles through the air. When she hit the ground she did so with such force that the butt of her gun was smashed.

We were surrounded by the Germans, and paratroopers were dropping on us continually. Christine picked herself up and blew up half-a-dozen Jerries who were trying to capture her.

She took over from the first, with humility and courage. She carried out desperate sabotage expeditions which none of us had thought possible. The Germans put a price on her head. They attacked us in force with nearly three divisions, invading our almost inaccessible plateau by glider. Christine carried a machine gun and hand grenades and wiped out scores of them. With a single grenade she disposed of every one of the eighteen men dropped from a single glider.

But the Germans enjoyed too many advantages and after four days we received orders to disperse. Christine and I made our way through the German lines in the darkness and walked seventy miles to a house where we stayed. After a night's sleep we began blowing up German installations and ambushing German scouting parties.

Many times she was in danger of being captured. Once we were lying flat under a roadside bush. A German search patrol with dogs came along. One of the dogs found us. She boldly held out her hand. The dog sniffed it and wagged his tail. She put her arm around his neck. The Germans whistled and searched, but the dog stayed quietly with her. He was devotedly at her side for many months—until he was killed by shrapnel."

The stoic Scotland Yard men grew breathless with excitement as they heard of Christine's courageous and brave underground activities. Finally the Colonel related how Christine saved his life and those of Captain Sorensen, an American OSS Officer, and Zane Fielding, a British major. The three had been sentenced to death as Allied spies and were to be executed on the following morning at 6.30.

"It was goodbye, all right. About midnight, I heard her voice outside the prison walls. Christine was singing *Frankie and Johnny* which we had often harmonized together. I sang back and she knew she had found me. It seemed an insane thing for her to do—a woman with a price on her head to sing an American song outside a Nazi prison.

Six-thirty came. We expected the door to open, and to be led to our execution. But nothing happened. At 11 the camp commander entered, a gun in his hand. With him was Christine. She had come to get us out!

What she had done had taken more guts and brains than I have ever encountered in any man or woman. The Nazis were hunting her all over Europe, but she had simply walked into the camp commander's office and told him that she was a British spy. 'I demand the immediate release of the three officers who are to be executed tomorrow,' she had said. She warned him that if the officers or she were harmed, every German in this camp would hang as a war criminal. She argued with him for 11 hours. The Americans were not to overrun the camp for another two months, but she made the commander feel as if they were breathing down his neck.

She also convinced him that she was Field Marshal Montgomery's niece. He was seething with rage, but he released us.

She had an almost-hypnotic power over people. It would be ironic if it is true that this wonderful woman was struck down by a lunatic in a London hotel lobby!"

Inspector Jennings and Colonel Cammaerts talked for a long time. Both were convinced that there might be a political motive behind the murder. Enemies? Where? When? Nazi enemies from the old days? Why did they wait until 1952? Enemies out of the present? Perhaps Soviet Poland? But where was the evidence unless Muldowney would talk. Who had hired him? The same group who had hired the Trotsky murderer, Jackson? The same Kremlin gang who hired the kidnappers in Berlin?

Yet another witness was shown into Inspector Jennings' office, Major Andrew Kennedy, the one called "next of kin" in Christine's papers.

He apologized for being late and explained that he had gone to the morgue on his own. He was still deeply shaken. It was a real personal tragedy. No one asked him if he had loved Christine. Everyone respected his feelings, but they knew she must have meant very much in his life.

He knew the killer and testified:

"I met him last February, in London. He had been a steward and her boss on the *Dunnotar Castle*. I knew that he was very nice to her and helped to make her work easier. She asked me if we couldn't take him along to the movies one night, as he was lonesome, not having any friends in London.

"Muldowney came along, and seemed very grateful. There was something in his manner that made me think of a stray dog. Christine put herself out to make him feel comfortable. He definitely impressed me as the kind of fellow who wouldn't harm a fly.

"Christine and I were very close friends—ever since the time we parachuted into Hungary together. I think she would have told me if there had been anything between them."

Inspector Jennings showed Major Kennedy the airplane ticket to Brussels. The Major admitted they had planned to meet there, but that he had received a wire at the last moment, postponing the flight for a day.

Kennedy did not know the reason for the postponement. Inspector Jennings called the airline and a clerk testified that Christine had delayed the trip for one day with the words "I'm tired, I want to rest up a little bit."

Major Kennedy retorted, "Christine never was tired. She was always full of energy and as she had only a few days off, I don't believe it."

In the course of questioning it was revealed that Kennedy had met Christine during the war, in 1939. They were introduced at a special division at the War Office, and later parachuted together into Hungary. Kennedy never asked about her past, but once she told him that she had been lion hunting in East Africa, in Kenya.

Her job with the British-Polish counter intelligence in Hungary was to establish contact with the Polish border. Christine posed as a Nazi German newspaper correspondent. As often as possible she went ski-ing at the Polish-Hungarian border for obvious reasons. The following is from Major Kennedy's testimony:

"One day she struck out on her own. She planned to go a hundred miles on skis, then change into peasant clothes and make her way to Warsaw.

Eighteen months passed before we heard any news from her. I had long given her up and so had London, particularly since Hungary had entered the war. But we began to hear tales from refugees about a woman setting up resistance cells all over Poland, forming sabotage groups and organizing prison escapes. At last M.I. 5 in London received a message from the British Ambassador in Ankara, Turkey. Christine had accomplished her mission, she had made her escape to Ankara, and was requesting a new assignment.

I ran into her again in 1945, in Italy. Once when she was working inside the enemy lines she and an Italian resistance man were trapped by a German detachment. She put up her hands as she was ordered to do, but she

was holding a live grenade in each. 'Don't move or blow you to bits,' she told the Nazis, who stood there with fingers trembling on their rifle triggers. Christine and her companion backed away and managed to escape.

After the war we kept in touch with each other. Several years ago she asked me if she could name me as next of kin. She had no family, quite a few friends but no close ones. If there was anything that she disliked it was to talk about her exploits, and her impressive decorations. She was a truly humble person."

This testimony explained a lot but still there was no evidence of a Communist motive behind her murder. Christine knew the Polish borderline probably better than any intelligence officer, she knew the Hungarian border as well. She had knowledge that was invaluable to any anti-Iron Curtain underground.

Was she killed on orders from former Communist partisans now working for the new Soviet secret service? Or was she the victim of a love-crazed maniac? Inspector Jennings had to know. He insisted that M.I. 5 tell his office certain facts about her post-war activities.

He returned from Sir Percy Sillitoe's office with the knowledge that the free Polish underground had lost its best officer in Christine. He learned that she had had contact with the underground in the other satellite countries, and that she had been behind the Iron Curtain. In short, Christine was an important liaison officer between Western nations and the underground. Wasn't it quite likely, though definite proof was lacking, that Kremlin vengeance had struck her down?

Muldowney would say little. "Give me what is coming to me. It was love; there was no other motive."

It was learned that Muldowney's maritime union had strong Communist infiltration. Muldowney replied that he neither knew nor cared. "Why don't you hang me, as you will anyway? What are you waiting for?" was all he said.

Additional facts unearthed proved that the killer's story was phony but there was never direct evidence that Communists or ex-Nazis had given orders to kill Christine. It was established



that Christine had been on a ship going to East Africa and that Muldowney was with her on that trip. Later on she avoided working on the same ship with him. She cancelled one trip at the last minute and switched to another ship, the *New Australia*, while Muldowney continued to work on the *Dunnotar Castle*.

No witnesses from the crew ever noticed that Muldowney was in love with Christine, or even that he was particularly fond of her.

Muldowney was grilled and grilled again. He repeatedly declared he was secretly in love with Christine.

Finally Muldowney was ready to make some kind of statement. Here it is:

"I didn't know Christine was a countess," he said. "The guards tell me the papers are full of it. I understand she was very brave during the war and has some very important decorations.

"I killed Christine because she dared me to kill her three different times. The first time on the trip to Australia, the second time in Southampton, the third time in London last April. That was when I decided to kill her. She put the idea into my head.

"I loved her. First she said she loved me, too. But after a while I realized that she was just playing. I was jealous of that man we went to the movies with. I took the Reform Club job so I could be in London each time she got back.

"I waited at her hotel one night. When she arrived she was with a man. She told me she had nothing to say to me, and shut the door in my face. The next day I bought the knife and a blackjack. But when I tried to contact her at the hotel I was told she had gone on another ship, I didn't know which.

"Yesterday afternoon I ran into a friend as I came out of the Carlton Cinema. He was a seaman. He said he had just come in from South Africa on the *Winchester Castle*. He told me of a stewardess they had who was very good-looking. I made him describe her and realized that it could be only Christine. I was furious.

"I went to my room at the Reform Club and picked up the knife and the blackjack. I couldn't make up my mind whether I was going to knife her, or brain her

or just frighten her. I followed her from the hotel to the 'Speranza' restaurant, watched her eat, then went to her hotel and waited for her to come back. When she did I went inside and asked her to give me letters I had written her. She said she had thrown them out. That was when I stabbed her."

It was an almost believable confession, only Muldowney could not remember the name of the seaman he had met coming out of the Carlton Cinema.

Scotland Yard men questioned every member of the crew of the *Winchester Castle*, but none of them had spoken with Muldowney about Christine or anyone else.

Then Colonel Cammaerts was called in again. He had forgotten to mention one fact in his previous testimony. A well-known writer, James Gleason, of the BBC was preparing a book on war-time heroines and underground fighters, and in this connection had got into touch with Christine. She had sent him a few details and this is how they read:

"I was born Krystyna Gyzicka 37 years ago in Piotrkow, in the wild borderland between Poland and Russia. My family was an old one, but tough, used to invasions, warfare, Cossacks, bandits and wolves.

"As a child I was wild, like my ancestors, and got into plenty of trouble at school. Father had to move me from one convent to another because of my pranks. Once during Mass, when the other girls dared me, I held a candle to the priest's vestments and set them on fire. He had to tear them off. Afterwards he laughed, but the Mother Superior was not amused, and father had to find me a new convent again."

Out of school, she was chosen beauty queen of Poland and shortly after married Count Skarbeck who was a well-known journalist. When the Germans invaded Poland he flew from Kenya to Poland to fight. He was killed shortly afterwards.

The notes were sketchy as to her war experiences, but became more explicit about what happened at the war's end.

"I found myself in France, disguised as a peasant girl in clothes that were practically sackcloth. I hitch-hiked

by land and air, in the way I had learned during the war, and reached London on a Saturday night. I had no money whatsoever.

"It was pouring with rain, and after sitting for a while on a doorstep in Regent Street, I found a shelter for the night. My problem was to get a job. I tried selling frocks, but customers found me too rude because I told them frankly when they wanted to buy unsuitable clothes.

"I passed on from one temporary job to another. Once I got an introduction to the manager of a hotel chain. He asked me if I was married. When I said no, I was told that these hotels employed only married women. I asked if the men they employed also had to be married and was told that it didn't matter.

"Very well," I said. "Give me a list of your unmarried managers and I'll soon marry one of them.' Then I was thrown out."

These autobiographical notes did not mean very much as far as Inspector Jennings was concerned, but a few, not quoted here, illustrated one point: that after the death of her husband she had volunteered her services to the Allies. Indeed, she told me as much herself after a briefing session for underground workers when I had met her in Europe for the second time.

It always seemed to me that there were too many men in Christine's life and at heart she, the bravest woman anyone ever saw in the underground, was afraid of them. She was always the woman who gave more than she received.

Countess Krystyna Skarbeck, the heroine of World War II, and perhaps a victim of the cold war, finally gave everything, the highest donation to freedom—her life.

She will go down in history with Edith Cavell, the patriot; Lydia Darrah, the Quakeress who saved George Washington's Army; and Emma Edmonds, the spy and nurse who came to the rescue of Abraham Lincoln. She will be long remembered in Britain as the woman who came to the aid of Winston Churchill in England's darkest days.

Her infamous killer was hanged in London in September, 1952.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

### *The Florida Mystery*

THE war was over and I was determined to bid farewell to arms and forget the horrors I had known. I had had enough of the world's macabre adventures, of thrilling underground, daring espionage, routine spy catching and international intrigue. I welcomed peace. In the first place, I had never wanted to get into counter intelligence assignments. I had not done it voluntarily, and now I wanted to get away from all of it. So I took my wife and my two young children and went down into the sub-tropical climate of Florida.

The ocean and the sunshine were all I wanted. The dunes, sea breezes, and a restful life. Also I wanted to get back to my writing.

After a few months of leisurely life, taking in the jungles of the Everglades, baracuda fishing, shark hunting and experiencing the wild but cleansing and refreshing hurricanes, I realised I had not written a single line of a new book I had in mind. I simply could not get down to work. So, when one of the managers of a local network radio and television station asked me to become a news commentator, I accepted.

I enjoyed the work and it was a good, if temporary, substitute for writing. It enabled me to meet many people, and in the course of scores of "programme" interviews, my guests included U.S. Congressmen and Senators, and even the wife of U.S. Vice-President Barkley. President Harry S. Truman, I was told, who was vacationing in Florida at the time, also listened to my newscasts. I thought I had said goodbye to the sordid business of war. I was naive in my belief. If one has worked in counter intelligence, one reacts differently to other people, and certain events inevitably take on a special significance.

It worked out this way when a local police officer arrested a 20-year old Miami student for drunkenness. In his car they

found marijuana cigarettes and bundles of Communist pamphlets. The police charged him with illicit drug traffic, but I, personally, was more intrigued by the Communist pamphlets, and said so on my broadcast. I even asked if the Communists were not perhaps filling their party coffers by smuggling cocaine and other drugs from Cuba into nearby Florida.

Next morning Government investigators were waiting for me at the radio studio to ask me for further evidence. I said I had none, but I analyzed the case again in the way I had done on my broadcast. My hunch was right; a Communist ring of cocaine smugglers was finally arrested in Cuba and Florida and the racket came to an end, at least temporarily.

How could I ever escape my own counter-intelligence training?

A few weeks later one of my guests was a harmless, clean-cut young airline pilot of the Eastern Air Lines. In the course of the interview, and without being prompted, he told me about the most exciting experience in his life. It happened when he was flying from Florida to New York. For a split second a flying saucer flew side by side with him until it finally disappeared into space.

It was the time when all America was bemused by the flying saucer mystery. I did not know what to think of the story, but I knew I had a good programme that day.

I got hundreds of phone calls afterwards and newspaper reporters wanted to know more. Finally an intelligence officer showed up. He was anxious to secure further details, everything the pilot knew, everything I knew. So once again I was wrong when I thought I could escape the activities of intelligence and counter intelligence work.

It was natural that I should want to co-operate with my country, but I had promised myself never again to be a part of active investigation. But I should have realized that one never can quit any secret service.

Many people who had read my books on espionage had fictitious or factual spy stories which they tried to tell on my radio programme.

On one occasion I asked a member of the U.S. Army Counter Intelligence, an old friend of mine, to come along to the studio on the understanding that we would discuss any topic but espionage.

We had fun on the air, and after the programme we spent an evening together. It was then that he told me the greatest spy story in the history of Florida espionage. It is an astonishing yarn and, as its top secrecy has been removed, I think I can now tell it to the world.

The coast of Florida, gateway to Latin America and the Caribbean, was one of the most vulnerable spots in American defence during World War II. Not only were the Germans able to bring submarines to the Florida coast but they were able to land their saboteurs. They had also been most successful in torpedoing ships outward bound for Caribbean and South American ports. Explosions could be seen and heard from the shores of Florida, and many a valuable lend-lease ship found its way to Davy Jones' locker.

Army and Navy Intelligence were baffled, and although hundreds of patrol planes combed the Florida coast day and night no enemy submarines were ever seen. Staff conferences were called at Camp Boca Raton and Camp Murphy, but yielded nothing. Losses continued high and almost every third ship going into the Caribbean fell prey to the hidden enemy.

Every intelligence unit in the south was on the alert for the mystery raider and it was considered almost a certainty that she was being re-fuelled somewhere along the Florida coast. Nothing turned up, however, and brass hats and gold braid from Washington came and went without being able to solve the problem.

Then one day the bartender of a saloon on West Palm Beach came to the rescue of the desperate intelligence services after Washington had given orders for the combing of every waterfront bistro to see if any clue could be picked up which would show how the Germans came to be so well informed about ship sailings.

The bartender, let's call him John Healy, told a routine investigator that there was one man who came in and talked a lot of rubbish.

"He is one of those guys who is always sore at everything," said the bartender.

The young investigator—my friend—took down every word, and later turned in a long report. He had to show something for

his work, and as no tangible clue was available he felt it was better to report hearsay, than nothing at all. John Healy told the investigator that the customer was middle-aged, with a cruel kind of mouth, who, when loaded, loved to talk. The last time he had hit the bottle, he had said:

"Our secret service—they are kids. Blue bloods from Boston, draft dodgers behind army desks. Ship after ship gets torpedoed just in front of us. They know nothing." He went on drinking.

The bartender said, "Give them time; they will find the Krauts sooner or later." But the tipsy customer only grinned. He evidently knew better. "Don't let's kid ourselves," he said. "These Nazis, no one can beat them. We are no match for them. We are a pushover and naive and stupid. They will land here one day. Who knows they might even win the war. We have no business over there. Why don't we stay home? Why do we stick our noses into other people's business?"

The bartender didn't take him seriously. After all, he was drunk. The man went on: "We have to pay and pay such high taxes, and the Germans torpedo and sink ship after ship."

Then his customer threw some money on the counter and left.

My friend didn't think much of the information but he asked Healy for a description and the name of this bar orator.

The bartender remembered his name. It was Hawks, a new servant at the Kreble place. Mrs. Kreble was one of the richest widows in Palm Beach. She had a fabulous estate with a private lake and river that connected with the ocean.

The bartender didn't know Hawks' first name and explained that he knew much more about an older employee of Mrs. Kreble. "I haven't seen him around for about a month and maybe he was fired," he said. Hawks did all the shopping and whenever he came in town stopped at the bar, but he became talkative only when he had had too much to drink.

"My report was a bombshell in the lap of my superiors," explained my friend. The outcome was that he was assigned, together with several FBI men, to investigate Mrs. Kreble and her servants.

Everyone of importance in Florida's Palm Beach knew the wealthy Mrs. Kreble. She had lived there for twenty years, gave generously to charity and to the churches and was beyond suspicion. This distinguished widow was around sixty and her estate

included a beautiful old-fashioned mansion with four acres of land and a private lake. The property was surrounded by a six-foot high stone wall and Mrs. Kreble seldom left her home now, only on special occasions. No one remembered her husband or knew the source of the family wealth. The Government agents couldn't find a person who had ever been inside the mansion, which was strange to say the least. As Mrs. Kreble got older, her servants did the shopping.

"At our next staff meeting," said my intelligence friend, "we decided to send a man inside the Kreble place. He was to pose as an electrician and just look around."

They picked a young investigator, Paul Ramsey, for the job. He was an FBI man working with Army and Navy Intelligence Officers on the case.

Paul Ramsey motored over to the Kreble estate and was not seen alive again. His car was never found. This was in the spring of 1943.

When Ramsey failed to return to his office that evening, and did not show up either the next morning or the following day, the investigations began to take on a sinister aspect.

A new staff conference was called and the FBI asked to search the estate and to get evidence about Ramsey's disappearance. The Army readily agreed to the proposal, but Naval Intelligence had a different idea.

More was at stake than just Ramsey's disappearance. If it had something to do with a Nazi spy ring and the mystery submarine, a search would warn the Germans. The important thing was to find the location of the refuelling depot and to rope in the entire organisation. Naval Intelligence Office advised patience and wariness.

It was finally decided to wait a few more days. Ramsey had disappeared, and so, too, it seemed had the former servant of Mrs. Kreble. This appeared to call for investigation, as did the movements of Hawks. Perhaps other clues would turn up. It was a slow process, but intelligence work is always slow. It was established that the former servant had come to town only once a month, at least this was what the bartender said. Hawks, on the other hand, now came either daily or, at least every other day. Why?

Two weeks went by with little to show and then the F.B.I.



became uneasy and suggested the time had come to look at the Kreble estate and question its owner. Naval intelligence again asked for more time. If this case was a true lead, they didn't want it spoiled by too fast action.

Shipping losses hit a new high. The mystery sub. attacked two great freighters and an oil tanker and the ships burned for days. They were torpedoed less than a mile off the Florida coast.

Now radar men and additional Army and Navy intelligence officers poured into Jacksonville, Palm Beach and Miami. The entire lend-lease route to the Caribbean had to be changed. The situation was indeed grave.

Washington gave orders for action and said the Kreble estate should be probed without further delay.

Mrs. Paul Ramsey, the unhappy wife of the missing agent, also pleaded for a search to be made. Then one day my intelligence friend came upon a fresh clue which he at once reported to his superiors.

He had noticed a newsboy with a pitch in the centre of West Palm Beach, one of the busiest spots in the town. The boy kept the ball rolling in a lusty voice, but whenever Hawks, the Kreble servant, came along to buy a newspaper from him, the boy changed his headlines cries until Hawks went away, when he resumed his former shouting. The whole thing seemed silly, but Naval Intelligence ordered cars parked near the newspaper boy's stand so that tape recordings of what transpired between the vendor and Hawks could be made.

A Washington cipher expert was called in and within three days it was established beyond a shadow of a doubt that whenever Hawks passed by, the newsboy gave him a coded message, or rather cried it out. They broke the code and found it was almost a time-table of the departure of ships and the points from which they would leave.

With this clear proof to go on the Navy changed its mind and it was decided to organise an immediate raid on the Kreble place. For the job it was decided to use over a hundred Intelligence, F.B.I. and police personnel and when the raid took place, and the searchers broke in, a unit of them made their way to a great cellar which they found served as a repair shop for a submarine.

It was heavily stocked with fuel tanks that were lined up

against the wall, along the whole length of it. Hawks was not far away, his face an ashen grey and never less truculent than he was at this moment. He was still foxy and, despite his fear, had the effrontery to suggest that officers leading the "expedition" should hold up action until the arrival of his mistress.

He was brushed off and the men dashed into the living room, where they found Mrs. Kreble listening to the radio. She looked up in surprise but did not appear to be greatly upset, or so it seemed. She coolly said that she was quite willing to answer any questions to the best of her ability. Her former servant, she explained, had not disappeared as far as she knew. He had left her, she believed, to go North, probably to take another job. Hawks had come to her through an employment agency from Ohio. Did they dare to question her patriotism? Submarines? She knew nothing about such things. Repair shop? The officers had seen too many movies, was her sarcastic comment.

They asked her if she and her husband were natives of Germany.

"Yes, but so are thousands of other Americans," she answered.

Search the house? "Yes, go ahead," she said.

But where was Hawks? He had disappeared.

The men went back downstairs. There they discovered another cellar door which they broke down. Inside they found Hawks, among more oil drums, kneeling before a shortwave radio sender. Hawks, seeing the intruders, put his hand into his pocket and drew a gun. But before he could use it three shots were pumped into him and he rolled over, dying. It didn't need a master mind to size up the set-up. The hidden radio was, of course, in contact with the mystery submarine.

Mrs. Kreble was brought down into the cellar and confronted with the dying Hawks. She was asked to confess, but she refused.

"All right," said the F.B.I. Chief, "We will send planes over the estate and bomb the entire area. We will find the submarine."

"No! . . . No! . . . No, don't," screamed Mrs. Kreble, hysterically.

The officer took her back to the living room and said quickly, "We have enough evidence against you for a death sentence. Why don't you come clean and tell us everything—before more people die?"

Mrs. Kreble fell down on her couch, sobbing, and, finally, she whispered, "I'll talk."

"What happened to your former servant?" was the first question.

"Hawks killed him because he knew too much."

"Where was he buried?"

"In the cellar."

"Where is Paul Ramsey, the electrician?"

"Hawks killed him too, to protect the secret of the oil drums. He would have seen them in the cellar."

"Was he also buried in the cellar?"

"Yes."

"Did a newspaper boy get information for Hawks?"

"Yes."

"Through whom?"

"Hawks' brother works at the docks."

Now the Army Intelligence chief of the district came into the room and told the officer that two army planes were already heading over the estate and coastal area and radio contact had been established. "Shall we drop bombs along the river?" he asked.

It was decided that the planes should use their submarine radar over the ocean beach area and on Silver River and nearby lakes.

"Do you know where the submarine is?" the officer asked Mrs. Kreble.

"No. Hawks knows, I don't."

A few minutes later it was reported that a radar echo had been heard from the centre of the lake on Mrs. Kreble's estate.

Orders were given at once for a strike and six bombs were dropped into the centre of the lake which connected with Silver River and the ocean.

Huge geysers rose, and soon the tiny, clean stretch of water was filled with mud and the rainbow pattern of oil. The bombs had found their mark.

That same day U.S. Navy divers went to the bottom of the lake and found a small-sized submarine. Its thin skin had been smashed by concussion. It was the first enemy submarine ever to operate from America's own shores. With its summary end there were no more sinkings off the Florida coast.

Hawks died shortly afterwards and Mrs. Kreble is still in prison. At the next unified staff meeting of the Florida intelligence officers

it was reported that Hawks' brother, the newsboy, had been arrested. He had told all he knew.

At the time of the raid on the Kreble estate, Hawks' had desperately tried to warn the submarine crew to leave the lake immediately, though the ebbtide had started and it was doubtful if it could have done it. He had been shot before he had a chance to contact them.

My intelligence officer friend who told me this story during a tropical Florida night ended his talk with this philosophy: "Patience always wins—the Navy was right to wait; if we had struck too early, the sub. might have escaped. Give the enemies of democracy enough rope and they will hang themselves."

It sounded like sound philosophy to me.

#### PUBLISHER'S NOTE

*The vast Soviet spy ring is not alluded to in this anthology of espionage. The reason is that Dr. Singer dealt fully with this subject in his recently published book "Gentlemen Spies," a reprint of which is now available in Allens's PINNACLE BOOKS, 2/- net.*

























